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THE HEART OF THE HILLS

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I

TWIN spirals of blue smoke rose on either side of the spur, crept tendril-like up two dark ravines, and clearing the feathery green crests of the trees, drifted lazily on upward until, high above, they melted shyly together and into the haze that veiled the drowsy face of the mountain.

Each rose from a little log cabin clinging to the side of a little hollow at the head of a little creek. About each cabin was a rickety fence, a patch of garden, and a little cleared hill-side, rocky, full of stumps, and crazily traced with thin green spears of corn. On one hill-side a man was at work with a hoe, and on the other, over the spur, a boy—both barefooted, and both in patched jean trousers upheld by a single suspender that made a wet line over a sweaty cotton shirt: the man, tall, lean, swarthy, grim; the boy grim and dark, too, and with a face that was prematurely aged. At the man's cabin a little girl in purple homespun was hurrying in and out the back door clearing up after the noonday meal; at the boy's a comely woman with masses of black hair sat in the porch with her hands folded and lifting her eyes now and then to the top of the spur. Of a sudden the man impatiently threw down his hoe, but through the battered straw hat that bobbed up and down on the boy's head, one lock tossed on like a jet-black plume until he reached the end of his straggling row of corn. There he straightened up and brushed his earth-stained fingers across a dull-red splotch on one cheek of his sullen set face. His heavy lashes lifted and he looked long at the woman on the porch—looked without anger now and with a new decision in his steady eyes. He was getting a little too big to be struck by a woman, even if she were his own mother, and nothing like that must happen again.

A woodpecker was impudently tapping the top of a dead burnt tree near by, and the boy started to reach for a stone, but turned instead and went doggedly to work on the next row, which took him to the lower corner of the garden fence, where the ground was black and rich. There, as he sank his hoe with the last stroke around the last hill of corn, a fat fishing-worm wriggled under his very eyes, and the growing man lapsed swiftly into the boy again. He gave another quick dig, the earth gave up two more squirming treasures, and with a joyful gasp he stood straight again—his eyes roving as though to search all creation for help against the temptation that now was his. His mother had her face uplifted toward the top of the spur; and following her gaze, he saw a tall mountaineer slouching down the path. Quickly he crouched behind the fence, and the aged look came back into his face. He did not approve of that man coming over there so often, kinsman though he was, and through the palings he saw his mother's face drop quickly and her hands moving uneasily in her lap. And when the mountaineer sat down on the porch and took off his hat to wipe his forehead, he noticed that his mother had on a newly bought store dress, and that the man's hair was wet with something more than water. The thick locks had been combed and were glistening with oil, and the boy knew these facts for signs of courtship; and though

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he was contemptuous, they furnished the excuse he sought and made escape easy. Noiselessly he wielded his hoe for a few moments, scooped up a handful of soft dirt, meshed the worms in it, and slipped the squirming mass into his pocket. Then he crept stooping along the fence to the rear of the house, squeezed himself between two broken palings, and sneaked on tiptoe to the back porch. Gingerly he detached a cane fishing-pole from a bunch that stood upright in a corner and was tiptoeing away, when with another thought he stopped, turned back, and took down from the wall a bow and arrow with a steel head around which was wound a long hempen string. Cautiously then he crept back along the fence, slipped behind the barn into the undergrowth and up a dark little ravine toward the green top of the spur. Up there he turned from the path through the thick bushes into an open space, walled by laurel-bushes, hooted three times surprisingly like an owl, and lay contentedly down on a bed of moss. Soon his ear caught the sound of light footsteps coming up the spur on the other side, the bushes parted in a moment more, and a little figure in purple homespun slipped through them, and with a flushed, panting face and dancing eyes stood beside him.

The boy nodded his head sidewise toward his own home, and the girl silently nodded hers up and down in answer. Her eyes caught sight of the bow and arrow on the ground beside him and lighted eagerly, for she knew then that the fishing-pole was for her. Without a word they slipped through the bushes and down the steep side of the spur to a little branch which ran down into a creek that wound a tortuous way into the Cumberland.

II

On the other side, too, a similar branch ran down into another creek which looped around the long slanting side of the spur and emptied, too, into the Cumberland. At the mouth of each creek the river made a great bend, and in the sweep of each were rich bottom lands. A century before a Hawn had settled in one bottom, the lower one, and a Honeycutt in the other. As each family multiplied, more land was cleared up each creek by sons and grandsons until in each cove a clan was formed. No one knew when and for what reason an individual Hawn and a Honeycutt had first clashed, but the clash was of course inevitable. Equally inevitable was it, too, that the two clans should take the quarrel up, and for half a century the two families had, with intermittent times of truce, been traditional enemies. The boy's father, Jason Hawn, had married a Honeycutt in a time of peace, and, when the war opened again, was regarded as a deserter, and had been forced to move over the spur to the Honeycutt side. The girl's father, Steve Hawn, a ne'er-do-well and the son of a ne'er-do-well, had for his inheritance wild lands, steep, supposedly worthless, and near the head of the Honeycutt cove. Little Jason's father, when he quarrelled with his kin, could afford to buy only cheap land on the Honeycutt side, and thus the homes of the two were close to the high heart of the mountain, and separated only by the bristling crest of the spur. In time the boy's father was slain from ambush, and it was a Hawn, the Honeycutts claimed, who had made him pay the death price of treachery to his own kin. But when peace came, this fact did not save the lad from taunt and suspicion from the children of the Honeycutt tribe, and being a favorite with his Grandfather Hawn down on the river, and harshly treated by his Honeycutt mother, his life on the other side in the other cove was a hard one; so his heart had gone back to his own people and, having no companions, he had made a playmate of his little cousin, Mavis, over the spur. In time her mother had died, and in time her father, Steve, had begun slouching over the spur to court the widow—his cousin's widow, Martha Hawn. Straightway the fact had caused no little gossip up and down both creeks, good-natured gossip at first, but, now that the relations between the two clans were once more strained, there was open censure, and on that day when all the men of both factions had gone to the county-seat, the boy knew that Steve Hawn had stayed at home for no other reason than to make his visit that day secret; and the lad's brain, as he strode ahead of his silent little companion, was busy with the significance of what was sure to come.

At the mouth of the branch, the two came upon a road that also ran down to the river,

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but they kept on close to the bank of the stream which widened as they travelled—the boy striding ahead without looking back, the girl following like a shadow. Still again they crossed the road, where it ran over the foot of the spur and turned down into a deep bowl filled to the brim with bush and tree, and there, where a wide pool lay asleep in thick shadow, the lad pulled forth the ball of earth and worms from his pocket, dropped them with the fishing-pole to the ground, and turned ungallantly to his bow and arrow. By the time he had strung it, and had tied one end of the string to the shaft of the arrow and the other about his wrist, the girl had unwound the coarse fishing-line, had baited her own hook, and, squatted on her heels, was watching her cork with eager eyes; but when the primitive little hunter crept to the lower end of the pool, and was peering with Indian caution into the depths, her eyes turned to him.

"Watch out thar!" he called, sharply.

Her cork bobbed, sank, and when, with closed eyes, she jerked with all her might, a big shining chub rose from the water and landed on the bank beside her. She gave a subdued squeal of joy, but the boy's face was calm as a star. Minnows like that were all right for a girl to catch and even for him to eat, but he was after game for a man. A moment later he heard another jerk and another fish was flopping on the bank, and this time she made no sound, but only flashed her triumphant eyes upon him. At the third fish, she turned her eyes for approval—and got none; and at the fourth, she did not look up at all, for he was walking toward her.

"You air skeerin' the big uns," he said shortly, and as he passed he pulled his Barlow knife from his pocket and dropped it at her feet. She rose obediently, and with no sign of protest began gathering an apronful of twigs and piling them for a fire. Then she began scraping one of the fish, and when it was cleaned she lighted the fire. The blaze crackled merrily, the blue smoke rose like some joyous spirit loosed for upward flight, and by the time the fourth fish was cleaned, a little bed of winking coals was ready and soon a gentle sizzling assailed the boy's ears, and a scent made his nostrils quiver and set his stomach a-hungering. But still he gave no sign of interest—even when the little girl spoke at last:

"Dinner's ready."

He did not look around, for he had crouched, his body taut from head to foot, and he might have been turned suddenly to stone for all the sign of life he gave, and the little girl too was just as motionless. Then she saw the little statue come slowly back to quivering life. She saw the bow bend, the shaft of the arrow drawing close to the boy's paling cheek, there was a rushing hiss through the air, a burning hiss in the water, a mighty bass leaped from the convulsed surface and shot to the depths again, leaving the headless arrow afloat. The boy gave one sharp cry and lapsed into his stolid calm again.

The little girl said nothing, for there is no balm for the tragedy of the big fish that gets away. Slowly he untied the string from his reddened wrist and pulled the arrow in. Slowly he turned and gazed indifferently at the four crisp fish on four dry twigs with four pieces of corn pone lying on the grass near them, and the little girl squatting meekly and waiting, as the woman should for her working lord. With his Barlow knife he slowly speared a corn pone, picking up a fish with the other hand, and still she waited until he spoke.

"Take out, Mavie," he said with great gravity and condescension, and then his knife with a generous mouthful on its point stopped in the air, his startled eyes widened, and the little girl shrank cowering behind him. A heavy footfall had crunched on the quiet air, the bushes had parted, and a huge mountaineer towered above them with a Winchester over his shoulder and a kindly smile under his heavy beard. The boy was startled—not frightened.

"Hello, Babe!" he said coolly. "Whut devilmint you up to now?"

The giant smiled uneasily:

"I'm keepin' out o' the sun an' a-takin' keer o' my health," he said, and his eyes dropped hungrily to the corn pone and fried fish, but the boy shook his head sturdily.

"You can't git nothin' to eat from me, Babe Honeycutt."

"Now, looky hyeh, Jason——"

"Not a durn bite," said the boy firmly, "even if you air my mammy's brother. I'm a Hawn now, I want ye to know, an' I ain't goin' to have my folks say I was feedin' an' harborin' a Honeycutt—'specially *you*."

It would have been humorous to either Hawn or Honeycutt to hear the big man

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plead, but not to the girl, though he was an enemy, and had but recently wounded a cousin of hers, and was hiding from her own people, for her warm little heart was touched, and big Babe saw it and left his mournful eyes on hers.

"An' I'm a-goin' to tell whar I've seed ye," went on the boy savagely, but the girl grabbed up two fish and a corn pone and thrust them out to the huge hairy hand eagerly stretched out.

"Now, git away," she said breathlessly, "git away—quick!"

"Mavis!" yelled the boy.

"Shet up!" she cried, and the lips of the routed boy fell apart in sheer amazement, for never before had she made the slightest question of his tyrannical authority, and then her eyes blazed at the big Honeycutt and she stamped her foot.

"I'd give 'em to the meanest *dog* in these mountains."

The big man turned to the boy.

"Is he dead yit?"

"No, he ain't dead yit," said the boy roughly.

"Son," said the mountaineer quietly, "you tell whutever you please about me."

The curiously gentle smile had never left the bearded lips, but in his voice a slight proud change was perceptible.

"An' you can take back yo' corn pone, honey."

Then dropping the food in his hand back to the ground, he noiselessly melted into the bushes again.

At once the boy went to work on his neglected corn bread and fish, but the girl left hers untouched where it lay. He ate silently, staring at the water below him, nor did the little girl turn her eyes his way, for in the last few minutes some subtle change in their relations had taken place, and both were equally surprised and mystified. Finally, the lad ventured a sidewise glance at her beneath the brim of his hat and met a shy appealing glance once more. At once he felt aggrieved and resentful and turned sullen.

"He throwed it back in yo' face," he said. "You oughtn't to 'a' done it."

Little Mavis made no answer.

"You're nothin' but a gal, an' nobody'll hold nothin' agin you, but with my mammy a Honeycutt an' me a-livin' on the Honeycutt side, you mought 'a' got me into trouble with my own folks." The girl knew how Jason had been teased and taunted and his life made miserable up and down the Honeycutt creek, and her brown face grew wistful and her little chin quivered.

"I jes' couldn't he'p it, Jason," she said weakly, and the little man threw up his hands with a gesture that spoke his hopelessness over her sex in general, and at the same time an ungracious acceptance of the terrible calamity she had perhaps left dangling over his head. He clicked the blade of his Barlow knife and rose.

"We better be movin' now," he said, with a resumption of his old authority, and pulling in the line and winding it about the cane pole, he handed it to her and started back up the spur with Mavis trailing after, his obedient shadow once more.

On top of the spur Jason halted. A warm blue haze transfused with the slanting sunlight overlay the flanks of the mountains which, fold after fold, rippled up and down the winding river and above the green crests billowed on and on into the unknown. Nothing more could happen to them if they went home two hours later than would surely happen if they went home now, the boy thought, and he did not want to go home now. For a moment he stood irresolute, and then, far down the river, he saw two figures on horseback come into sight from a strip of woods, move slowly around a curve of the road and disappear into the woods again.

One rode sidewise, both looked absurdly small, and even that far away the boy knew them for strangers. He did not call Mavis's attention to them—he had no need—for when he turned, her face showed that she too had seen them, and she was already moving forward to go with him down the spur. Once or twice, as they went down, each glimpsed the coming "furriners" dimly through the trees; they hurried that they might not miss the passing, and on a high bank above the river road they stopped, standing side by side, the eyes of both fixed on the arched opening of the trees through which the strangers must first come into sight. A ringing laugh from the green depths heralded their coming, and then in the archway were framed a boy and a girl and two ponies—all from another world. The two watchers stared silently—the boy noting that the other boy wore a cap and

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long stockings, the girl that a strange hat hung down the back of the other girl's head —stared with widening eyes at a sight that was never for them before. And then the strangers saw them—the boy with his bow and arrow, the girl with a fishing-pole—and simultaneously pulled their ponies in before the halting gaze that was levelled at them from the grassy bank. Then they all looked at one another until boy's eyes rested on boy's eyes for question and answer, and the stranger lad's face flashed with quick humor.

"Were you looking for us?" he asked, for just so it seemed to him, and the little mountaineer nodded.

"Yes," he said gravely.

The stranger boy laughed.

"What can we do for you?"

Now little Jason had answered honestly and literally, and he saw now that he was being trifled with.

"A feller what wears gal's stockings can't do nothin' fer me," he said coolly.

Instantly the other lad made as though he would jump from his pony, but a cry of protest stopped him, and for a moment he glared his hot resentment of the insult; then he dug his heels into his pony's sides.

"Come on, Marjorie," he said, and with dignity the two little "furriners" rode on, never looking back even when they passed over the hill.

"He didn't mean nothin'," said Mavis, "an' you oughtn't——"

Jason turned on her in a fury.

"I seed you a-lookin' at him!"

"'Tain't so! I seed you a-lookin' at *her!*" she retorted, but her eyes fell before his accusing gaze, and she began worming a bare toe into the sand.

"Air ye goin' home now?" she asked, presently.

"No," he said shortly, "I'm a-goin' atter him. You go on home."

The boy started up the hill, and in a moment the girl was trotting after him. He turned when he heard the patter of her feet.

"Huh!" he grunted contemptuously and kept on. At the top of the hill he saw several men on horseback in the bend of the road below and he turned into the bushes.

"They mought tell on us," explained Jason, and hiding bow and arrow and fishing-pole, they slipped along the flank of the spur until they stood on a point that commanded the broad river-bottom at the mouth of the creek.

By the roadside down there was the ancestral home of the Hawns with an orchard about it, a big garden, a huge stable for that part of the world, and a meat-house where for three-quarters of a century there had always been things "hung up." The old log house in which Jason and Mavis's great-great-grandfather had spent his pioneer days had been weather-boarded and was invisible somewhere in the big frame house that, trimmed with green and porticoed with startling colors, glared white in the afternoon sun. They could see the two ponies hitched at the front gate. Two horsemen were hurrying along the river road beneath them, and Jason recognized one as his uncle, Arch Hawn, who lived in the county-seat, who bought lands and was always bringing in "furriners," to whom he sold them again. The man with him was a stranger, and Jason understood better now what was going on. Arch Hawn was responsible for the presence of the man and of the girl and that boy in the "gal's stockings," and all of them would probably spend the night at his grandfather's house. A farm-hand was leading the ponies to the barn now, and Jason and Mavis saw Arch and the man with him throw themselves hurriedly from their horses, for the sun had disappeared in a black cloud and a mist of heavy rain was sweeping up the river. It was coming fast, and the boy sprang through the bushes and, followed by Mavis, flew down the road. The storm caught them, and in a few moments the stranger boy and girl looking through the front door at the sweeping gusts, saw two drenched and bedraggled figures slip shyly through the front gate and around the corner to the back of the house.

III

THE two little strangers sat in cane-bottomed chairs before the open door, still looking about them with curious eyes at the strings of things hanging from the smoke-browned rafters—beans, red pepper-pods, and twists of home-grown tobacco, the girl's eyes taking in the old spinning-wheel in the corner, the piles of brilliantly figured

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quilts between the foot-boards of the two beds ranged along one side of the room, and the boy's catching eagerly the butt of a big revolver projecting from the mantel-piece, a Winchester standing in one corner, a long, old-fashioned squirrel rifle athwart a pair of buck antlers over the front door, and a bunch of cane fishing-poles aslant the wall of the back porch. Presently a slim, drenched figure slipped quietly in, then another, and Mavis stood on one side of the fire-place and little Jason on the other. The two girls exchanged a swift glance and Mavis's eyes fell; abashed, she knotted her hands shyly behind her and with the hollow of one bare foot rubbed the slender arch of the other. The stranger boy looked up at Jason with a pleasant glance of recognition and got for his courtesy a sullen glare that travelled from his broad white collar down to his stockinged legs, and his face flushed; he would have trouble with that mountain boy. Before the fire old Jason Hawn stood, and through a smoke cloud from his corn-cob pipe looked kindly at his two little guests.

"So that's yo' boy an' gal?"

"That's my son Gray," said Colonel Pendleton.

"She's my cousin," said the lad, and Mavis looked quickly to little Jason for recognition of this similar relationship and got no answering glance, for little did he care at that moment of hostility how those two were akin.

Old Jason turned to the father.

"Well, we're a purty rough people down here, but you're welcome to all we got."

"I've found that out," laughed Colonel Pendleton pleasantly, "everywhere."

"I wish you both could stay a long time with us," said the old man to the little strangers. "Jason here would take Gray fishin' an' huntin', an' Mavis would git on my old mare an' you two could jus' go flyin' up an' down the road. You could have a mighty good time if hit wasn't too rough fer ye."

"Oh, no," said the boy politely, and the girl said:

"I'd just love to."

The blue-grass man's attention was caught by the names.

"Jason," he repeated; "why, Jason was a mighty hunter, and Mavis—that means 'the song-thrush.' How in the world did they get those names?"

"Well, my granddaddy was a powerful b'ar-hunter in his day," said the old man, "an' I heerd as how a school-teacher nicknamed him Jason, an' that name come down to me an' him. I've heerd o' Mavis as long as I can rickellect. Hit was my grandmammy's name."

Colonel Pendleton looked at the sturdy, mountain lad, his compact figure, square shoulders, well-set head with its shock of hair and bold, steady eyes, and at the slim, wild little creature shrinking against the mantel-piece, and then he turned to his own son Gray and his little niece Marjorie. Four better types of the blue-grass and of the mountains it would be hard to find. For a moment he saw them in his mind's eye transposed in dress and environment, and he was surprised at the little change that eye could see, and when he thought of the four living together in these wilds, or at home in the blue-grass, his wonder at what the result might be almost startled him. The mountain lad had shown no surprise at the talk about him and his cousin, but when the stranger man caught his eye, little Jason's lips opened.

"I knowed all about that," he said abruptly.

"About what?"

"Why, that mighty hunter—and Mavis."

"Why, who told you?"

"The jologist."

"The what?" Old Jason laughed.

"He means ge-ol-o-gist," said the old man, who had no little trouble with the right word himself.

"A feller come in here three year ago with a hammer an' went to peckin' aroun' in the rocks here, an' that boy was with him all the time. Thar don't seem to be much the feller didn't tell Jason an' nothin' that Jason don't seem to remember. He's al'ays a-puzzlin' me by comin' out with somethin' or other that rock-pecker tol' him an'—" he stopped, for the boy was shaking his head from side to side.

"Don't you say nothin' agin him, now," he said, and old Jason laughed.

"He's a powerful hand to take up fer his friends, Jason is."

"He was a friend o' all us mountain folks," said the boy stoutly, and then he looked Colonel Pendleton in the face—fearlessly, but with no impertinence.

"He said as how you folks from the big settlemints was a-comin' down here to buy up our wild lands fer nothin' because we

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all was a lot o' fools an' didn't know how much they was worth, an' that ever'body'd have to move out o' here an' you'd get rich diggin' our coal an' cuttin' our timber an' raisin' hell ginerally."

He did not notice Marjorie's flush, but went on fierily: "He said that our trees caught the rain an' our gullies gathered it together an' troughed it down the mountains an' made the river which would water all yo' lands. That you was a lot o' damn fools cuttin' down yo' trees an' a-plantin' terbaccer an' a-spittin' out yo' birthright in terbaccer-juice, an' that by an' by you'd come up here an' cut down our trees so that there wouldn't be nothin' left to ketch the rain when it fell, so that yo' rivers would git to be cricks an' yo' cricks branches an' yo' land would die o' thirst an' the same thing 'ud happen here. Co'se we'd all be gone when all this tuk place, but he said as how I'd live to see the day when you furriners would be damaged by wash-outs down thar in the settlemints an' would be a-pilin' up stacks an' stacks o' gold out o' the lands you robbed me an' my kinfolks out of."

"Shet up," said Arch Hawn sharply, and the boy wheeled on him.

"Yes, an' you air a-helpin' the furriners to rob yo' own kin; you air a-doin' hit yo'self."

"Jason!"

The old man spoke sternly and the boy stopped, flushed and panting, and a moment later slipped from the room.

"Well," said the colonel, and he laughed good-humoredly to relieve the strain that his host might feel on his account; but he was amazed just the same—the bud of a socialist blooming in those wilds! Arch Hawn's shrewd face looked a little concerned, for he saw that the old man's rebuke had been for the discourtesy to strangers, and from the sudden frown that ridged the old man's brow, that the boy's words had gone deep enough to stir distrust, and this was a poor start in the fulfilment of the purpose he had in view. He would have liked to give the boy a cuff on the ear. As for Mavis, she was almost frightened by the outburst of her playmate, and Marjorie was horrified by his profanity; but the dawning of something in Gray's brain worried him, and presently he, too, rose and went to the back porch. The rain had stopped, the wet earth was fragrant with freshened odors, wood-thrushes were singing, and the upper air was drenched with liquid gold that was darkening fast. The boy Jason was seated on the yard fence with his chin in his hands, his back to the house, and his face toward home. He heard the stranger's step, turned his head and mistaking a puzzled sympathy for a challenge, dropped to the ground and came toward him, gathering fury as he came. Like lightning the blue-grass lad's face changed, whitening a little as he sprang forward to meet him, but Jason, motioning with his thumb, swerved behind the chimney, where the stranger swiftly threw off his coat, the mountain boy spat on his hands, and like two diminutive demons they went at each other fiercely and silently. A few minutes later the two little girls rounding the chimney corner saw them —Gray on top and Jason writhing and biting under him like a tortured snake. A moment more Mavis's strong little hand had the stranger boy by his thick hair and Mavis, feeling her arm clutched by the stranger-girl, let go and turned on her like a fury. There was a piercing scream from Marjorie, hurried footsteps answered on the porch, and old Jason and the colonel looked with bewildered eyes on the little blue-grass girl amazed, indignant, white with horror; Mavis shrinking away from her as though she were the one who had been threatened with a blow; the stranger lad with a bitten thumb clenched in the hollow of one hand, his face already reddening with contrition and shame; and savage little Jason biting a bloody lip and with the lust of battle still shaking him from head to foot.

"Jason," said the old man sternly, "whut's the matter out hyeh?"

Marjorie pointed one finger at Mavis, started to speak and stopped. Jason's eyes fell.

"Nothin'," he said sullenly, and Colonel Pendleton looked to his son with astonished inquiry, and the lad's fine face turned bewildered and foolish.

"I don't know, sir," he said at last.

"Don't know?" echoed the colonel. "Well——"

The old man broke in:

"Jason, if you have lost yo' manners an' don't know how to behave when thar's strangers around, I reckon you'd better go on home."

The boy did not lift his eyes.

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"I was a-goin' home anyhow," he said, still sullen, and he turned.

"Oh, no!" said the colonel quickly; "this won't do. Come now—you two boys shake hands."

At once the stranger lad walked forward to his enemy and confused Jason gave him a limp hand. The old man laughed. "Come on in, Jason—you an' Mavis—an' stay to supper."

The boy shook his head.

"I got to be gittin' back home," he said, and without a word more he turned again. Marjorie looked toward the little girl, but she, too, was starting.

"I better be gittin' back too," she said shyly, and off she ran. Old Jason laughed again.

"Jes' like two young roosters out thar in my barnyard," and he turned with the colonel toward the house. But Marjorie and her cousin stood in the porch and watched the two little mountaineers until, without once looking back, they passed over the sunlit hill.

IV

On they trudged, the boy plodding sturdily ahead, the little girl slipping mountain-fashion behind. Not once did she come abreast with him, and not one word did either say, but the mind and heart of both were busy. All the way the frown overcasting the boy's face stayed like a shadow, for he had left trouble at home, he had met trouble, and to trouble he was going back. The old was definite enough and he knew how to handle it, but the new bothered him sorely. That stranger boy was a fighter, and Jason's honest soul told him that if interference had not come, he would have been whipped, and his pride was still smarting with every step. The new boy had not tried to bite or gouge or to hit him when he was on top—facts that puzzled the mountain boy; he hadn't whimpered and he hadn't blabbed—not even the insult Jason had hurled with eye and tongue at his girl-clad legs. He had said that he didn't know what they were fighting about, and just why they were Jason himself couldn't quite make out now; but he knew that even now, in spite of the hand-shaking truce, he would at the snap of a finger go at the stranger again. And little Mavis knew now that it was not fear that made the stranger girl scream—and she, too, was puzzled. She even felt that the scorn in Marjorie's face was not personal, but she had shrunk from it as from the sudden lash of a whip. The stranger girl, too, had not blabbed but had even seemed to smile her forgiveness when Mavis turned, with no good-by, to follow Jason. Hand in hand the two little mountaineers had crossed the threshold of a new world that day. Together they were going back into their own, but the clutch of the new was tight on both, and while neither could have explained, there was the same thought in each mind, the same nameless dissatisfaction in each heart, and both were in the throes of the same new birth.

The sun was sinking when they started up the spur, and unconsciously Jason hurried his steps and the girl followed hard. The twin spirals of smoke were visible now, and where the path forked the boy stopped and turned, jerking his thumb toward her cabin and his.

"Ef anything happens"— he paused, and the girl nodded her understanding—"you an' me air goin' to stay hyeh in the mountains an' git married."

"Yes, Jasie," she said.

His tone was matter of fact and so was hers, nor did she show any surprise at the suddenness of what he said, and Jason, not looking at her, failed to see a faint flush come to her cheek. He turned to go, but she stood still, looking down into the gloomy, darkening ravine below her. A bear's tracks had been found in that ravine only the day before. "Air ye afeerd?" he asked tolerantly, and she nodded mutely.

"I'll take ye down," he said with sudden gentleness.

The tall mountaineer was standing on the porch of the cabin, and with assurance and dignity Jason strode ahead with a protecting air to the gate.

"Whar you two been?" he called sharply.

"I went fishin'," said the boy unperturbed, "an' tuk Mavis with me."

"You air gittin' a leetle too peart, boy. I don't want that gal a-runnin' around in the woods all day."

Jason met his angry eyes with a new spirit.

"I reckon you hain't been hyeh long."

The shot went home and the mountaineer glared helpless for an answer.

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"Come on in hyeh an' git supper," he called harshly to the girl, and as the boy went back up the spur, he could hear the scolding going on below, with no answer from Mavis, and he made up his mind to put an end to that some day himself. He knew what was waiting for him on the other side of the spur, and when he reached the top, he sat down for a moment on a long-fallen, moss-grown log. Above him beetled the top of his world. His great blue misty hills washed their turbulent waves to the yellow shore of the dropping sun. Those waves of forests primeval were his, and the green spray of them was tossed into cloud-land to catch the blessed rain. In every little fold of them drops were trickling down now to water the earth and give back the sea its own. The dreamy-eyed man of science had told him that. And it was unchanged, all unchanged since wild beasts were the only tenants, since wild Indians slipped through the wilderness aisles, since the half-wild white man, hot on the chase, planted his feet in the footsteps of both and inexorably pushed them on. The boy's first Kentucky ancestor had been one of those who had stopped in the hills. His rifle had fed him and his family; his axe had put a roof over their heads, and the loom and spinning-wheel had clothed their bodies. Day by day they had fought back the wilderness, had husbanded the soil, and as far as his eagle eye could reach, that first Hawn had claimed mountain, river, and tree for his own, and there was none to dispute the claim for the passing of half a century. Now those who had passed on were coming back again—the first trespasser long, long ago with a yellow document that he called a "blanket-patent" and which was all but the bringer's funeral shroud, for the old hunter started at once for his gun and the stranger with his patent took to flight. Years later a band of young men with chain and compass had appeared in the hills and disappeared as suddenly, and later still another band, running a line for a railroad up the river, found old Jason at the foot of a certain oak with his rifle in the hollow of his arm and marking a dead-line which none dared to cross.

Later still, when he understood, the old man let them pass, but so far nobody had surveyed his land, and now, instead of trying to take, they were trying to purchase. From all points of the compass the "furriners" were coming now, the rock-pecker's prophecy was falling true, and at that moment the boy's hot words were having an effect on every soul who had heard them. Old Jason's suspicions were alive again; he was short of speech when his nephew, Arch Hawn, brought up the sale of his lands, and Arch warned the colonel to drop the subject for the night. The colonel's mind had gone back to a beautiful woodland at home that he thought of clearing off for tobacco—he would put that desecration off a while. The stranger boy, too, was wondering vaguely at the fierce arraignment he had heard; the stranger girl was curiously haunted by memories of the queer little mountaineer, while Mavis now had a new awe of her cousin that was but another rod with which he could go on ruling her.

Jason's mother was standing in the door when he walked through the yard gate. She went back into the cabin when she saw him coming, and met him at the door with a switch in her hand. Very coolly the lad caught it from her, broke it in two, threw it away, and picking up a piggin went out without a word to milk, leaving her aghast and outdone. When he came back, he asked like a man if supper was ready, and as to a man she answered. For an hour he pottered around the barn, and for a long while he sat on the porch under the stars. And as always at that hour the same scene obsessed his memory when the last glance of his father's eye and the last words of his father's tongue went not to his wife, but to the white-faced little son across the foot of the death-bed:

"You'll git him fer me—some day."

"I'll git him, pap."

Those were the words that passed, and in them was neither the asking nor the giving of a promise, but a simple statement and a simple acceptance of a simple trust, and the father passed with a grim smile of content. Like every Hawn the boy believed that a Honeycutt was the assassin, and in the solemn little fellow one purpose hitherto had been supreme—to discover the man and avenge the deed; and though, young as he was, he was yet too cunning to let the fact be known, there was no male of the name old enough to pull the trigger, not even his mother's brother, Babe, who did

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not fall under the ban of the boy's deathless hate and suspicion. And always his mother, though herself a Honeycutt, had steadily fed his purpose, but for a long while now she had kept disloyally still, and the boy had bitterly learned the reason.

It was bedtime now, and little Jason rose and went within. As he climbed the steps leading to his loft, he spoke at last, nodding his head toward the cabin over the spur:

"I reckon I know whut you two air up to, and, furdermore, you air aimin' to sell this land. I can't keep you from doin' it, I reckon, but I do ax you not to sell without lettin' me know. I know somep'n' 'bout it that nobody else knows. An' if you don't tell me—" he shook his head slowly, and the mother looked at her boy as though she were dazed by some spell.

"I'll tell ye, Jasie," she said.

(To be continued.)

A SONG OF THE BY-WAYS

By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

I SING to the joy of the By-ways,
The road that is grass overgrown,
That leads from the dust of the High-ways
To the meadow that never is mown;
The subtle seduction of places
Where Silence her magic has wrought,
And the Dream, or the Vision, effaces
The thraldom of thought.

The hour we wantonly wasted—
How rich in its passing, how fleet!
The fruit that we should not have tasted,
How perilous, transient, and sweet!
The dim and unfathomed recesses
Where flushes the bud of desire,
The swift, half acknowledged caresses,
The moth and the fire!

Then search for the flower that grows not
Except where the pathway is blind,
And the breath of the blossom that blows not
Where its beauty is easy to find;
For the thrill of its scent aromatic
No gardens of ease ever give,—
Where Life is fulfilment ecstatic
And, to love is to live.

For the heart is the Lord of the By-ways
And bids us forever to climb
To the distant and delicate shy ways
Where even the Conqueror, Time,
Must pause on his march for a minute
To yield us the consummate right,
For the sake of the bliss that is in it,
To our Dream of Delight.

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CADENABBIA

By Mary King Waddington

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. C. PEIXOTTO

ANYTHING more lovely than the view which I have before me this morning cannot be imagined. It is a bright, warm September day. I am writing on the loggia; vines, creepers, climbing roses make a shady green awning over my head. Roses are hanging over the wall so close that I have only to stretch out my hand to pick them. The yellow ones are quite beautiful—just the color of the sun. Through the twisted branches of an old gray olive tree I get a glimpse of the lake—blue and calm, not a ripple on its surface. Just opposite I see the point of Bellaggio, with the trees coming down to the edge of the water, dipping into the lake—the little town stretching itself along the shore, the pink and blue houses with bright green shutters making a line of color against the dark hills behind.

This villa stands high. We have quite a steep climb from the lake. It is an ordinary, large, square, yellow house on the slope of the hill, in the middle of a big garden.

From every window there are balconies hanging over the lake—some of them so broad they are quite like another room. Just in front of my windows, which are in the middle of the house, is a flight of shallow red-brick steps leading down to the lake. On each side there is a stately row of tall black cypresses, at the end a fountain. The garden is filled with roses, oleanders, begonias, geraniums—some very pretty pink ones—all kinds of bright, sweet-smelling flowers.

Behind the house the garden is quite wild, a tangle of trees and bushes, and little green paths running up the side of the hill—a pergola, of course, which must be a delightful refuge on a hot day. We are out of town at one end of the long street which constitutes Cadenabbia—out of the region of hotels and shops, under the shadow of the mountain, which rises up directly behind the house.

The rooms are large and high, crowded with furniture—the most motley collection, pictures, Egyptian carved screens, Italian embroideries, tapestries, church ornaments, gold eagles, china frogs, engravings, family portraits in old gilt frames, cushions, clocks, rows of glass and china vases and cups on shelves running around the rooms; some low, deep, comfortable arm-chairs, such as one sees in English libraries, and some stiff high-backed arm-chairs covered with brocade, looking quite like the seat of the chatelaine in some of the old French chateaux; books in all languages everywhere. One would think a large family had lived in this house and that the various members had brought back from their travels, all over the world, any object that struck their fancy, and put it anywhere in the house. What was most curious were the texts and inscriptions all over, painted on the walls. I have seen some occasionally in German houses—a tablet set in the wall of a hall with a few verses of welcome, and illuminated card-board texts hung up in English nurseries—but original poems all over the house in all the rooms were a novelty to me. I could not make them all out, but I liked very much the one in my bedroom, the guest-room: "He gives His angels charge of those who sleep, but He Himself watches with those who wake."

We made the most beautiful journey from Zurich to this place over the Saint Gothard to Lugano, where we found a little funiculaire at the station, which took us to the lower town—a typical Italian town, though Lugano, I believe, is in Switzerland.

We walked through queer, crooked, dirty streets, with glimpses of the lake at the end of the narrow openings; through arcades with little dark shops—sausages, tomatoes, grapes, figs, and branches with tiny birds tied to them hanging over the door, next to bright-colored petticoats and shawls; and in one shop we saw red, blue, and green corsets dangling over our heads. Dirty little

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bedraggled children were playing about in the middle of the streets, and slatternly mothers with awful unkempt locks straggling over their eyes and necks standing in the door-ways looking at the long file of "forestieri" (strangers) who passed on their way to the boat.

The pier was animated enough—automobiles, carriages, and omnibuses with luggage continually passing, and little boats with awnings and red cushions (a good many motor-boats) starting off in all directions. Quite a number of people were waiting on the pier. The porter told us our boat was late and would not be there for nearly an hour, though it was due in twenty minutes. It was quite an hour before it appeared, but we loitered about—sat on cold stone benches, and were amused looking at the people, some of them so impatient and grumbling, "Why were Italian boats never on time?" etc.

The sail was interesting though the afternoon was dull. There was no sun and the mountains looked rather grim and forbidding. The lake had not at all the sunny, smiling aspect that one always remembers and expects in Italy. We zigzagged from one side to the other of the lake, stopping at many little places. They all looked picturesque enough from the water. The lines of bright-colored arcades and green terraces were charming, but not very tempting as a residence. There were one or two large villas near Lugano.

We left the boat at Porlezza and went by a little railway, through a lovely country, to Menaggio, on the Lake of Como. We crossed a beautiful valley with deep green ravines on each side of the road, and the descent upon the lake, with the clouds breaking a little and a wonderful orange light on the mountains, was enchanting.

Cadenabbia is no distance from Menaggio, a lovely sail, but it was quite dark when we arrived and we had no idea where our villa was. As we had telegraphed from Zurich that we would arrive at four o'clock at Como, there was naturally no one to meet us at Cadenabbia at seven. There didn't seem to be any carriages. One gentleman proposed a "barca," but H. would not hear of that, in the dark and not knowing where we were going. However, we finally got a carriage and a short drive brought us to our destination, where we were most warmly received. The son of the house had gone to Como (two hours by boat) to meet us, and carriages and servants had been sent to all the Como boats, but naturally they had never thought of the Menaggio boat, coming from quite another direction and at a different hour. The porter of the "Baur au Lac" at Zurich made a mistake and thought we arrived at Como. They had quite given us up, for that night at any rate. We were glad to dine and go to our rooms, as we had had a long day.

The next morning was warm and lovely and we took advantage of it to go to Bellaggio to see the "festa" and procession. Unfortunately, it began to drizzle a little when we started, but we didn't mind that. The "vaporino" (motor-boat) took us over very quickly. The town was crowded with people—all going the same way, up the steep streets and steps to the main street, where the red awnings stretched across and the draperies hanging from the windows marked the route of the procession. We only saw the end of it—girls in white veils and older women in black ones, carrying crosses and banners and baskets with offerings of all kinds, which were to be sold afterward at auction in the public square. We found our way there easily. There were a good many people (English and Americans, of course). Boys were doing a brisk business letting out chairs. We found some perched on a wall, from where we could see everything. A tall, broad-shouldered young man was standing on a table holding up to the public the various objects that were brought to him. There were baskets of fruit, flowers, and nice yellow butter, all very well arranged in the baskets made there of light straw, pink and blue, and any color, in fact. Three or four branches, with two partridges and a rabbit tied to them, had a great success; also a cake with very unhealthy sugar icing on it of various colors. The man spoke in Italian, occasionally breaking into French—"tre franchi—deux soldi"—when he caught the eyes of any foreigners.

When we had seen and heard enough we went into the church. There were lights on the altar, banners and canopies in the chancel. Some of the girls, still in their white veils, were kneeling before the statue of the Virgin—who was dressed in a white satin dress with a wreath of flowers in her

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The point of Bellaggio and Lake of Lecco.

hair—singing a hymn which sounded very pretty, as their voices were young and true.

The days pass quickly—too quickly. When the sun shines and the lake is as blue as the sky, and soft, white, fleecy clouds float softly over the tops of the mountains, the place is a paradise. What a charm there is in the Italian atmosphere! Life seems so easy; no one is in a hurry; no one seems to have anything to do, or, if they have, do it in the most leisurely manner. The other day we saw some women washing clothes on the stone wall opposite the Hotel Bellevue, where a great many people were walking about and sitting on all the benches. A heap of dirty linen was lying on the walls and they were doing their washing quite simply, piece by piece, scrubbing hard with a brush and some yellow soap, taking the water from a pail on the ground. I asked one of them why they did not go down to the lake just under the walls. They were quite surprised. Said they would take their linen down to the lake for a final dip when it was *clean*. They looked very smiling—so does everybody we meet.

Just as we were getting to our gate, a ragged, brown-legged little girl came singing down the road. She smiled up at us with a "Buono giorno, signora," quite simply.

We went to Menaggio one morning, in the vaporino, to shop. Villas and gardens are dotted all along the shore. Several boats were drawn up on the beach—one enormous motor-boat, flying (of course) the stars and stripes, with two smart-looking boatmen in white shirts and trousers and red sashes. The boatmen are quite a feature here and look very smart in their dark-blue clothes and colored sashes. In all the private houses they serve at table like yacht stewards. There are two in our friend's villa who serve every night at dinner dressed in white with yellow sashes.

At Menaggio we wanted, among other things, some wool, and were told we would find it at the bazaar, where apparently they sell everything except wool, but the padrone gave us one of those delightfully descriptive vague Italian directions. Said we must go on to a small street near the church; there was a pink house on the cor-

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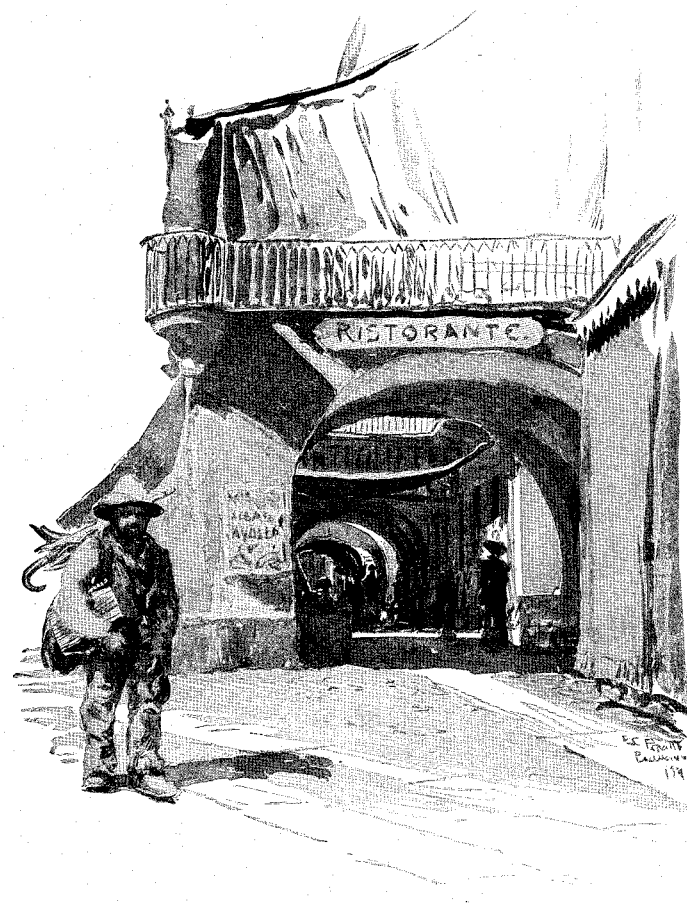
ner, but it wasn't that one. We must go a little farther—opposite a balcony filled with flowers, where there was a yellow door, and next to that the shop. We found it without any difficulty and got what we wanted, then went to the baker's and bought a large fresh "panettone"—the great cake in these parts, a sort of sweet bread with raisins and spice in it.

Milan is the famous place for panettone, and when Nigra was Italian ambassador in Paris he used to send me an enormous one in a wooden box from Milan every New Year's day. The little town is not particularly interesting. Some old Roman tablets built into the walls of the church might be instructive for the history of the town and lake. One of the prettiest villages is Tremezzo, almost a prolongation of Cadenabbia. The walk from the Hotel Bellevue, through an avenue of catalpa trees, is charming—quantities of booths with lace, beads, tortoise-shell mosaics, postal cards; along the lake, boats with gay awnings and red cushions, ready to take



The Arcade, Bellaggio.

tourists anywhere. It was very warm and we were glad to get into the main street, with its arcades and low shops, all their wares displayed outside.

What were most charming and perfectly Italian were the steep paths and flights of steps leading from the street to the mountains. I went half-way up one of them. At a little distance from the streets, on the steps, was a shop with most varied wares—slippers, stockings, pots, canes, lace, piles of stuff, all arranged outside. A little higher up, a child, with eyes and hair as black as

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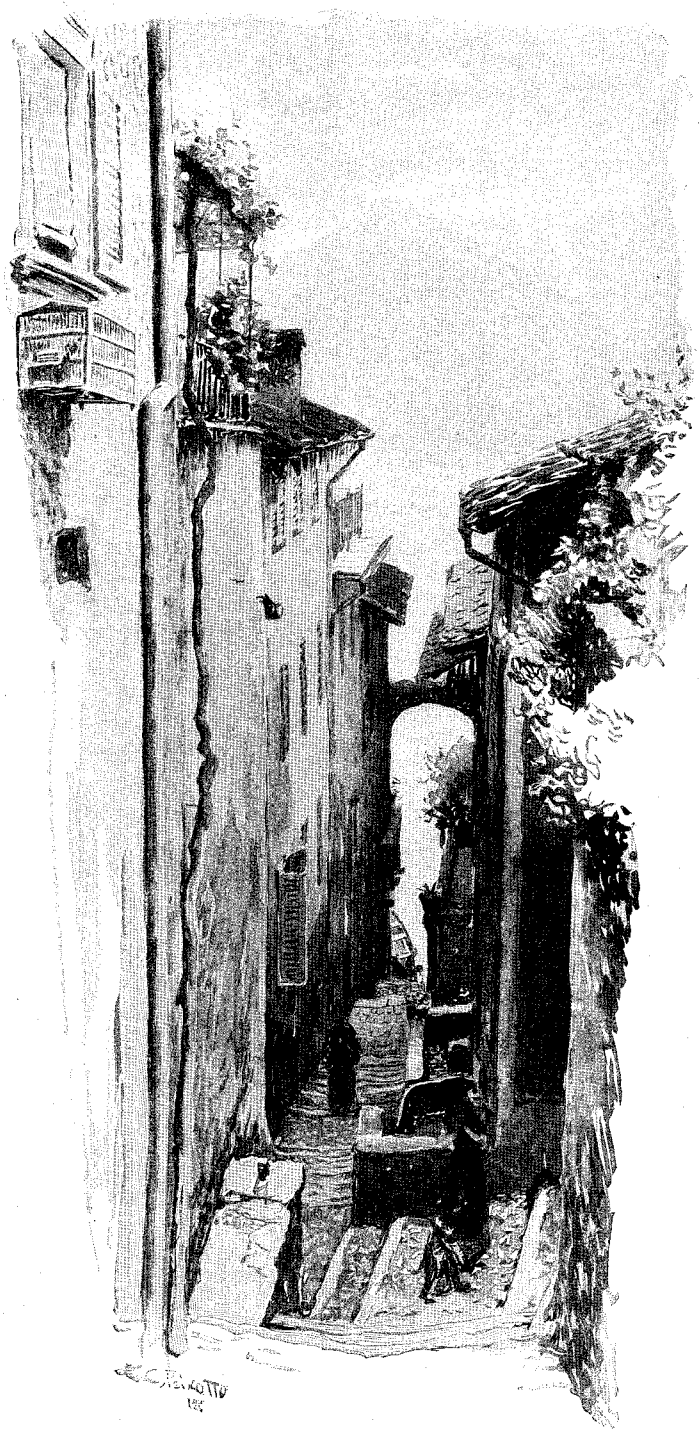

Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

A descent to the lake.—Varenna.

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jet, bare brown arms and legs, a scanty red frock that hardly covered her, was sitting in the middle of the steps. She did not move or get out of my way, only looked hard at me out of her big black eyes. Still higher up, about half-way, was a Madonna in a shrine, a bush of red oleanders drooping over it. A woman was kneeling before it telling her beads, but looking about her and taking a lively interest in all that was going on. Then more gray steps and green terraces, and the great barren mountain behind, and over all the deep-blue Italian sky.

Gossips.

It would have made a beautiful picture; one couldn't have exaggerated the color.

Just as I turned to come down, a boy leading three pretty little pink pigs appeared at the bottom of the steps. They were tied together and he was trying to drive them before him, but they all pulled different ways—were getting entangled in his legs. Instantly the whole street was in a commotion. Men and women came out of their shops, heads appeared at every window; everybody talked at once, giving directions to the boy, and friendly little slaps and pushes to the pigs, who grunted and squealed and made sudden dashes into the shops. It was perfect babel for a few moments, then suddenly quieted down when the boy and the pigs disappeared around the corner.

It was very warm walking back about twelve o'clock. We would have liked a little shade, but the natives were quite happy, sitting on the wall in the full sunlight or sprawling on benches on the pier. All Italians love sunshine. I said the other day to our sweet-faced, soft-voiced Italian Teresa, who brings me my breakfast, "Oggi abbiamo davvero il bel sole d'Italia" (To-day we have really a beautiful Italian sun), to which she replied at once, "Si, signora, pare un altro mondo" (Yes, madame, it seems another world). I like so much, too, the Italian *s*, which completely changes the phrase. One gray, cool morning I said something about the damp. Her answer was so sympathetic: "Si, signora, siamo sfortunate questi giorni" (We are unfortunate these days).

We had one delightful afternoon in the gardens and loggia of the villa Arconati Visconti, generally called the Balbianello Gardens. The villa and gardens were built and planned by Cardinal Darini in the sixteenth century and called after one of his estates. This accounts for the beauty of the situation, as the princes of the church always chose the most beautiful and healthy positions and generally built upon heights.

We started at half-past three, in the vaporino. The light on the lake and the mountains (all the little villages pink and smiling in the sunlight) was enchanting. We met several motor-boats, all flying the stars and stripes or the union-jack. Now and then a "barca" (row-boat). That, too, is changed. Instead of the old-fashioned, broad-bottomed row-boat, where a whole family could be seated, with two sunburnt, brown-throated boatmen rowing leisurely along, pointing out every village and town and ruin, the motor-boat rushes past,

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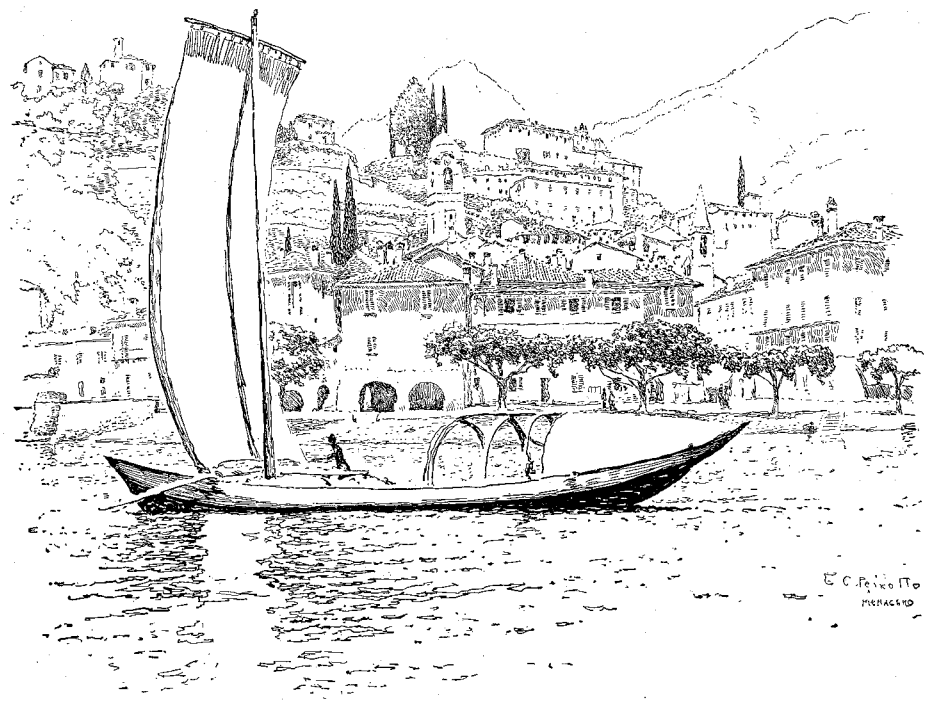
leaving a long streak of white foam behind it and making little waves which quite disturb the surface of the lake. You mustn't speak to the man at the wheel, and one some hotel terrace. Gradually the voices and footsteps died away and we had the place to ourselves. The stillness was extraordinary. The gardens and the great



Menaggio.

loses a great deal of local information and peasant lore handed down from one generation to another.

The villa is beautifully situated on a wooded point jutting out into the water. The loggia, with its three noble arches, stands out splendidly as one comes near. We went in by the water-gate—the steps coming straight down to the water's edge—and were received by an old gardener who is quite a character. His mistress has not been to the villa for seventeen years, but he is always there, keeps up the garden, and is delighted to show it to visitors. We walked up a pretty winding path to a fine terrace with a marble balustrade overhanging the lake; then still higher through the garden, bright with flowers, to the loggia, which is detached from the house. It was divine sitting there, the lake all around us, and not a sound. Happily there were very few people in the gardens. They had all gone off to have tea at a "latteria" or on spaces between the arches looked enormous and mysterious in the waning light. One felt it was a deserted garden, a thing of the past—but not a dead past like Venice. There was light and life on the water below and in the little villages, only one was above it all.

When we were strolling about the gardens I had quite a talk with the gardener, whose sentiments and conversation were decidedly above his position. I said to him, "How beautiful this place is!" "Si, signora, un luogo di pace e di poesia" (A place of peace and poetry). Then speaking of his mistress, who never came to the villa, he remarked that when she went to paradise, as he hoped she would; Saint Peter would certainly reproach her for having neglected so long her earthly paradise. The upper garden is rather neglected—no flowers, all gray and green, with olive trees and cypresses, and high bushes with very light green leaves, almost white, which

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looked rather ghostly against the background of black cypresses; but there were lovely bits of blue water shining through the branches, and the mountains opposite were getting a beautiful soft pink color in the sunset light. The place is for sale, but it would need a fortune to make it habitable.

We did not see the house—or rather houses—for there are two side by side. Some of our party had been over them and said there were many rooms—none of them very large—but nothing modern in the way of heating, lighting, or water. There is not even a carriage road, only a rough path which a pony with a small solid cart might take. It is only really accessible by water on a fine day. When the lake is smooth and the water laps lazily over the rather slippery stone steps, it looks quite simple to approach by water; but in bad weather (and the storms come up very suddenly on the lake) one would be storm-bound. It seems quite impossible to imagine storms and naval disasters and fleets destroyed in such peaceful water as we have around us to-day. If anything, the lake was too blue and still, almost like a "décor de théâtre" or the wonderful "affiches" one sees in all the stations of the southern routes. One reads with amazement of princely voyages from Como to Colico with ships and galleys tossing about on the waves.

Como has had its history, being so near Milan and a water-way to Switzerland and Austria. Lombardy had been for years the battle-field of Europe, passing through the various dominations of France, Spain, and Austria. There are still traces in many of the castles and villages of the different rules and of the fierce struggles between Guelphs and Ghibellines, which continued through two centuries.

Our evenings at our hospitable villa were very pleasant. Our hostess liked every one to go their own way during the day. There was golf and tennis, boating and shopping. Somebody always wanted something from Bellaggio or Menaggio, and the little vaporino went all day; but dinner brought the whole household together and there was plenty of talk. The varied experiences and appreciations of people and books and lives were very interesting. They say that in this twentieth century there is no individuality left, that we are all cast in the same mould; but I think that when six or seven people say honestly, without any pose for the gallery, what they think and feel, one would still find a good deal of originality. We interrupted the conversation often by making excursions out on the balcony to see the moon rising over the point of Bellaggio and making a long silver streak across the lake. The lake is always interesting and changing.

One of the first nights I was at Cadenabbia I was awaked by sudden gleams of a bright light that lit up my room even to the farthest corners. I could not imagine what it was—thought at first H. must be turning on all the electricity in her room—but I soon realized that it came from the water; then I thought one of the big hotels at Bellaggio, just across the lake, must be on fire, but after a few minutes the light disappeared and the room was again in utter darkness. After a short time the light came again and continued at regular intervals until daylight. I asked one of the Italian servants what it meant. He told me it was the search-light of a government boat which is stationed all night in the middle of the lake to keep off the "contrebandieri" (smugglers), who are always smuggling tobacco and silks across to Switzerland. Some people say that the government officials have an understanding with the smugglers and don't see the little boats gliding along the shore under the shadow of the mountains, but I can hardly believe the Italian government would spend so much money keeping the light going all night if no practical result came from it.

One night, in the absolute stillness, I heard a sound I couldn't understand. It was something like the faint touch of a guitar or mandolin, only not sustained enough. I was always waiting for two or three chords or voices. Occasionally it sounded rather louder, like a bell, but always far off, and at irregular intervals coming from the lake. Again I asked the Italian servants, who told me they were the fishermen's bells. They put them on the nets they leave out all night, as they cannot see them in the dark, but the bells tell them exactly where their nets are. I used to listen for them afterward; they sounded very friendly in the dead of night.

I should not think they were a very musical race at Como. I never hear the boatmen or people in the fields singing.

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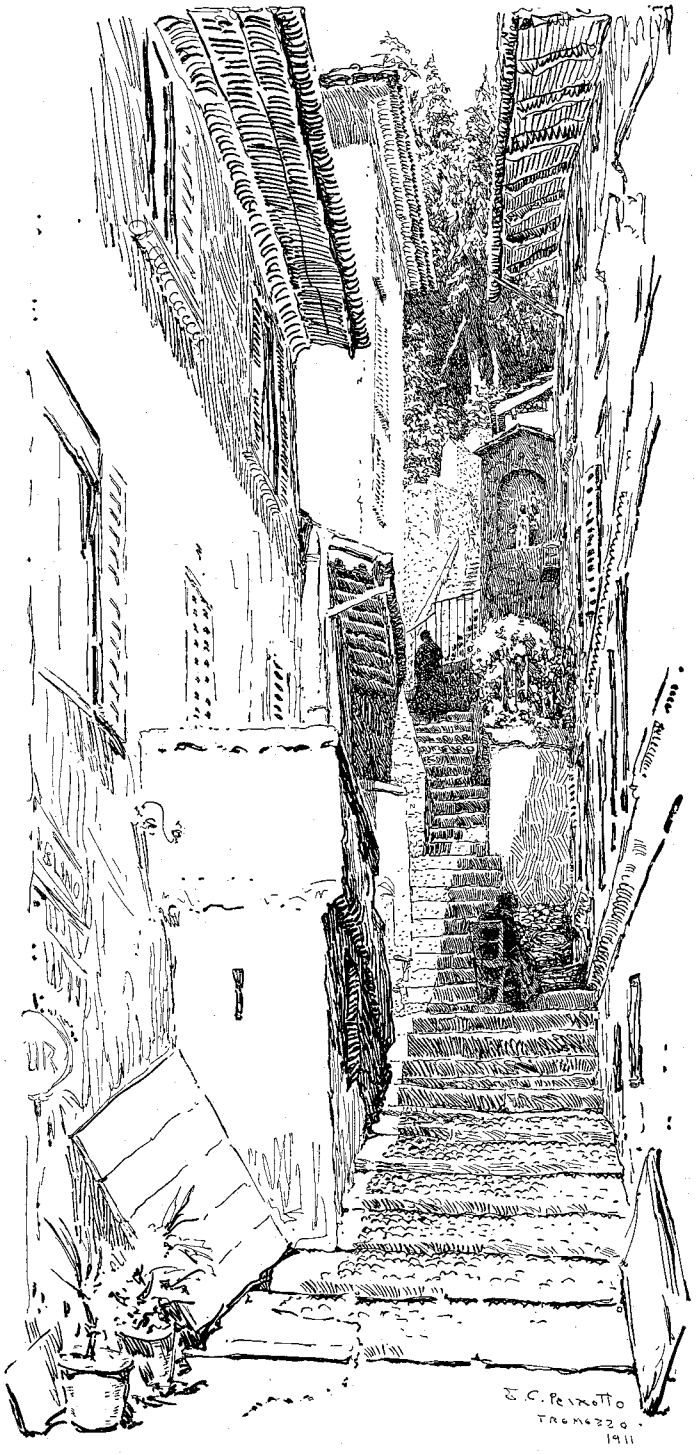

Drawn by E. C. Peixotto

Tremezzo.

Flights of steps leading from the streets to the mountains.—Page 398.

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We made an expedition one day to the town of Como, starting at 9.30 and getting to Como at 11.30. We went by steamer, as the vaporino would have taken too much time. The day was perfect and the sail enchanting. We went backward and forward across the lake, stopping continually at the numerous little ports. People got in and out everywhere, principally English and Americans, no Italians, a few Germans. The first hour we went through a beautiful part of the lake, wide and wild—the mountains rising straight out of the water, with sometimes an old ruined tower or monastery standing high, almost in the clouds, and little villages with no apparent road leading to them. The last hour, as we got near Como, the lake narrowed very much —seemed more like a river. There were countless villas and gardens all over the hills, and many boats of all kinds moving about. It was much less interesting than our end of the lake. There were some fine villas with very elaborate carved and painted façades, and gardens with fountains and vases, statues, and lovely walks and alleys of cypress trees along the shore; but they all looked new and rich, and had not at all the charm and Old-World look of those at the other end of the lake.

Como looks a most prosperous, cheerful town. It does a flourishing business in silk. In summer one of the sights of the place is to see the silk-worms at work on the mulberry leaves, and most repulsive objects they are. The silk is beautiful in quality, very soft and smooth, and wears very well.

There was quite a bustle—for Italy—on the pier: porters and hotel omnibuses and fiacres. We were to lunch at a well-known Italian restaurant and had time to "flâner" a little in the town before it was ready. There were several broad, clean streets; arcades, of course, and some tempting shops. We walked to the cathedral in the Piazza del Duomo, which is a curious specimen of the two styles of architecture, Gothic and Renaissance. The doors are wonderfully carved—quantities of figures and designs. Close to the cathedral, touching it, in fact, is the old town hall of Como, all the front of colored marble, black, red, and white, with high, narrow, pointed arches, through which we passed to a square where the market is held. We went into the church by a side door opening into the square. There are some beautiful tapestries, but it was too dark to see them well. In fact, we couldn't see anything at first, were half blind, coming in from the blaze of sunshine and glare of white stones.

However, by degrees we made out a rose-window at one end of the church and a fine statue of Saint Sebastian in white marble. We loitered a little in the market coming out, but there was not much to buy. Neither fruit nor flowers were very tempting—not even the grapes. I was rather surprised. I remembered such beautiful fruits, grapes, nectarines, etc., when I was last in Italy at this season, but this has been a very bad year, so rainy and cold, and the fruit never got any sun.

We found our way back to the restaurant, where we had a very good Italian breakfast—little fish-like sardines they call "agoni," macaroni, of course, and a very good bottle of Chianti. It was very very warm when we came out of the restaurant and we took carriages to go to the silk-shop, leaving our men behind us; they did not want to come with us and we certainly did not want them. Men in shops are generally unbearable.

We made quite a turn in the town, passing several handsome houses with large court-yards and gardens. When we finally arrived at our destination, I never should have imagined it was a shop. We walked into a low, dark room on the ground-floor, across a passage and another room, all filled with men—with their hats on, walking about, talking, and smoking cigarettes, but taking no notice of us, nor, in fact, of anybody. Piles of stuff were on the shelves and on the floor, and people were pulling them about and looking for what they wanted. It seemed quite hopeless at first, but Mrs. B., our cicerone, knew their ways and finally unearthed the "padrone" and explained that we wanted to buy some silk. He was very polite and sympathetic—unrolled several pieces of beautiful soft silks and satins, but didn't seem to care very much whether we bought anything or not, and retired at intervals to talk to his friends in corners of the shop, and was quite engrossed for a little while with rather a pretty painted "ondulée" lady smoking a cigarette. She came, too, and gave her

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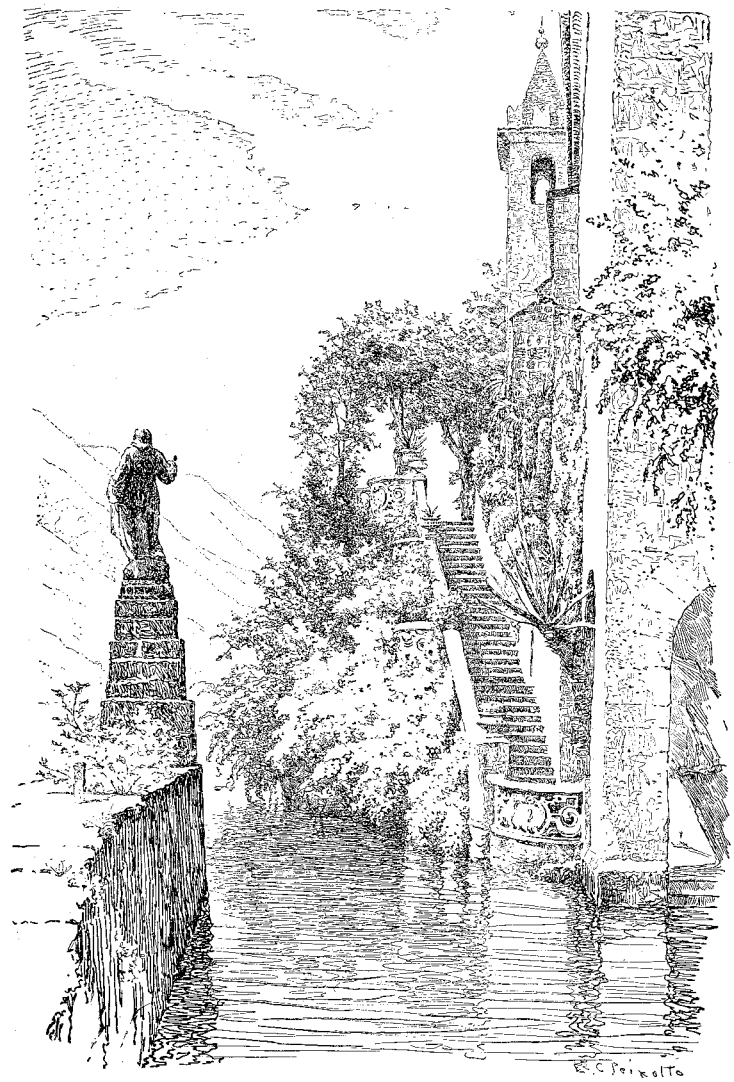
opinion when we were hesitating between different shades of blue. It was the most casual shopping I ever saw.

While the others were looking and choosing, I wandered out into a square, open court-yard to get some air. Piles of colored blankets and cotton stuffs were lying on the ground. On one side was a high pink house, with clothes of every description and color hanging out of every window; on the other was a rather dilapidated house which had probably once been a palace, with balconies, marble balustrades, and sculptured cornices. There were pots of geraniums on the balconies, and on one, quite high up, a tall oleander tree, with a quantity of pink flowers, in a tub. A woman was washing on one of the balconies, soaping her linen and stretching it on the edge. On another, two girls with laughing eyes and dazzling white teeth, with red fichus or shirts, were leaning over the balustrade looking down into the streets, talking to some men who were lounging and smoking at the door, which had a grating of fine iron-work through which a donkey's head looked out



The Scalinata, Villa Balbianello.

The steps coming straight down to the water's edge.—Page 401.

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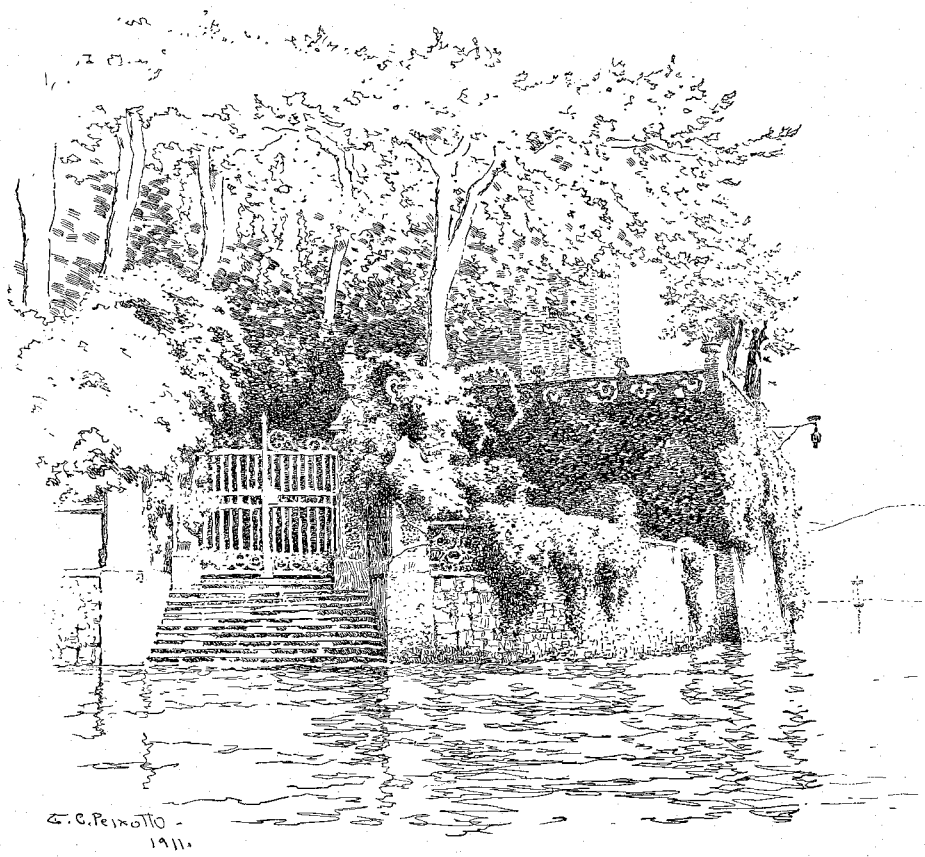

Villa Balbianello.

We went in by the water-gate.—Page 401.

on one side (they make a great deal of iron-work all along the lake; there are small factories in many of the villages), and children, of course, playing in the middle of the street, tumbling over the filthy heaps of rubbish one always sees in Italian streets. They were all talking hard, the men calling up to the girls on the balcony, but the voices were soft, the language was soft, the air was soft. It was all delightfully untidy and idle and southern and Italian.

Our sail home was quite enchanting, the afternoon lights were so changing and beautiful on the mountains. As it was Saturday afternoon, there were many more people about. All the women of all ages seemed dressed in bright colors—red and yellow petticoats and blouses, and the older ones with silk or woollen handkerchiefs on their heads. At one of the small ports where we stopped, a woman—not a very young one either—caught the rope that was thrown from our steamer and fastened it around the post. I wondered if that was "lavoro di donna" ("woman's work"), as they used to say in Rome when there was a particularly heavy bundle to carry, and the woman always took it on her head, the man walking alongside.

At one of the villages, with a very steep flight of steps leading straight up the hill, a great many donkeys were waiting for either travellers or luggage. We saw one or two starting off, with bags on one side and a woman on the other, and some, heavily loaded with big white bags, walking off alone and mounting the steps, picking their way very cleverly.

The lake was quite enchanting as we got into the wider part near Cadenabbia—the mountains were not so near us and looked much bigger in the distance. The beautiful loggia of the Balbianello (Visconti Gardens) was thrown out from a mass of orange

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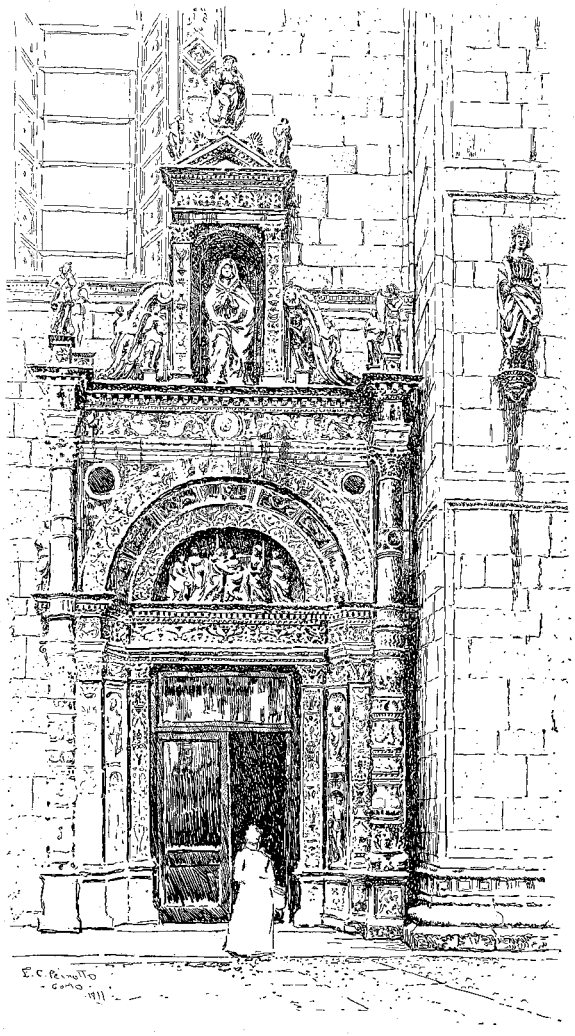
clouds and the great bare mountain behind. The point of Bellaggio took a gorgeous golden-pink color that seemed to light the whole lake. A few boats heavily laden close down to the water's edge, with a square sail in front, drifted lazily along, and one or two row-boats—the men standing to row—were dotted over the lake. It was perfectly still—not a ripple on the water; a few lights just beginning to twinkle in the houses and villas on the shore and on the hills, and a far-off sound of bells came faintly over the water. The night was beautiful, the sky almost as blue as in the middle of the day, and a splendid yellow moon—the Italian September moon, which always seems fuller and yellower than the cold northern moons, with their sharp contrasts of black and white. The fishermen's bells hardly sounded, the lake was so still, but they could certainly see the little floating bits of wood to-night which mark the place of the nets. Our visit is coming to an end, and we grudge every hour that is not spent on the lake. We have had some dark, rainy days, but the rain never lasted all day. The lake was quite transformed. The water looked black, deep, and mysterious; dark clouds covered the tops and sides of the mountains, which seemed to



North portal, Cathedral of Como.

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close around us, shutting out all the air and light. The lovely blue lake with its pink villas and hamlets glowing in the sunshine, and the soft purple mist that settled on the hills after sunset, had completely disappeared. The stillness was oppressive. One hardly heard the patter of the rain upon the leaves, and I suppose our moods harmonized with the spirit of the lake.

The house felt damp, the rooms looked dark, and one realized sadly that one more summer was finishing, and it was a pleasure after dinner to see the fire in the big library. The inside of the fireplace is painted red, which added to the glow of the flame. It was not very artistic, perhaps, but did not seem out of place in this wonderful house, with all its color and combinations and *comforts*—for most comfortable it certainly is.

Cadenabbia is absolutely an Anglo-Saxon colony. All the villas are built and inhabited by English and Americans; the hotels are filled with them. One hears nothing but English on the long strip of shore from the Bellevue Hotel to the other end of Cadenabbia, and as the English always carry their own life and habits with them wherever they go, there are naturally an English church, golf, tennis, tea-rooms, etc. I did not see an English boating club, but that will certainly come. They are firmly convinced that Italians know nothing about boats or rowing. I am sure we shall see English boats and crews on the lake, rowing with their long, regular, Cambridge stroke, which certainly is not Italian fashion.

Our last Sunday was a beautiful warm day and we made a charming excursion to the other end of the lake. It is not very long, only forty-five kilometres from Como to Colico. We went in an automobile—a Fiat—with a very good Italian chauffeur. I sat in front with him, and found him a most agreeable companion. He was a native of Menaggio and knew the lake well. First told me all his own domestic history and showed me his child—a baby standing at an open door to see "papa pass"—then showed me all the iron factories and boat-builders as we passed through the villages. I should not think they were very flourishing industries; certainly not enough to give work to all the able-bodied young men that we saw all along the road. I asked him what the men did in winter, when there were no strangers nor boating nor excursions, to which he answered, "They go away." Italians are so natural; never familiar. He answered all my questions quite simply; when he did not know, said so. I think a good many people in our rank of life might follow that example—when I remember the people who have talked to me for hours about things of which they knew nothing.

As it was Sunday the whole population was out, attired, as usual, in very bright colors, and there was a fine collection of the red and blue cotton umbrellas of the country, carried by men and women indiscriminately. We bought some for the garden at home. They are said to be waterproof, but I am rather doubtful and have visions of little trickles of blue and red over white dresses.

We passed under the ruins of the old castle of Musso, but there is not much left to see—bits of wall and old towers. The climb up to the castle looked so steep straight up the mountain in the full sunshine that we had not the courage to undertake it. Musso was a famous castle and fortress in its time, when its owner—one of those extraordinary Italian adventurers one reads of in the Middle Ages—held sway over the lake. "Il Medighino"—born a Medici—had a wonderful career. He obtained possession of his castle by killing one of his best friends in ambush, then fortified and added to it till it became a menace, not only to the lake, but even to Milan. For forty years he fought and intrigued and murdered, and when he died he had a splendid funeral in the Cathedral of Milan. His powerful fleets and armed galleys were always cruising in the waters of Como and Lecco, striking terror into the hearts of the people at Como and the few villages scattered about in the mountains.

In one of the small harbors we passed we saw two or three "torpedinieri" (torpedo-boats), black, ugly things looking quite out of place in that peaceful little cove, with the green hills coming down to the edge of the water. I asked the chauffeur if they often caught the smugglers, to which he replied, with a funny little smile, that it was very difficult to see the boats which crept along shore and crossed the lake at the Colico end. The lake is much narrower just there, where the Adda flows into it, and is not particularly interesting.

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We crossed a very primitive bridge, which did not look very solid as we got near, but the chauffeur said it was all right and went over it slowly and carefully.

We stopped at Gravedona on our way back, to see the palace—quite the finest one on the lake. One sees it from a great distance, as it stands high, with imposing square towers and bastions rising straight up out of the water, and a beautiful, graceful loggia hanging over the lake. It was built in the sixteenth century by Cardinal Gallio, and must have been a noble residence for a prince of the church. The hall, which runs straight through the house, from the entrance to the loggia, with rooms opening out of it on both sides, is splendid. It all looked very bare and uncomfortable to-day, though it is inhabited. The present owner comes there for several months of the year, but he is a bachelor and has evidently very simple tastes. We stood some time in the loggia looking down on the lake through the arches. We were so high that the passing boats looked like toy steamers, and no noise of life got up to us. The atmosphere was beautifully clear and the sun dazzling. It was a relief to get back into the great dark hall.

What a magnificent frame it must have been for the pomp and state with which the high dignitaries of the church and the great nobles surrounded themselves in those times! One is astounded, in reading memoirs of the Renaissance, by the extravagance and luxury of the lives of the "grands seigneurs." Quantities of servants and armed retainers, all richly dressed and equipped; the masters in finely chiselled armor inlaid with gold and silver; the women in costly brocades, velvets and furs, and priceless jewels. They were, too, munificent patrons of the arts, and had musicians, painters, and poets attached to their households. When a daughter of one of the great houses married, or a son was made an ambassador, they travelled with suites and escorts like sovereigns.

Gravedona . . . with imposing square towers and bastions rising straight up out of the water.

Standing in the hall of Gravedona we could quite well picture to ourselves the brilliant motley crowd in the anteroom—prelates of every description, from the courtly purple-robed monsignor to the humble priest in his black soutane; the secretaries and chaplains of his Eminence; fair women, too, who had something to ask for sons and husbands and lovers. It was curious how all sorts of visions of days long since passed were conjured up by the great height and space and desolation of the place.

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We went upstairs, but there was nothing interesting there—a long corridor with rooms on each side, like a monastery. There were some carved chests and chairs in the corridor, which, the servant told us, had belonged to the cardinal, but I think that statement was prompted by a kindly wish to please the "forestieri."

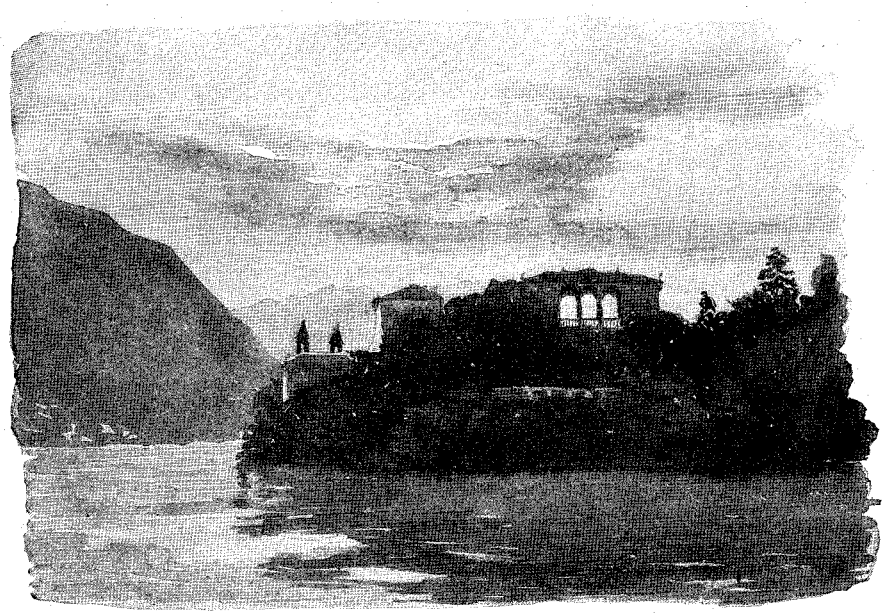
There is little left of the garden—some fine cypress trees and quiet, shady corners where one could sit and dream of the past. I wonder why one always goes back to the past in Italy more than anywhere else. I think there must be something in the atmosphere that takes one out of modern life. The mountains and the lakes and the ruins have a glamour of romance and mystery which appeals at once to the imagination. One feels more in sympathy with the people who lived and loved and fought five hundred years ago than with the young Italy of to-day, though she has fought and struggled bravely enough to take her place among the nations.

The great pile looked splendid as we left it behind us, rising *à pic* out of the water, the square gray towers outlined on the bright blue sky, frowning down on the lake—a perpetual menace to an imaginary foe.

The drive back toward the sunset was enchanting. I think I like Lake Como best in the evening half-light. Such a beautiful pink-purple haze lingers over everything when the lights are faded out of the sky. Everything is still and peaceful and the busy world (if an Italian world *ever* is busy) is resting.

We had a beautiful moon for our last evening, and quite a ripple on the lake. We could really hear a little swash of waves on the shore and the fishermen's bells sounded very near. We were very sorry to say good-by to our gracious hostess and leave this charming house, with its loggias and gardens and its divine views morning and evening over the lake. But everything must finish. We must put the Alps between us and this place of "peace and poetry," to quote the old gardener of beautiful Balbianello.

September, 1910.



Balbianello.

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WITCHING HILL STORIES

BY E. W. HORNUNG

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

III.—A VICIOUS CIRCLE

THE Berridges of Berylstow—a house near my office in the Witching Hill Road—were perhaps the very worthiest family on the whole Estate. Old Mr. Berridge, by a lifetime of faithful service, had risen to a fine position in one of the oldest and most substantial assurance societies in the City of London. Mrs. Berridge, herself a woman of energetic character, devoted every minute that she could spare from household duties, punctiliously fulfilled, to the glorification of the local vicar and the denunciation of modern ideas. There was a daughter, whose name of Beryl had inspired that of the house; she was her mother's miniature and echo, and had no desire to ride a bicycle or do anything else that Mrs. Berridge had not done before her. An only son, Guy, completed the *partie carrée*, and already made an admirable accountant under his father's eagle eye. He was about thirty years of age, had a mild face but a fierce mustache, was engaged to be married, and already picking up books and pictures for the new home.

As a bookman Guy Berridge stood alone.

"There's nothing like them for furnishing a house," said he; "and nowadays they're so cheap. There's that new series of Victorian Classics—one-and-tenpence-halfpenny! And those Eighteenth Century Masterpieces—I don't know when I shall get time to read them, but they're worth the money for the binding alone—especially with everything peculiar taken out!"

Peculiar was a family epithet of the widest possible significance. It was peculiar of Guy, in the eyes of the other three, to be in such a hurry to leave their comfortable home for one of his own on a necessarily much smaller scale. Miss Hemming, the future Mrs. Guy, was by no means deficient in peculiarity from his people's point of view. She affected flowing fabrics of peculiar shades, and she had still more peculiar ideas of furnishing. On Saturday afternoons she would drag poor Guy into all the second-hand furniture shops in the neighborhood—not even to save money, as Mrs. Mrs. Berridge complained to her more intimate friends—but just to be peculiar. It seemed like a judgment when Guy fell so ill with influenza, obviously contracted in one of those highly peculiar shops, that he had to mortgage his summer holiday by going away for a complete change early in the new year.

He went to country cousins of the suburban Hemmings; his own Miss Hemming went with him, and it was on their return that a difference was first noticed in the young couple. They no longer looked radiant together, much less when apart. The good young accountant would pass my window with a quite tragic face. And one morning, when we met outside, he told me that he had not slept a wink.

That evening I went to smoke a pipe with Uvo Delavoye, who happened to have brought me into these people's ken. And we were actually talking about Guy Berridge and his affairs when the maid showed him up into Uvo's room.

I never saw a man look quite so wretched. The mild face seemed to cower behind the truculent mustache; the eyes, bright and bloodshot, winced when one met them. I got up to go, feeling instinctively that he had come to confide in Uvo. But Berridge read me as quickly as I read him.

"Don't you go on my account," said he gloomily. "I've nothing to tell Delavoye that I can't tell you, especially after giving myself away to you once already to-day. I daresay three heads will be better than two, and I know I can trust you both."

"Is anything wrong?" asked Uvo, when preliminary solicitations had reminded me that his visitor neither smoked nor drank.

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Good God!" cried Delavoye. "That's the very ring we saw last night!"—Page 416.

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"Everything!" was the reply.

"Not with your engagement, I hope?"

"That's it," said Berridge, with his eyes on the carpet.

"It isn't—off?"

"Not yet."

"I don't want to ask more than I ought," said Uvo, after a pause, "but I always imagine that, between people who're engaged, the least little thing——"

"It isn't a little thing."

And the accountant shook his downcast head.

"I only meant, my dear chap, if you'd had some disagreement——"

"We've never had the least little word!"

"Has she changed?" asked Uvo Delavoye.

"Not that I know of," replied Berridge; but he looked up as though it were a new idea, and there was more life in his voice.

"She'd tell you," said Uvo, "if I know her."

"Do people tell each other?" eagerly inquired our friend.

"They certainly ought, and I th' k Miss Hemming would."

"Ah! it's easy enough for then " cried the miserable young man. "Wo ıen are not liars and traitors because they happen to change their minds. Nobody th nks the worse of them for that; it's their ı ivilege, isn't it? They can break off as ı any engagements as they like; but if I id such a thing I should never hold up ıy head again!"

He buried his hot face in his ha ds, and Delavoye looked at me for the f st time. It was a sympathetic look enough and yet there was something in it, a lift of the eyebrow, a light in the eye, that rem ded me of the one point on which we al ays differed.

"Better hide your head than oil her life," said he briskly. "But h w long have you felt like doing either? used to look on you as an ideal pair."

"So we were," said poor Berri ge readily. "It's most peculiar!"

I saw a twitch at the corners f Uvo's mouth; but he was not the ma for sly glances over a bowed head.

"How long have you been enga ed?" he asked.

"Ever since last September."

"You were here then, if I rem mber?"

"Yes; it was just after my holiday."

"In fact you've been here all the time?"

"Up to these last few weeks."

Delavoye looked round his room as a cross-examining counsel surveys the court to mark a point. I felt it about time to intervene on the other side.

"But you looked perfectly happy," said I, "all the autumn?"

"So I was, God knows!"

"Everything was all right until you went away?"

"Everything."

"Then," said I, "it looks to me like the mere mental effect of influenza, and nothing else!"

But that was not the sense of the glance I could not help shooting at Delavoye. And my explanation was no comfort to Guy Berridge; he had thought of it before; but then he had never felt better than the last few days in the country, yet never had he been in such despair.

"I can't go through with it," he groaned in abject unreserve. "It's making my life a hell—a living lie! I don't know how to bear it—from one meeting to the next—I dread them so! Yet I've always a sort of hope that next time everything will suddenly become as it was before Christmas. Talk of forlorn hopes! Each time's worse than the last. I've come straight from her now. I don't know what you must think of me! It's not ten minutes since we said good-night." The big mustache trembled. "I felt a Judas," he whispered; "an absolute Judas!"

"I believe it's all nerves," said Delavoye, but with so little conviction that I loudly echoed the belief.

"But I don't go in for nerves," protested Berridge; "none of us do, in our family. We don't believe in them. We think they're a modern excuse for anything you like to do or say; that's what we think about nerves. I'm not going to start them just to make myself out better than I am. It's my heart that's rotten, not my nerves."

"I admire your attitude," said Delavoye, "but I don't agree with you. It'll all come back to you in the end—everything you think you've lost—and then you'll feel as though you'd awakened from a bad dream."

"But sometimes I do wake up, as it is!" cried Berridge, catching at the idea. "Near-

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ly every morning, when I'm dressing, things look different. I feel my old self again—the luckiest fellow alive—engaged to the sweetest girl! She's always that, you know; don't imagine for one moment that I ever think the less of Edith; she always was and would be a million times too good for me. If only she'd see it for herself, and chuck me up of her own accord! I've even tried to tell her what I feel; but she won't meet me half-way; the real truth never seems to enter her head. How to tell her outright I don't know! It would have been easy enough last year, when her people wouldn't let us be properly engaged. But they gave in at Christmas when I had my rise in screw; and now she's got her ring, and given me this one—how on earth can I go and give it her back?"

"May I see?" asked Delavoye, holding out his hand; and I for one was grateful to him for the diversion of the few seconds we spent inspecting an old enamelled ring with a white peacock on a crimson ground. Berridge asked us if we thought it a very peculiar ring, as they all did at Berylstow, and he babbled on about the circumstances of its purchase by his dear, sweet, open-handed Edith. It did him good to talk. A tinge of health returned to his cadaverous cheeks, and for a time his mustache looked less out of keeping and proportion.

But it was the mere reactionary surcease of prolonged pain, and the fit came on again in uglier guise before he left.

"It isn't so much that I don't want to marry her," declared the accountant with startling abruptness, "as the awful thoughts I have as to what may happen if I do. They're too awful to describe, even to you two fellows. Of course nothing could make you think worse of me than you must already, but you'd say I was mad if you could see inside my horrible mind. I don't think she'd be safe; honestly I don't! I feel as if I might do her some injury—or—or violence!"

He was swaying about the room with wild eyes staring from one to the other of us and twitching fingers feeling in his pockets. I got up myself and stood within reach of him, for now I felt certain that love or illness had turned his brain. But it was only a very small scrap of paper that he fished out of his waistcoat pocket, and handed first to Delavoye and then to me.

"I cut it out of a review of such a peculiar poem in my evening paper," said Berridge. "I never read reviews, or poems, but those lines hit me hard."

And I read:

"Yet each man kills the thing he loves,
By each let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word,
The coward does it with a kiss
The brave man with a sword!"

"But you don't feel like that!" said Delavoye, laughing at him; and the laughter rang as false as his earlier consolation; but this time I had not the presence of mind to supplement it.

Guy Berridge nodded violently as he held out his hand for the verse. I could see that his eyes had filled with tears. But Uvo rolled the scrap of print into a pellet, which he flung among the lumps of asbestos glowing in his grate, and took the outstretched hand in his. I never saw man so gentle with another. Hardly a word more passed. But the poor devil squeezed my fingers before Uvo led him out to see him home. And it was many minutes before he returned.

"I have had a time of it!" said he, putting his feet to the gas fire. "Not with that poor old thing but his people—all three of them! I got him up straight to bed, and then they kept me when he thought I'd gone. Of course they know there's something wrong, and of course they blame the girl; one knew they would. It seems they've never really approved of her; she's a shocking instance of all-round peculiarity. They little know the apple of their own blind eyes—eh, Gilly?"

"I hardly knew him myself," said I. "He really must be mad! I never thought to hear a grown man go on like that."

"And such a man!" cried Uvo. "It's not the talk so much as the talker that surprises me; and by the way, how well he talked, for him! He was less of a bore than I've ever known him; there was passion in the fellow, confound him! Red blood in that lump of road metal! He's not only sorry for himself. He's simply heart-broken about the girl. But this maggot of morbid introspection has got into his brain and——how did it get there, Gilly? It's no place for the little brute. What brain is there to feed it? What has he ever done, in all his dull days, to make that harmless

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mind a breeding-ground for every sort of degenerate idea? In mine they'd grow like mustard and cress. I'd feel just like that if I were engaged to the very nicest girl; the nicer she was the worse I'd get; but then I'm a degenerate dog in any case. Oh, yes, I am, Gilly! But here's as faithful a hound as ever licked his lady's hand. Where's he got it from? Who's the poisoner?"

"I'm glad you ask," said I. "I was afraid you'd say you knew."

"Meaning my old man of the soil?"

"I made sure you'd put it on him."

Uvo laughed heartily.

"You don't know as much about him as I do, Gilly! He was the last old scoundrel to worry because he didn't love a woman as much as she deserved. It was quite the other way about, I can assure you."

"Yes; but what about those almost murderous inclinations?"

"I thought of them. But they only came on after our good friend had shaken this demoralizing dust off his feet. As long as he stuck to Witching Hill he was as sound as a marriage bell! It's dead against my doctrine, Gillon, but I'm delighted to find that you share my disappointment."

"And I to hear you own it is one, Uvo!"

"There's another thing, now we're on the subject," he continued, for we had not been on it for weeks and months. "It seems that over at Hampton Court there's a portrait of my ignoble kinsman, by one Kneller. I only heard of it the other day, and I was rather wondering if you could get away to spin over with me and look him up. It needn't necessarily involve contentious topics, and we might lunch at the Mitre in that window looking down stream. But it ought to be to-morrow, if you could manage it, because the galleries don't open on Friday, and on Saturdays they're always crowded."

I could not manage it very well. I was supposed to spend my day on the Estate, and, though there was little doing thus early in the year, it might be the end of me if my Mr. Muskett came back before his usual time and did not find me at my post. And I was no longer indifferent as to the length of my days at Witching Hill. But I resolved to risk them for the man who had made the place what it was to me—a garden of friends—however otherwise he might people and spoil it for himself.

We started at my luncheon hour, which could not in any case count against me, and quite early in the afternoon we reckoned to be back. It was a very keen bright day, worthier of General January than his chief-of-staff. Ruts and puddles were firmly frozen; our bicycle bells rang out with a pleasing brilliance. In Bushy Park the black chestnuts stamped their filigree tops against a windless radiance. Under the trees a russet carpet still waited for March winds to take it up. The Diana pond was skinned with ice; goddess and golden nymphs caught every scintillation of gold sunlight as we trundled past. In a fine glow we entered the palace and climbed to the grim old galleries.

"Talk about haunted houses!" said Uvo Delavoye. "If our patron sinner takes such a fatherly interest in the humble material at his disposal, what about that gay dog Henry and the good ladies in these apartments? I should be sorry to trust living neck to what's left of the old lady-killer." It was the famous Holbein which had set him off. "But I say, Gilly, here's a far worse face than his. It may be my rude forefather; by Jove, and so it is!"

And he took off his cap with unction to a handsome, sinister creature, in a brown flowing wig and raiment as fine as any on the walls. There was a staggering peacock-blue surtout, lined with silk of an orange scarlet, the wide sleeves turned up with the same; and a creamy cascade of lace fell from the throat over a long cinnamon waistcoat piped with silk; for you could swear to the material at sight, and the colors might have been laid on that week. They lit up the gloomy chamber, and the eyes in the periwigged head lit them up. The dark eyes at my side were not more live and liquid than the painted pair. Not that Uvo's were cynical, voluptuous, or sly; but, like these, they reminded me of deep waters hidden from the sun. I refrained from comment on a resemblance that went no further. I was glad I alone had seen how far it went.

"Thank goodness those lips and nostrils don't sprout on our branch!" Uvo had put up his eyebrows in a humorous way of his. "We must keep a weather eye open for the evil that they did living after them on Witching Hill! You may well stare at his

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hands; they probably weren't his at all, but done from a model. I hope the old rip hadn't quite such a ladylike——"

He stopped short, as I knew he would when he saw what I was pointing out to him; for I had not been staring at the effeminate hand affectedly composed on the corner of a table, but at the enamelled ring painted like a miniature on the little finger.

"Good God!" cried Delavoye. "That's the very ring we saw last night!"

It was at least a perfect counterfeit; the narrow stem, the high, projecting, oval bezel—the white peacock enamelled on a crimson ground—one and all were there, as the painters of that period loved to put such things in.

"It must be the same, Gilly! There couldn't be two such utter oddities!"

"It looks like it, certainly; but how did Miss Hemming get hold of it?"

"Easily enough; she ferrets out all the old curiosity shops in the district, and didn't Berridge tell us she bought his ring in one? Obviously it's been lying there for the last century and a bit. Bear in mind that this bad old lot wasn't worth a bob toward the end; then you must see the whole thing's so plain, there's only one thing plainer."

"What's that?"

"The entire cause and origin of Guy Berridge's pangs and fears about his engagement! He never had one or the other before Christmas—when he got his ring. They've made his life a Hades ever since, every day of it and every hour of every day, except sometimes in the morning when he was getting up. Why not then? Because he took off his ring when he went to his bath! I'll go so far as to remind you that his only calm and rational moments last night were while you and I were looking at this ring and it was off his finger!"

Delavoye's strong excitement was attracting the attention of the old soldierly attendant near the window, and in a vague way he attracted mine. I glanced past the veteran, out and down into the formal grounds. Yew and cedar seemed unreal to me in the wintry sunlight; almost I wondered whether I was dreaming in my turn, and where on earth I was. It was as though a touch of the fantastic had rested for a moment even on my hard head. But I very soon shook it off, and mocked the vanquished weakness with a laugh.

"Yes, my dear fellow, that's all very well. But——"

"None of your blooming 'buts'!" cried Uvo, with almost delirious levity. "I should have thought this instance was concrete enough even for you. But we'll talk about it at the Mitre and consider what to do."

In that talk I joined, into those considerations I entered, without arguing at all. It did not commit me to a single article of a repugnant creed, but neither, on the other hand, did it impair the excellence of Delavoye's company at a hurried feast which still stands out in my recollection. I remember the long red wall of Hampton Court as the one warm feature of the hard-bitten landscape. I remember red wine in our glasses, a tinge of color in the dusky face that leant toward mine, and a wondrous flow of eager talk, delightful as long as one did not take it too seriously. My own attitude I recapture most securely in Uvo's accusation that I smiled and smiled and was a sceptic. It was one of those characteristic remarks that stick for no other reason. Uvo Delavoye was not in those days at all widely read; but he had a large circle of quotations which were not altogether unfamiliar to me, and I eventually realized that he knew his *Hamlet* almost off by heart.

But as yet poor Berridge's "pangs and fears" was original Delavoye to my ruder culture; and the next time I saw him, on the Friday night, the pangs seemed keener and the fears even more enervating than before. Again he sat with us in Uvo's room; but he was oftener on his legs, striding up and down, muttering and gesticulating as he strode. In the end Uvo took a strong line with him. I was waiting for it. He had conceived the scheme at Hampton Court, and I was curious to see how it would be received.

"This can't go on, Berridge! I'll see you through—to the bitter end!"

Uvo was not an actor, yet here was a magnificent piece of acting, because it was more than half sincere.

"Will you really, Delavoye?" cried the accountant, shrinking a little from his luck.

"Rather! I'm not going to let you go stark mad under my nose. Give me that ring."

"My—*her*—ring?"

"Of course; it's your engagement ring,

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"It's all I'm fit for, death!" groaned Guy Berridge, trying to tug the fierce mustache out of his mild face.—Page 418.

isn't it? And it's your duty, to yourself and her and everybody else, to break off that engagement with as little further delay as possible."

"But are you sure, Delavoye?"

"Certain. Give it to me."

"It seems such a frightful thing to do!"

"We'll see about that. Thank you; now you're your own man again."

And now I really did begin to open my eyes; for no sooner had the unfortunate accountant parted with his ring, than his ebbing affections rushed back in a miraculous flood, and he was begging for it again in five minutes, vowing that he had been mad but now was sane, and looking more himself into the bargain. But Delavoye was adamant to these hysterical entreaties. He plied Berridge with his own previous arguments against the marriage, and once at least he struck a responsive chord from those frayed nerves.

"Nobody but yourself," he pointed out, "ever said you didn't love her; but see

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what love makes of you! Can you dream of marriage in such a state? Is it fair to the girl, until you've really reconsidered the whole matter and learnt your own mind once for all? Could she be happy? Would she be—it was your own suggestion—but are you sure she would be even safe?"

Berridge wrung his hands in new despair; yes, he had forgotten that! Those awful instincts were the one unalterably awful feature. Not that he felt them still; but to recollect them as genuine impulses, or at best as irresistible thoughts, was to freeze his self-distrust into a cureless cancer.

"I was forgetting all that!" he moaned. "And yet here in my pocket is the very book those hopeless lines are from. I bought it at Stoneham's this morning. It's the most peculiar poem I ever read. I can't quite make it out. But that bit was clear enough. Only hear how it goes on!"

And in a school-childish singsong, with no expression but that involuntarily imparted by his quavering voice, he read twelve lines aloud.

"Some kill their love when they are young,
And some when they are old;
Some strangle with the hands of Lust,
Some with the hands of Gold:
The kindest use a knife, because——

He shuddered horribly——

"The dead so soon grow cold.

"Some love too little, some too long,
Some sell, and others buy;
Some do the deed with many tears,
And some without a sigh:
For each man kills the thing he loves,
Yet each man does not die."

"It's all I'm fit for, death!" groaned Guy Berridge, trying to tug the fierce mustache out of his mild face. "The sooner the better, for me! And yet I did love her, God knows I did!" He turned upon Uvo Delavoye in a sudden blaze. "And so I do still—do you hear me? Then give me back my ring, I say, and don't encourage me in this madness—you—you devil!"

"Give it him back," I said. But Uvo set his teeth against us both, looking almost what he had just been called—looking abominably like that fine evil gentleman in Hampton Court—and I could stand the whole thing no longer. I dived my own hand into Delavoye's pocket. And down and away out into the night, like a fiend let loose, went Guy Berridge and the ring with the peacock enamelled in white on a blood-red ground.

I turned again to Delavoye. His shoulders were up to his ears in wry good humor.

"You may be right, Gilly, but now I ought really to sit up with him all night. In any case I shall have it back in the morning, and then neither you nor he shall ever see that unclean bird again!"

But he went so far as to show it to me across my counter, not many minutes after young Berridge had shambled past, with bent head and unshaven cheeks, to catch his usual train next morning.

"I did sit up with him," said Uvo. "We sat up till he dropped off in his chair, and eventually I got him to bed more asleep than awake. But he's as bad as ever again this morning, and he has surrendered the infernal ring this time of his own accord. I'm to break matters to the girl by giving it back to her."

"You're a perfect hero to take it on!"

"I feel much more of a humbug, Gilly."

"When do you tackle her?"

"Never, my dear fellow! Can't you see the point? This white peacock's at the bottom of the whole thing. Neither of them shall ever set eyes on it again, and then you see if they don't marry and live happy ever after!"

"But are you going to throw the thing away?"

"Not if I can help it, Gilly. I'll tell you what I thought of doing. There's a little working jeweller, over at Richmond, who made me quite a good pin out of some heavy old studs that belonged to my father. I'm going to take him this ring to-day and see if he can turn out a duplicate for love or money."

"I'll go with you," I said, "if you can wait till the afternoon."

"We must be gone before Berridge has a chance of getting back," replied Uvo, doubtfully; "otherwise I shall have to begin all over again, because of course he'll come back cured and roaring for his ring. I haven't quite decided what to say to him, but I fancy my imagination will prove equal to the strain."

This seemed to me a rather cynical attitude to take, even in the best of causes, and

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

With one hand he caught the offending urchin, and in the other I was horrified to see his stick, a heavy blackthorn, held in a murderous poise.— Page 421.

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it certainly was not like Uvo Delavoye. Only too capable, in my opinion, of deceiving himself, he was no impostor, if I knew him, and it was disappointing to see him take so kindly to the part. I preferred not to talk about it on the road to Richmond, which we took on foot in the small hours of the afternoon. A weeping thaw had reduced the frozen ruts to mere mud piping, of that consistency which grips a tire like teeth. But it was impossible not to compare this heavy tramp with our sparkling spin through Bushy Park. And the hot and cold fits of poor Guy Berridge afforded an inevitable analogy.

"I can't understand him," I was saying. "I can understand a fellow falling in love, and even falling out again. But Berridge flies from one extreme to the other like a ball in a hard rally."

"And it's not the way he's built, Gilly! That's what sticks with me. You may be quite sure he's not the first breeder of sinners who began by shivering on the brink of matrimony. It's a desperate plunge to take. I should be terrified myself; but then I'm not one of nature's faithful hounds. If it wasn't for the canine fidelity of this good Berridge, I shouldn't mind his thinking and shrinking like many a better man."

We were cutting off the last corner before Richmond by following the asphalt footpath behind St. Stephen's Church. Here we escaped the mud at last; the moist asphalt shone with a cleanly lustre; and our footsteps threw an echo ahead, between the two long walls, until it mixed with the tramp of approaching feet, and another couple advanced into view. They were man and girl; but I did not at first identify the radiant citizen in the glossy hat, with his arm thrust through the lady's, as Guy Berridge homeward bound with his once beloved. It was a groan from Uvo that made me look again, and next moment the four of us blocked the narrow gangway.

"The very man we were talking about!" cried Berridge without looking at me. His hat had been ironed, his weak chin burnished by a barber's shave, the strong mustache clipped and curled. But a sporadic glow marked either cheek-bone, and he had forgotten to return our salute.

"Yes, Mr. Delavoye!" said Miss Hemming with arch severity. "What have you been doing with my white peacock?"

She had a brown fringe, very crisply curled as a rule; but the damp air had softened and improved it; and perhaps her young gentleman's recovery had carried the good work deeper, for she was a girl who sometimes gave herself airs, but there seemed no room for any in her happy face.

"To tell you the truth," replied Uvo, unblushingly, "I was on my way to show it to a bit of a connoisseur at Richmond." He turned to Berridge, who met his glance eagerly. "That's really why I borrowed it, Guy. I believe it's more valuable than either of you realize."

"Not to me!" cried the accountant readily. "I don't know what I was doing to take it off. I hear it's a most unlucky thing to do."

It was easy to see from whom he had heard it. Miss Hemming said nothing, but looked all the more decided with her mouth quite shut. And Delavoye addressed his apologies to the proper quarter.

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss Hemming! Of course you're quite right; but I hope you'll show it to my man yourselves——"

"If you don't mind," said Berridge, holding out his hand with a smile.

But Uvo had broken off of his own accord.

"I think you'll be glad"—he was feeling in all his pockets—"quite glad if you do—" and his voice died away as he began feeling again.

"Lucky I wired to you to meet me at Richmond, wasn't it, Edie? Otherwise we should have been too late," said the accountant densely.

"Perhaps you are!" poor Uvo had to cry outright. "I--the fact is I—can't find it anywhere."

"You may have left it behind," suggested Berridge.

"We can call for it, if you did," said the girl.

There was something in his sudden worry that appealed to their common fund of generosity.

"No, no! I told you why I was going to Richmond. I thought I had it in my ticket pocket. In fact, I know I had; but I went with my sister this morning to get some flowers at Kingston market, and I haven't had it out since. It's been taken from me, and that was where! I wish you'd feel in my pockets for me. I've had them picked —picked of the one thing that wasn't mine and was of value—and now you'll neither of

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you ever forgive me, and I don't deserve to be forgiven!"

But they did forgive him, and that handsomely—so manifest was his distress—so great their recovered happiness. It was only I who could not follow their example, when they had gone on their way, and Delavoye and I were hurrying on ours, ostensibly to get the Richmond police to telephone at once to Kingston, as the first of all the energetic steps that we were going to take. For we were still in that asphalt passage, and the couple had scarcely quitted it at the other end, when Delavoye drew off his glove and showed me the missing ring upon his little finger.

I could hardly believe my eyes, or my ears either, when he roundly defended his conduct. I need not go into his defence; it was the only one it could have been; but Uvo Delavoye was the only man in England who could and would have made it with a serious face. It was no mere trinket that he had "lifted," but a curse from two innocent heads. That end justified any means, to his wild thinking. But, over and above the ethical question, he had an inherited responsibility in the matter, and had only performed a duty which had been thrust upon him.

"Nor shall they be a bit the worse off," said Uvo warmly. "I still mean to have that duplicate made, off my own bat, and when I foist it on our friends I shall simply say it turned up in the lining of my overcoat."

"Man Uvo," said I, "there are two professions waiting for you; but it would take a judge of both to choose between your fiction and your acting."

"Acting!" he cried. "Why, a blog like Guy Berridge can act when he's put to it; he did just now, and took you in, evidently! It never struck you, I suppose, that he'd wired to me this morning to say nothing to the girl, probably at the same time that he wired to her to meet him? He carried it all off like a born actor just now, and yet you curse me for going and doing likewise to save the pair of them!"

It is always futile to try to slay the bee in another's bonnet; but for once I broke my rule of never arguing with Uvo Delavoe, if I could help it, on the particular point involved. I simply could not help it, on this occasion; and when Uvo lost his temper, and said a great deal more than I would have taken from anybody else, I would not have helped it if I could. So hot had been our interchange that it was at its height when we debouched from St. Stephen's passage into the open cross-roads beyond.

At that unlucky moment, one small suburban Arab, in full flight from another, dashed round the corner and butted into that part of Delavoye which the Egyptian climate had specially demoralized. I saw his dark face writhe with pain and fury. With one hand he caught the offending urchin, and in the other I was horrified to see his stick, a heavy blackthorn, held in murderous poise against the leaden sky, while the child was thrust out at arm's length to receive the blow. I hurled myself between them, and had such difficulty in wresting the blackthorn from the madman's grasp that his hand was bleeding, and something had tinkled on the pavement, when I tore it from him.

Panting, I looked to see what had become of the small boy. He had taken to his heels as though the foul fiend was at them; his late pursuer was now his companion in flight, and I was thankful to find we had the scene to ourselves. Delavoye was pointing to the little thing that had tinkled as it fell, and as he pointed the blood dripped from his hand and he shuddered like a man recovering from a fit.

I had better admit plainly that the thing was that old ring with the white peacock set in red, and that Uvo Delavoye was once more as I had known him down to that hour.

"Don't touch the beastly thing!" he cried. "It's served me worse than it served poor Berridge! I shall have to think of a fresh lie to tell him—and it won't come so easy now—but I'd rather cut mine off than trust this on another human hand!"

He picked it up between his finger nails. And there was blood on the white peacock when I saw it next on Richmond Bridge.

"Don't you worry about my hand," said Uvo as he glanced up and down the gray old bridge. "It's only a scratch from the blackthorn spikes, but I'd have given a finger to be shot of this devil!"

A flick of his wrist sent the old ring spinning; we saw it meet its own reflection in the glassy flood, like a salmon-fly beautifully thrown; and more rings came and widened on the waters, till they stirred the mirrored branches of the trees on Richmond Hill.

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THE CONVICTIONS OF A GRANDFATHER

BY ROBERT GRANT

VII

IS the modern woman as intrinsically unselfish and lovable as her predecessor? I was present yesterday at what the newspapers would call a symposium where the foregoing proposition was considered, and where I was the only man. Of course, a symposium was originally a merry feast with drinking. But on this occasion we had nothing more convivial than iced tea. Nor could the meeting appropriately be termed merry; on the contrary, it was eminently serious, though on the piazza in midsummer. My capacity was that of bottle-holder or prompter to my wife Josephine, who suddenly found herself in the thick of a discussion concerning the modern woman with her daughter Winona, her daughter-in-law Lavinia, and Mrs. Mabel Flanders Foote as antagonists; a discussion which, starting with the appearance of the harvest moon, lasted until that brilliant orb, which at this season of the year has a tendency to sit up all night, had sunk below the horizon. Three against one. A most unequal contest from point of view of numbers. Even when I secretly agreed with the adversaries, I proffered Josephine moral and statistical support. But her protection lay in the inability of the allies to agree among themselves, which caused each of them in turn to swap sides at critical stages of the controversy.

It was Mrs. Foote who put the inquiry just after we had finished our evening meal; and Lavinia's exclamation, "What an interesting subject!" reflected the general consciousness that here was a question which had been secretly haunting us.

"Let's eliminate the non-essentials in the first place," continued my daughter-in-law. "Votes for women to begin with. Of course this is a burning issue among us all. For example, Mrs. Foote and I believe that they are coming; that human society as well as woman will be the gainers thereby, and that our sex is equal to the responsibility. Winona, who is quite as intelligent and no less solicitous for woman's welfare, is rootedly hostile. The arguments on either side are worn threadbare. Every one knows them by heart. Democracy has enough to digest already in universal suffrage for man. Women should differentiate themselves from men, not imitate them; and can accomplish more by indirection than by becoming an integral factor of practical politics. Statistics prove that the experiment is a failure in the communities where it is being tested. What does woman in this country of all countries hope to gain by the ballot? She has in most of our jurisdictions separate property rights, equal custody with her husband over her children, is not obliged, as in England, to prove that her husband is a brute as well as a libertine before she can obtain a divorce from him, and, in short, she has her foot, metaphorically speaking, on the neck of man. And we reply that woman's self-respect demands it. That its withholding is an implication of inferiority undeserved. That enlarged responsibility which breeds intelligence should not be shirked. That the indirect or direct whisper of the pillow or hearth is a toy expedient compared with the concrete ballot which can be counted. And most vital of all, that votes for women will prove the key to many industrial and social reforms for her relief and the betterment of society."

Like most men, I dare say, when I hear the vibrant words "Votes for women," the modern equivalent of "Female suffrage," which somehow had a slightly opprobrious sound, I feel like stuffing cotton wool in my ears or hiding. Having long ago joined in the masculine chorus that woman can have them whenever she is able to demonstrate that they are desired by a considerable proportion of her sex, I like to think that I have washed my hands of the situation except

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for a polite willingness to listen under police protection to her report of progress at decent intervals. In every-day speech I am liable to employ that prudent generality, "Woman suffrage is sure to come; but the world is not ready for it." A similar amiable supineness of attitude on this subject, which my wife characterizes as craven, led me on this occasion to reinforce my daughter-in-law's concluding words with the knowing prediction that its coming will be the result of some sudden conflagration of sentiment—a lighted straw igniting a continent—among the wage-earners in aid of some measure, either definitely moral or ameliorating feminine industrial conditions.

This was too much for Josephine, who was smarting under the recent announcement of our granddaughter, Dorothy Perkins, that she had joined the suffragettes. "Don't forget," she exclaimed, "that in one of the five Western States where women have the right to vote they have made themselves notorious by stuffing ballot-boxes and by active service on behalf of liquor dealers."

To my astonishment—such is the freemasonry of women—Lavinia, instead of controverting this statement, turned on me.

"You ought to be on one side or the other, grandpapa; not on the fence. The attitude of so many men in regard to this question, on which we all feel so intensely one way or the other, is what I call smug. 'Under which king, Bezonian, speak or die.'" Whereupon Lavinia brandished something which in the moonlight resembled a ballot, but which proved to be merely a section of the voluminous newspaper. She is a well-informed and keen-minded young woman, who, like her brother, Luther Hubbard, aims to be representative of our social democracy. I think in her secret soul that she regards my equally intelligent daughter Winona as aristocratic, but this is rather because of Winona's reverence for certain conventions or traditions, social and religious, than from any disapproval based on costume or manners. There was a period when the fervent exponents of democracy in certain portions of this country could not bare their necks and shoulders in company without thinking of themselves as unchaste; but the same wave of sophistication which has almost reconciled their vision to the nude in art has sterilized these frigid attempts to reform the social world. It is manifest that the woman of the future is to be neither masculine, prim, nor unprepossessing. No man could remain in the society of either of these members of my family without recognizing that the ability to express her views clearly and without apology is far from synonymous with any desire to gloss over the distinctions of sex or to dispense with that art of pleasing, which was woman's only weapon except tears in her days of servitude. My wife Josephine has a will of her own, an appearance of firmness; but she is in reality a clinging creature. I speak of her fondly as my equal, but she knows that she is not and does not mind. In talking with Winona or Lavinia, I am conscious of facing a new dynamic force, fervent, yet well poised, and executive. They tend their children and cater for their husbands with a clear-sighted devotion which seems to say, "We the free-limbed daughters of the morning do this out of love; and only through love may we be tethered."

If Winona wears smarter clothes, it is because she believes that woman's first duty is still to charm. But her sister-in-law's wardrobe betrays none of those domestic economies or makeshifts on which her brother Luther rather prides himself. Democratic to the core as she regards herself, Lavinia recognizes that feminine democracy, in order to be "efficient" (to quote its watchword of the moment), must not rest content with that sumptuous trilogy, soap, water, and starch. She intends her garments to be becoming; hygienic and not too ornate, yet harmonies of outline and color, which lose nothing from her capacity to give them the essential touch with her own fingers. Their tastes are not dissimilar. Winona was athletic in her youth, and this tendency abets her ambition to continue slender, and fosters the yearning for open air and liberty, which is the substitute the conventional girl, brought up in an atmosphere of Kipling, finds for open-air adventure among the primeval forces. She loves to spend the day with her children in exploring nature, and she does not disguise the joy she feels in living. Lavinia is less demonstrative, but though incisively direct when definite issues are presented, she seeks for refreshment romantic solitudes where she can commune with the pines or

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the stars or the sea. Neither lacks sentiment or imagination. Their clear-browed responsiveness is a new dignity well differentiated from self-assertion. But what one says to either is not blindly accepted as law or wisdom, as it used to be; though they pretend occasionally for a purpose—ordinarily to their husbands.

In spite of my daughter-in-law's endeavor to smoke me out, I continued to temporize by remarking that if woman's chief ground for desiring citizenship is that her rain of ballots may serve as a sort of agricultural phosphate to our social system, we ought to be assured by accurate statistics that women in the aggregate would support moral reforms more steadfastly than men.

At this juncture we heard Mrs. Foote murmur, "Woman will never be happy till she gets it"—a sort of echo to my own weak-kneed fatalism. Whereupon Lavinia exclaimed:

"Exactly. That's why I dismiss it as a non-essential; as having no real bearing on the question whether woman is more intrinsically selfish and less lovable than she used to be. And another non-essential is the divorce question."

It was evident from Lavinia's abrupt pause that she was conscious of paradox and did not expect this statement to pass unchallenged. She took advantage of the silence which followed to explain.

"It is useless not to face the reproach that the emancipated woman is mainly responsible for the increase in divorce. Grim statistics prove indisputably that almost exactly three-quarters of the divorces granted are on the petition of wives—of injured wives—some more, some less injured, a few not at all—seeking the avenue of escape which the laws provide from the immorality, cruelty, stinginess, and sloth of man. Clergymen are too apt to discredit this or to gloss it over because it seems to suggest that they are losing their hold on our sex. So are we ourselves because in theory woman is the protecting angel of the home. But the modern woman declines to cling to the husband who is unfaithful to her, beats her, starves her, scrimps her, forsakes her, or who is a slave to liquor."

"And as a consequence," I remarked parenthetically, "in 1906, at which exact tabulation ceases for the moment, over 72,000 divorces were granted in the United States. According to the census of 1900, our country had the honor of standing second only to Japan, 55,000 against 99,000, as compared with France and Germany, with less than 9,000 apiece. The growth in the rate during the last decade shows an enormous increase over its predecessor, and it should be added that this tendency is noticeable over the civilized world."

"Scandalous," murmured Josephine. But she immediately added, "I would never have put up with being beaten, Fred; and a persistently intoxicated husband must be unendurable."

"You forget," resumed Lavinia in her clear, calm voice, "that divorce is a remedy like a surgical operation. Every household shrinks from it, but it sometimes becomes necessary, like the removal of the appendix. As these figures demonstrate, there is no question that the spiritual and economic independence of woman inclines her to escape from a repugnant marriage by dissolving the marriage tie. But does this indicate she is deteriorating? I claim not. Divorce with the right of remarriage is the relief which democracy has wrung from clerical and aristocratic privilege. 'Once married, married until death,' cries the church on the authority of the Scriptures and for the integrity of the family, and still menaces with its penalties those who disobey. But the revolt is world-wide in greater or less degree. If we have utilized the relief more freely than the rest of civilization, is it not chiefly because the women of this country seek spiritual comradeship in marriage and decline to put up with the abuses and misery which those of other nations endure?"

"In other words," cried Josephine, "our women make the security of the marriage tie individual caprice instead of mutual forbearance. There are moments in the early years of every woman's married experience when, if she were free to follow her whims, she would welcome liberty, if not a change. Yet if she got either, she would in the average case weep her eyes out later."

I had never realized before how irretrievably I might have lost Josephine had she not been the clinging creature I have described. The reproach of the discovery was somewhat allayed for me by her acknowledgment that she would have deplored subsequently the desperate step which seemed

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justified at one time, though she chose to leave me in the dark as to which of my shortcomings had worn on her most. But though her words rang in my ears, my strong academic interest in the theme struggled so effectually against the personal application that I found myself saying:

"It's a mistake to suppose that our nation has a monopoly of easy causes for divorce. On the contrary, we have never in terms gone so far as several of the Continental countries of Europe, where the marriage tie can be severed by mutual consent, or on the ground of what is called invincible aversion."

"Invincible aversion!" echoed Mrs. Mabel Flanders Foote. "A ruthless phrase. Our more euphemistic term, I suppose, is incompatibility, which in a large percentage of the divorces in this country is probably the true reason rather than one of the sundry specific grounds sanctioned by law."

Observing that she paused from a commendable impulse to cite chapter and verse, I hastened to supply them. "Adultery; bigamy; conviction of crime resulting in imprisonment for two years; wilful desertion for two years; habitual drunkenness for two years. These are all orthodox causes sanctioned and recommended for adoption in every State by the National Congress on Uniform Divorce Laws, some of whose members are clergymen."

"But I fail to see how the modern woman's tendency to break the marriage tie on trivial grounds can be consistent with unselfishness," asserted Josephine. "The old-fashioned wife endured too much, I agree; but the American wife of to-day refuses to endure anything."

"It is interesting to note, by way of comparison," I remarked, "that through all the provinces of our neighbor, Canada—in most of which divorces are granted only by Act of Parliament—there were only 197 divorces in the ten years from 1897 to 1906, with the male petitioners slightly in the ascendant."

"In other words," soliloquized Winona, "are easy divorces indispensable to the best development of women? Have we gone so far in this country that we ought to call a halt, or will the woman of the future be less and less inclined to hold to the man she finds uncongenial?"

This was so clearly the real issue that we waited for her to proceed.

"By stating it is a non-essential, Lavinia means—and, of course, I agree with her—that as a vital remedy divorce has been universally accepted by democracy. Its propriety in cases of dire need is no longer debatable except from the strictly clerical stand-point. Those who have recourse to it lose little caste, even in fashionable society, provided their justification is clear. As a bitter remedy it provides relief from intolerable conditions which both sexes in the past, especially women, were compelled to put up with. Nor does the modern woman take seriously the church's ban against those who marry again. Save Roman Catholics, who are obliged to remain obedient or leave the church, the mass of womankind accepts with less and less demur the new hope of happiness which is offered, and suffers no loss of self-respect thereby. Sensitive Episcopalians can usually find some one to perform the marriage service. The churches ask: 'Why not be content with separation?' The obviously rational answer is, first, that to do so would put a premium on immorality and foster illicit relations such as are widely winked at by European communities on the plea of protection to the family; and, second, that the modern woman sees no reason why, because of a dreadful mistake, she should remain single for the rest of her life if a desirable opportunity for remarriage offers. Our divorce figures are alarming, but in what country are there more happy marriages—where husband and wife are genuine comrades—than in ours?"

"And yet," interposed my wife, "if it be true that ninety-nine wives out of a hundred across the Canadian border manage to endure the treatment they receive from their husbands, it would seem as if our women were laying too much emphasis on the right to happiness, and too little on the obligation to remember that though marriage be regarded as a contract, it is the most solemn obligation in the world, to be broken only on the direst provocation and after much spiritual struggle. One reason why the modern American girl marries hastily is that the marriage bond signifies so little to her. And her poor children become the worst sufferers."

"I hadn't nearly finished, mother," exclaimed Winona. "I was on the point of explaining why on the whole I think that

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we have gone too far. But as to marrying hastily—the clergy encourage that. At least any runaway couple—the girl who elopes with her father's chauffeur—can invariably find some clergyman to marry them in the middle of the night, and plume himself on it as a virtuous deed. But, at least, the modern woman marries the man she likes instead of the man she is told she ought to like. And as to the children—of course, there are two sides to that."

"Yes, indeed," said Lavinia. "The French have piled up agony on account of the children in the novel and play dealing with divorce. The child of separated parents is easily made the dramatic factor in the situation, and French writers have made the most of this appeal for artistic purposes. But as a practical matter, is a child better off in a home where loveless discord reigns beneath a varnished surface than if committed by agreement of parties or the decree of a court to the custody of one or the other parent? As I've suggested already, divorce is a distressing remedy; it affects all concerned; perhaps it should always entail social stigma. But for womankind and mankind at large its consequences appear to me far less disastrous than to continue to endure cruel wrongs in order to preserve merely the shell of the marriage relation."

Although I should have been proud of Josephine had she discarded me in favor of some one else, if I had beaten her, I offered this historical comparison in her support:

"The degeneracy of Rome was marked by the prevalence of divorce—the putting away of wives by husbands from caprice. Conversely now, is not our American civilization suffering from a similar tendency fostered by wives? And the example promises to breed contagion, for Canada's favorable showing is impaired by the fact that more than a third of the foreign couples divorced in the United States during the last ten years were Canadians who had acquired a domicile here—presumably in most instances to take advantage of the liberality of our laws."

"Of course, the modern woman must behave herself," answered Winona, eager to complete her argument. "In case she does not, she cannot complain if civilization out of sheer disgust heeds the fulminations of the Catholic Church and abolishes divorce. That is what the church hopes for; its sole chance of success. We women are on trial. The laws—laws framed by men—permit us to sunder the tie which binds us to an unworthy husband. If we avail ourselves of these without sufficient cause, are we not false to our best selves? And what is sufficient cause? If we say that there can be no hard and fast rule, and that each woman must be the judge of her own necessity, surely we must at the same time insist that the mere discovery that she does not love her husband—the favorite bold, pathetic plea nowadays—is not a race-serving justification. Otherwise the church is right, and the divorced woman places herself on the same moral level as the concubine. She must have some tangible, adequate reason."

"Assuredly. But may it not be argued that the most tangible, adequate reason of all—after a woman has tried her best and is certain—is the consciousness that she has ceased to love?"

It was my radical daughter-in-law who spoke, and I noticed Josephine shiver protestingly and glance at me by way of mute, appalled reprobation.

"I do not maintain," continued Lavinia calmly, "that the modern woman is likely or can venture for a long time to come to insist on the endurance of love—for what is incompatibility but its failure?—as the condition of permanent marriage. It is, of course, one tenet of socialism that the first obligation of husband or wife is to retain the other's affection, and that inability to do so justifies the forming of a new tie. If this seems chaotic, it is less repellent than the other extreme, which the so-called conservative elements of society still seek to enforce, that the marriage tie shall be dissolved for no cause whatever, or for only a single cause, and that one human being's happiness shall be permanently at the mercy of another. But whether or not incompatibility be recognized in the future as a legitimate ground for divorce, we are, as Winona says, on trial; we must justify our emancipation by our behavior. Any woman who travels cannot fail to learn that, though divorce has become a world-wide institution to relieve crying needs, the foreigner, and in particular the rest of the English-speaking peoples, look with hor-

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ror on the American woman's prodigal recourse to it. It equally disgusts and puzzles them. They ask, Whence the necessity? If the adage be true that the American husband is less of a despot than any man in the world, why does the American wife so constantly divorce him? Undeniably the burden is on us women to prove that our circumstances require it—that it is best for civilization that we should so frequently put away one husband and presently marry another. Are we thereby holding men up to some nobler ideal of marriage than the rest of the world entertains? Or does it mean that the American woman is more capricious than her sisters, less stable and tender in her affections, and shallower in her social intelligence—in short, less unselfish and less lovable? If the latter be true, there must be underlying reasons. And that's what I meant by terming the divorce issue a non-essential in our discussion. Divorce is clearly a symptom either of new virtues or of grave shortcomings."

VIII

As my daughter-in-law paused, I found myself admiring the clever way in which she had both spiked the guns of Josephine's resentment and at the same time extricated us from the meshes of a topic which is unsavory at best. So conclusively had she made her point, that the speech by which Mrs. Mabel Flanders Foote renewed the conversation was received by us all as the first step in a transition to our real theme.

"As bearing on the attitude of the English regarding us," she said, "I heard recently an anecdote which is illuminating. A young and charming girl became infatuated with and married an English army officer, who was later ordered to India. They have five children. She lives in England by his direction, and his furlough is spent, not with her, but in killing big game. One-half of his income, which is not large, he reserves for himself, the other he sends to his wife and children. What would an American girl say to that?"

"If she had any spirit, of course no American girl would stand it for a minute!" exclaimed Winona promptly.

"She would certainly discover some way of rectifying it," admitted my wife.

"And, of course, the poor thing just simply bears it the best way she can," said Lavinia. "The Englishwoman when bullied accepts the lot her lord and master deals out to her, and pretends to like it. She is educated to pretend to like it, and the church does its best to encourage her to think she likes it. Naturally she is horrified when the woman who declines to be treated as a mere possession asserts herself."

"It is an extreme instance of gross selfishness in her husband's class," Mrs. Foote continued, "just as wife-beating is in the lowest class, and it may be that the average Englishman is far less arbitrary in his treatment of the women of his family than the average German; but the episode is typical nevertheless. As a result, however, of pondering it, I began to ask myself whether the American man isn't in much the same fix as the English or German woman—obliged to bear it the best he can."

"Admirable!" exclaimed Josephine, and she hastened to add, "If he bears it in any other way, his wife finds she has ceased to love him, which according to some constitutes the best ground for a divorce and marrying again."

Not being the aggressor, I watched with considerable gusto the flight of this shaft, which seemed aimed to pierce one of her daughter-in-law's ultra modern theories which rasp Josephine at times. She does not always agree with Winona, but can invariably follow her; whereas she declares that Lavinia leads her to strange conclusions which make a lady stare.

Both of the younger women laughed melodiously, and both their replies were characteristic.

"It isn't really true that he is in the same fix; or if he is it's his own fault." Thus Winona.

But her sister-in-law's comment was more subtle. "Because he has the effect of being in the same fix, are we necessarily culpable? If we are, I suppose it must follow that we are more selfish and less lovable."

As I listened to these remarks from purely feminine sources, I began to conjure up sundry testimony which seemed to bear out Mrs. Foote's deduction. Before my mind's eye trotted in single file and chronological order certain familiar, not to say hackneyed, specimens of American manhood, wearing the motley of comic-weekly or interna-

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tional-fiction notoriety—the industrious but unpresentable husband of a generation ago toiling at home while his wife parades her diamonds and her daughters abroad; the conscientious, matter-of-fact, persistent native lover discarded not solely for a title (English, French, or Italian), but for the social elegance, charm, and courtship graces of its possessor; the latter-day bread-winner (constantly a millionaire), an easy-going materialist unable to see that his beautiful young wife is starving to death because his aspirations are confined to the stock-market and golf; the domestic male tyrant who clamors for several children and for appetizing meals, and fails to recognize that the truly intelligent woman should regard these as old-fashioned duties to be performed either by specialists or co-operative methods.

Pathetic figures these, and yet there was once color for the travesty. Undeniably the American husband absorbed in his business used to feel that his wife required nothing from him but a full pocket-book. Habitually faithful and indulgent, he took her constancy for granted, nor suspected that the lamp of feminine conjugal ardor required trimming. It was true also that he was unpresentable in the sense that he possessed most of the solid virtues, but none of the social hypocritic graces which made the foreigner a prince of the fairy tale to the American maiden. Nor was it surprising when, as sometimes happened (for the situation bristled with paternal obstacles), she decided not to become a countess and accepted her persevering native lover instead, that she should find him matter-of-fact and unromantically domestic by comparison. The wife of a more recent date has had grounds, too, for the complaint that the effect of the closer contact with civilization which the new wealth has offered, both abroad and at home, to the American man has been carnal. While she studies picture-galleries, cathedrals, and settlement work (after she has finished her shopping), his enthusiasm centres on some form of athletic diversion. Instead of visiting San Paolo Fuori le Mura, he inclines to bask in an open-air café reading newspapers (from home) and experimenting with light Italian wines. All within his respectable masculine rights, of course; but how dull and almost exasperating! Might not a husband more sensitive to the world of imagination be preferable, even though he pricked up his ears occasionally at sight of another woman?

Yet in the face of this procession of inferior masculine figures I found myself remarking, "Your sex must certainly agree that the American husband has redeemed himself wonderfully of late. He makes no less money than fo merly, and gives his wife even more. He takes suitable vacations and spends them with her. If he goes off to kill big game, she has the chance to accompany him. She can be just as sure of his constancy as ever, but she has far less cause to think of him as unpresentable. He not infrequently passes for English or Russian in the capitals of Europe. If he is still unable to tell a woman that he is in love with her, when he is not, so convincingly as some, he has learned the importance of creating an illusion in the mind of her whom he desires to marry. Though he may occasionally dodge a gallery in favor of golf, his efforts to render himself a fit companion for his wife have been so eager and docile that he is beginning to be puzzled and even to ask himself, In what respect have I failed? What more does she expect from me? And by way of reaction some invidious souls are beginning to inquire, Can it be that we have spoiled her? Can she even prepare an appetizing meal if she does the cooking, or know how it should be prepared in case she does not?"

"In too many cases, no, alas!" So pleaded Mrs. Foote to the last count of my indictment. Then with the suppleness characteristic of the well-equipped club-woman she continued: "You must bear in mind, however, that some serious thinkers maintain that the home in its old-fashioned sense belongs to the past. That more and more the drudgery of household life will be obviated by co-operative devices—the preparation of food in wholesale quantities by expert workers outside, and, if I may so term it, the reincarnation of the domestic servant. It would be interesting and a big feather in her bonnet," she added musingly, "if the American woman who has persistently refused to enter domestic service herself should atone for the seeming inconsistency she displays, in haunting intelligence offices the moment her husband makes money, by raising household work for pay to the dignity of

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other labor, and thus making real George Herbert's verse, written nearly three centuries ago:

> "'A servant with this clause
> Makes drudgery divine.
> Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
> Makes that and the action fine.'"

"And her first step," exclaimed Josephine incisively, "should be to treat housework with dignity herself, as something worthy—a fine art even. To cook her husband's meals or superintend her household with the same enthusiasm, to attain perfect results, as the mechanic erecting a building or a sculptor chiselling his block. We were speaking just now of invincible aversion. This might pardonably become the eventual attitude of any husband toward the woman who daily set before him unsavory messes, or who treated her domestic duties as so many chores to be hurried through sketchily or heedlessly. We pride ourselves that the day of the subservient, timidly acquiescing, blindly adoring woman is over, though she had her virtues, poor thing; but if her modern successor neglects to give domestic efficiency the first place on her programme, she is certain to compare very unfavorably with her great-grandmother in the long run."

Notwithstanding the seriousness of Josephine's remarks, I noticed my daughter and daughter-in-law exchange glances of what appeared to be amusement.

"We don't dispute that you are right, mother dear," responded Winona. "But surely you exonerate both Lavinia and me from setting unsavory messes before our husbands."

My wife looked a little disconcerted, and no wonder. For, though I have a suspicion that when my daughter married, she could not have poached an egg for her husband, had it been her lot to walk into the kitchen, and that his digestion was sorely tried by her early struggles with inefficient cooks, it must be admitted that she has triumphed in the end, but at the cost, I believe, of ten dollars a week, which she appears to be able to afford. As for my son David's wife, she is ostensibly a born artist; that is, she frequently demonstrates her gastronomic skill in the family circle by preparing on a blazer dishes so consummately appetizing that I am invariably helped a second time; and, though she is merely the presiding genius of her household on ordinary occasions, she is certainly a creditable exponent of democratic efficiency.

But Josephine proved equal to the occasion. "You, Winona," she said, "have learned by bitter experience and a comfortable income. I did my best when you were eighteen to familiarize you with food values, but you were obdurate. Like most modern girls, you thought your soul above them, and that such material things could wait. If your husband had been a poor man, he would have been miserable while you were learning. In Lavinia, I admit, David found a culinary jewel from the outset; but she is a bright exception in the galaxy of native-born women. I exclude both of you, however, from my argument, for each of you keeps several servants. I had in mind the ninety and nine women out of a hundred—those who have no servants or only a single one. Especially the latter, for they are at their wits' end to secure competent assistants. The face of the American woman is set against domestic service, and yet at the same time she is clamoring for some one to be her servant. We are dependent on the foreign-born, the overflow of Europe. When this supply gives out, what is to become of us? There is only one remedy; Mrs. Foote is absolutely right—we must dignify domestic service; take away the social stigma which is attached to it and raise it to the level of other manual pursuits, so that the self-respecting American girl need not be driven into the store or factory, but may turn her hands and her head to what the average woman prefers at heart to everything else—some kind of household employment."

Perhaps I should have realized that the aspersion cast by me on the meals which the average American woman sets before her husband and children would precipitate sooner or later a discussion of that ever-burning but threadbare topic, the servant question. I noticed in the clear moonlight that every trace of amusement had vanished from the faces of the other disputants; that Winona appeared wistful but harassed, Mrs. Foote eagerly acquiescent yet pensive, and that my daughter-in-law's evident enthusiasm was tempered by sundry carking doubts. The spirit moved me to say:

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"On certain subjects you perceive grandmama is more progressive than any of you."

"Not more progressive. I agree with every word. Only—" Lavinia dwelt long enough on the qualifying conjunction to permit Josephine to interject:

"But for you, Fred, I think we would have avoided this particular topic on such a heavenly night."

If she spoke less urbanely than is her wont, it may have been because the form of address which I had employed sounds endearing only on the lips of the third generation. "But since you have dragged it in," she continued, "I acknowledge it as a hobby. I am constantly surprised that the clever American women who are perpetually agitating some issue do not unite and grapple in dead earnest with this most vital and threatening of all modern feminine problems. Every one groans, but the situation seems to paralyze us and we avoid concerted action. It isn't the rich or the well-to-do who are chiefly concerned. Exorbitant wages plus much travail of the spirit will provide them with servants enough to last our time. It's the every-day woman of restricted income. Our upper classes cherish the fatuous idea that presently the native-born girl will change her mind under the spur of pecuniary necessity."

"Never," murmured Lavinia and Mrs. Foote in the same breath.

"Never, undoubtedly, under present conditions," continued Josephine. "We all of us know perfectly well that we in her shoes would prefer any other occupation to that which keeps us incessantly at the beck and call of another woman who treats us with disdain as social inferiors."

This was so eminently a lady's battle that I was glad to hold my tongue and listen.

"But, mother, how are we to manage practically? Ideally the existing state of affairs is indefensible and distracting. But an eight-hour day would leave us without a maid in many an emergency, and a relay system would bankrupt most people." It was Winona, who spoke still wistful and still harassed.

"The eight-hour day is not the solution. I have no patience with the eight-hour day. A woman employed in housework doesn't labor at the top of her powers like a mechanic or mill operative," answered Josephine, who had evidently taken the bit of this special topic between her teeth and had no mind to relinquish it. "Neither is to treat her as a member of the family the solution —that specious but exploded product of half a century ago when the social differences between nearly all classes in this country were inconsiderable. She doesn't wish to be so treated any more than the clerk, stenographer, or trained nurse desires it, all of whom maintain their independence by contract as distinguished from servitude. She should have clearly defined duties and definite hours of exemption from every call, and above all she must be regarded as an individual like other employees, not hectored and required to be humble. A trained nurse has duties more trying to the sensibilities than any maid, yet she preserves her self-respect. And they, on their side, must be prepared to offer certificates of efficiency to dignify their calling: the equivalent of a diploma setting forth their attainments, which shall be the measure of their wages. If the poor man is wise, he will demand one from the woman he hopes to marry. But I'm sure that the next generation will insist on civil-service examinations for cooks. You needn't smile. The paucity of really proficient household assistants on this side of the water — indeed, all over the world, if rumor be true—is one of the social evils of the day. As to details—the precise ways and means—they are for you younger and better-equipped women to work out. As Fred says, I speak only from the point of view of a grandmother."

As Josephine concluded, there was a ripple of sound which was partly a sigh and partly spontaneous applause. She had not been interrupted, which signified to me they were listening to home truths which could not be gainsaid. This tribute solved, as it were, my offence in having unwittingly let this lion loose. The simile is not my own, for it was Mrs. Foote who now asserted:

"Every word is true. The subject lies like a lion in the pathway of the industrial woman and the woman of limited means, not to mention all the rest of us. Until we do something definite and effective there is not the smallest hope that the native-born American girl will consent to relieve the existing stringency."

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"And until we succeed in doing something," said Lavinia, "I don't see but that the modern woman will have to admit" (and here she turned toward me) "that this shortcoming is a sign that she is more selfish than she used to be. In other words, that in her desire for individuality and a broad horizon, she has managed to neglect her nearest duties."

I do not know whether I was the more pleased by my daughter-in-law's logic or her magnanimity. It remained for Winona to complete the confession and at the same time to minimize it. "My conscience told me to eat humble-pie; but I'm glad that you've done it for me, Lavinia, in such philosophic terms," said she. "But in what other respects are we spoiled, father? You, as the champion of the down-trodden American man, intimated that we were."

"Exactly the question I was about to ask," cried Lavinia with new animation.

"And I was treasuring it up for the first opportunity," added Mrs. Foote.

I felt myself suddenly wofully outnumbered, like one who is beset by three in a narrow road; yet I strove to array my wits. Was it wifely loyalty or the belief that I had nothing valuable to adduce which caused Josephine to come to my relief?

"Children—good people all," she said—"do you realize what the hour is? I cannot permit you to keep this down-trodden American husband up all night."

"Just a moment," cried Winona, and as she leaned toward me in token of her earnestness, her mobile, spirited face took on in the moonlight a celestial aspect denied to the lords of creation. Obviously her womanly self-esteem, wounded by my thrust, yearned to vindicate itself.

"I think I can state in a few sentences just what he—or any man—would be able to allege, and our answer to it. Spoiled? Less unselfish and less lovable? From his stand-point, yes; from ours, no. Egotists—that's the favorite crucial charge. That the absorption of the modern American woman in her own personality and self-development renders her deaf to her domestic responsibilities. That in this age of keen competition, when man's energies must be completely fixed on his work if he hopes for distinction, she acts as a clog because of her vanity, ignorance, and disdainful regard of economy. That if she needs a carrot she buys a peck, and keeps his nose everlastingly at the grindstone to satisfy her helpless extravagance. That she lays stress on her own career when, except in the case of genius, a married woman should have none. That she overindulges her children and encourages her daughters to grow up in self-sufficient ignorance of everything which will fit them to be housewives and mothers. Have I run the scale of our failings as you interpret them?"

The inquiry was manifestly addressed to me, but Josephine took upon herself to answer it. "What a painfully accurate picture of the modern woman, Winona! No man could put it half so understandingly. You have omitted nothing but the diminution of that tenderness which used to be her essential weakness, yet her essential strength."

"Now, if I may say so, you are talking like a grandmother indeed, mama dear."

"Do not mind her; go right on, Winona," said my daughter-in-law soothingly.

"Her essential weakness, yet her essential strength. It should have been included, and it chimes in with the rest," continued Winona. "I suppose there must be some color to these aspersions, but it's chiefly the color which comes from contrast, the color given it by man petulant because we have left the niche which he prescribed for us and have stepped out into the world. The blue line which St. Cuthbert drew in Durham Cathedral, beyond which no woman should pass, is still pointed out to the visitor, and it was but a few feet inside the porch. What a stride to the position she has reached to-day! Though even to-day, as has been pointed out, the Englishwoman still lacks equal custody with her husband over her children, and must bear his infidelities without redress provided they are clandestine and not brutal. For us over here, these glaring wrongs have been righted. It is our assertion of subtler but no less imperative needs, not yet universally recognized, which draws forth the diatribes of men and the hostility of the conventional or old-fashioned portion of our sex. For instance, our right to face and comprehend the real facts of life and place our own construction on them; the married woman's right not to be treated with parsimony in money matters, and to have her domestic labors at least abstractly rated as a money contribution;

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the single woman's right and need to support herself regardless of precedent and to safeguard her industrial status. And as to tenderness, does the woman of to-day lack depth of devotion for her children, and for the husband whom she loves and who remains worthy of her love? It is only because she refuses longer to keep turning her other cheek, like a patient Griselda, to the man who starves her love by his selfishness or ill-treatment that the surface world is disposed to rate her as metallic and shallow."

As my daughter finished her spirited reply, I felt moved to cry "Bravo!" which was spontaneous and far removed from irony. It proved, however, that I would have done better to adhere to my policy of non-interference. For at the sound of my voice she suddenly turned on me with a directness suggestive of a Goneril or a Regan rather than a Cordelia.

"But if it be true that we are spoiled—that in our righteous protest against ancient thraldom we have overstepped the bounds and are running riot—who is to blame? Not ourselves solely, but the men who have ceased to be our masters and who permit us to be extravagant, capricious, and egotistical. However modern she may be, however impatient of restraint, every woman loves in her heart to be forced to curb herself by some one stronger than she. If we waste men's money and neglect our wifely duties, why do they not interfere and compel reform? They are still the physical masters of creation. No, the modern man stands between two dilemmas: either his grievances against the modern woman are in the main without foundation, and he knows it, or he is unfitted to exercise his masculine prerogatives."

All the women eagerly applauded this sentiment. I felt discomfited, yet it was on the tip of my tongue to point out that if the American husband ventures to raise his voice above a whisper in token of authority, his outraged wife leaves him and takes the baby (over which she has equal custody) with her; but the others had risen and I heard my wife saying summarily:

"It's an absorbing subject; and we've had an illuminating discussion. We can't all agree about the modern woman; but the American man as usual comes out second best."

"Yes," I assented mournfully. "That seems to be his destiny. And yet we are constantly reminded that he is the best husband in the world."

(To be continued.)

"THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING"

By Eleanor Stuart

THE willows hang their veils of green
  Athwart a dreaming sky
And tulips thrust into the scene
  Where Death is passing by.

His widow hangs her veil of woe
  Before her dear, blind eyes
Which did not see he was to go
  To God's far Paradise!

All the wide world was lovely here
  Nor was his youth all past,
Yet still we follow by his bier
  Close to him till the last!

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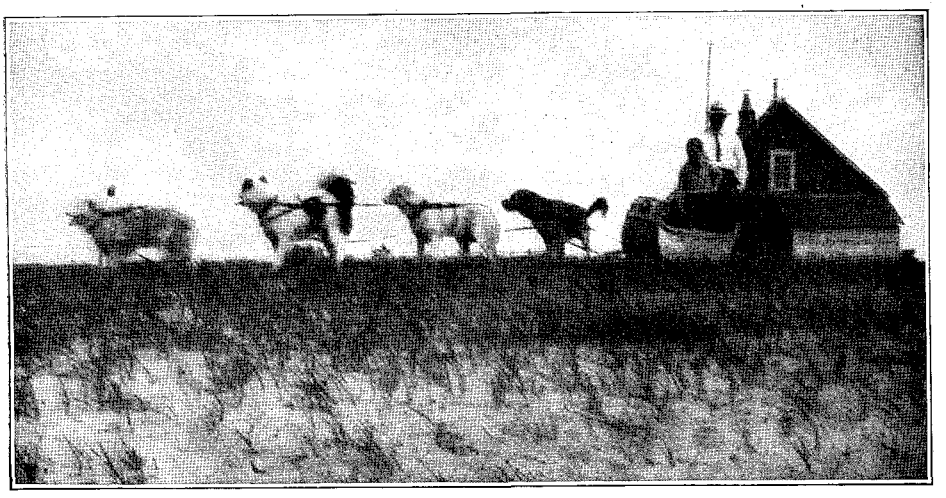

Pattison's dog team.

THE ALBANY TRAIL TO JAMES BAY

THIRTEEN HUNDRED MILES BY CANOE

By George T. Marsh

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

HAVE you ever made map journeys? Have you traced your imaginary way down wilderness streams through silent forest country or over wide plains to nameless mountain ranges? Always, to me, the study of maps has been a source of much pleasure, and to this interest was due my making the acquaintance, last summer, of a great river that has its source in a lake lying far over the Height of Land, about two hundred miles north-west of Lake Superior. This river, the Albany, flows from Lake St. Joseph six hundred miles in a north-easterly direction and empties into James Bay, an arm of Hudson's Bay, that great inland sea of the north. Forming, as it does, the boundary between the unexplored solitudes of Kewatin and the almost equally unknown Ontario hinterlands, it seemed to offer the most alluring possibilities for a long canoe journey.

There are three other possible canoe routes to James Bay from the south; the Abitibi, the Missinaibi, and the Kenogami or English River routes. These rivers are all interesting, but the canoe of the sportsman had already found its way to the salt-water by the first two. And the last, though little known, had not the same appeal to the imagination as had the Albany, rising far over the Height of Land and keeping its lonely course through a wilderness as primeval as on the day, two centuries ago, when the first Hudson's Bay Company men fought their way up its rapid current, four hundred and fifty miles, to build Fort Hope. But many months of correspondence failed to put me into communication with any one who had even so much as dipped a paddle in the waters of the Albany River. Finally I learned that Mr. Albert W. Pattison, Hudson's Bay Company factor at Lac Seul, had once travelled up the river in summer. At last I had discovered the needle in the wilderness haystack.

My plans, which were soon made, were as follows: To reach the Albany by way

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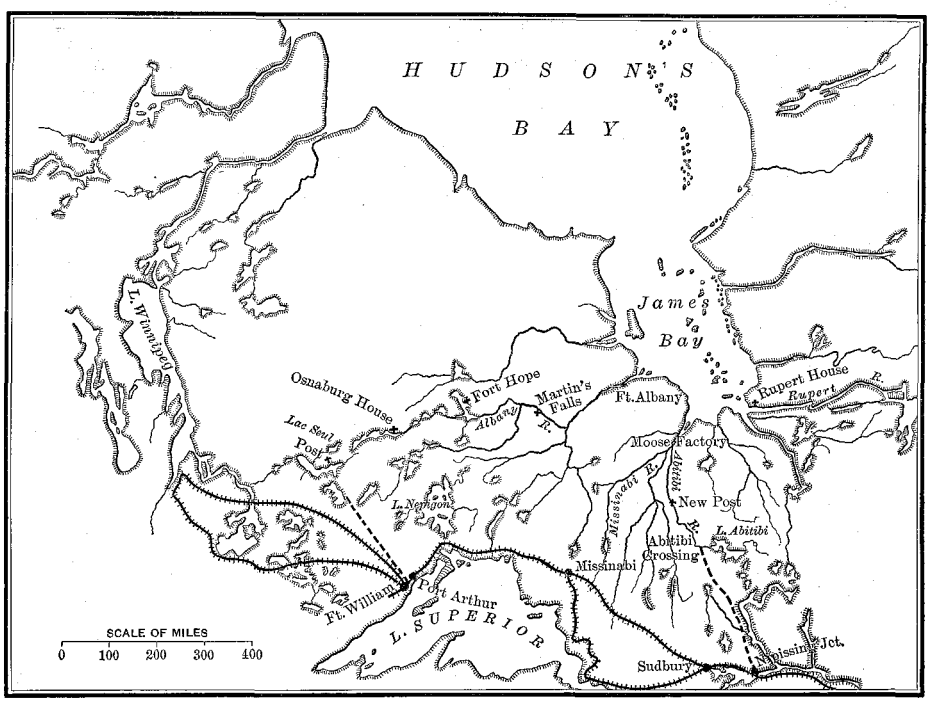
of Lac Seul and Lake St. Joseph, a journey of two hundred and fifty miles, and descend the river six hundred miles to Fort Albany; then to follow the coast of James Bay one hundred miles east to Moose Factory, and return to the railroad by ascending the Moose and its main tributary, the Missinaibi River, three hundred and fifty miles, the Sturgeon River and started on the long trail north.

Sixty miles away lay Lac Seul. For three days we paddled through a bewildering network of lakes and waterways which were alive with pike, doree, and maskinonge. On the first day out we soon tired of pulling in the monster pike that snapped at



Map showing the Albany Trail to James Bay.

before the ice closed in late in October. This would make in all about thirteen hundred miles of paddling.

In the latter part of July, with an old friend and guide, Thomas Hoar, of Grand Lake Stream, Maine, and a half-breed Cree named Charlie, whom I had obtained through the courtesy of Mr. Dickison, Hudson's Bay factor at Missinaibi, I reached Fort William, on Lake Superior. The Cree, who was born at Moose Factory, claimed to be familiar with the Albany River and the coast of James Bay, as well as with the Missinaibi. Leaving Fort William on a gravel and construction train of the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad, we travelled two hundred miles through an unbroken forest country, and in the morning put our Maine canoes into our spoons, and later a thirty-pound maskinonge and the chase of a bull moose for a photograph enlivened our trip up Lost Lake.

It was on a cloudless day that we paddled down a thoroughfare connecting Lac Seul with the waters through which we had come and, rounding an island, saw on a far point flanked by long sand beaches the white buildings of Lac Seul post. Our way down the lake led us past many wooded islands where Ojibway tepees, from which the smoke curled lazily upward in the still August afternoon, stood guard over diminutive patches of potatoes. On the rocky shore of one of these islands sat a group of young squaws sewing and gossiping. We stopped to get a photograph, but they were shy and fled laughing into the lodges.

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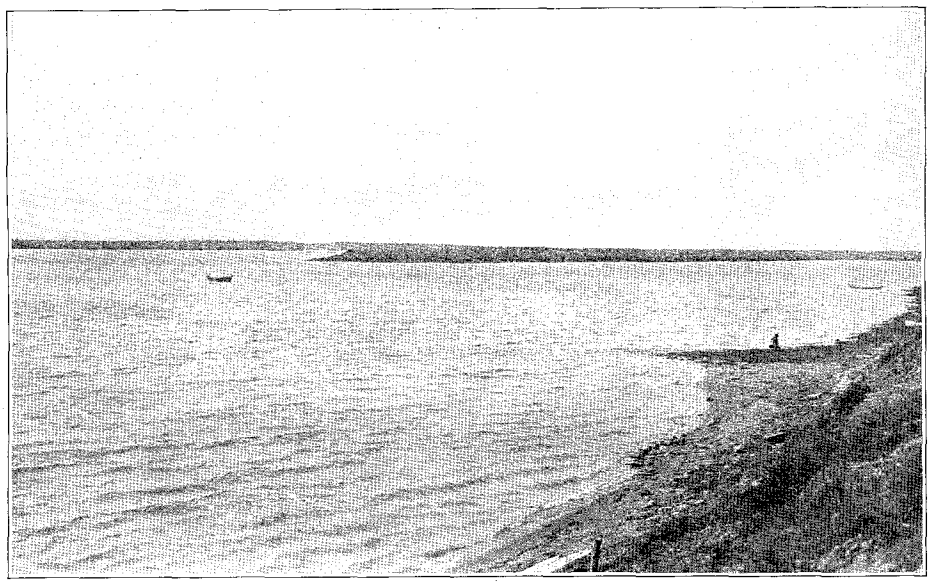
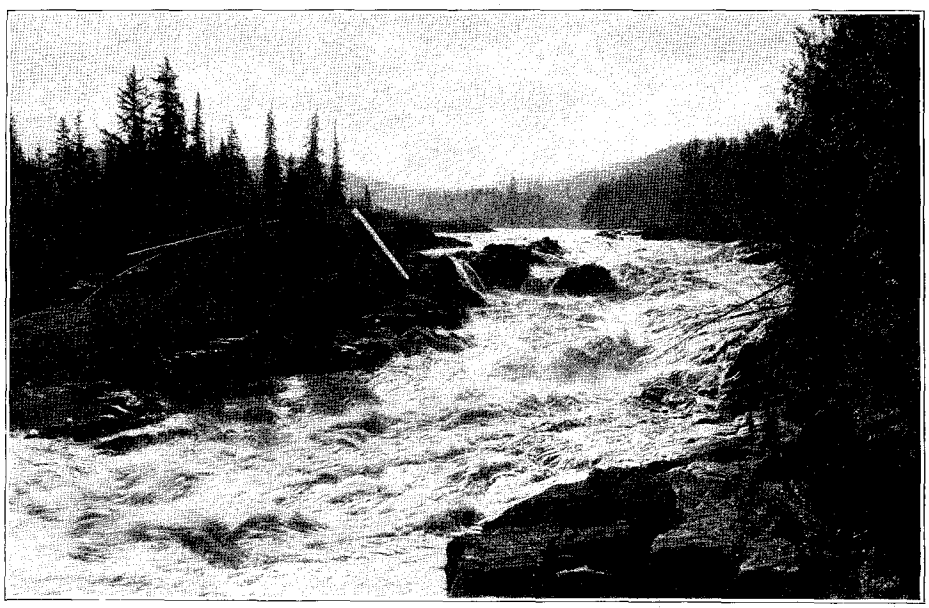


Mouth of the Albany River.

Lac Seul, a magnificent specimen of the Canadian lake, is one hundred and thirty miles long and of varying width. Owing to its irregular shape, it is supposed to have a shore line of over fifteen hundred miles. The post at Lac Seul, the only habitation of white men on the lake, is the supply post for Osnaburg, two hundred miles north on Lake St. Joseph, and for a number of smaller stations beyond. Two years ago from these posts were sent seventy thousand dollars' worth of pelts of the fox, mink, fisher, lynx, marten, and otter. This is also a beaver country, but the Canadian Govern-



Upper Albany River.

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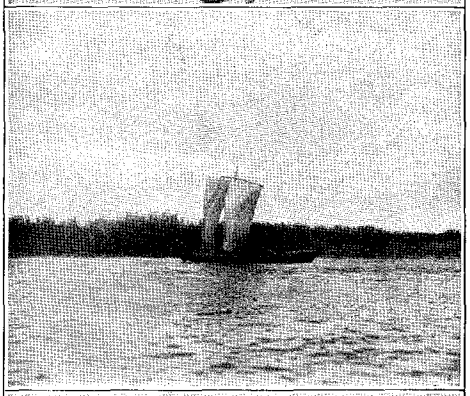
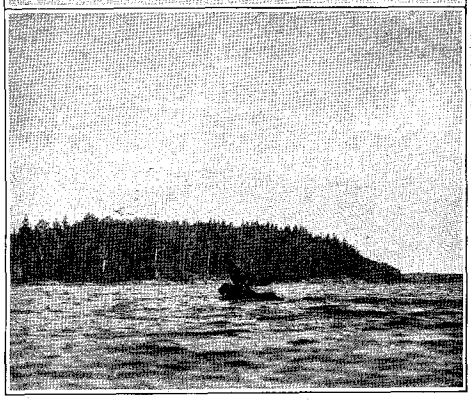
Thirty-pound Maskinonge, Lost Lake.



York boat under sail, Martin's Falls.

French company canoes, Nepigon Trail.



Moose swimming Lost Lake.

ment has protected the beaver for some years past.

A wild uproar from the husky dogs greeted us as we landed beside the little steamer used for towing supplies up the lake, while a number of Ojibways straggled to the shore to inspect the strangers. At the company's trading-house we met the hospitable Pattison, who, during two long evenings, held me quite hypnotized with the tales of his adventures in the silent places.

Pattison's life for the past thirty years, spent entirely in northern Quebec and Ontario, would read like romance. Stationed, as he has been, at Lake St. John and Lake Mistassini, far on the Labrador border, at Lac Seul, a thousand miles west, and at Fort Albany and Moose Factory, on James Bay, his career probably covers as wide a variety of experience as that of any native of eastern Canada. One winter, years ago, he broke through the ice on the upper St. Maurice, losing sled, dog team, and companion. Four days later, delirious from cold and starvation, he managed to reach the nearest post. Another time, Pattison travelled for ten days carrying on his sled the frozen body of a friend. His description of sleeping night after night beside the corpse, while the husky dogs, disturbed by the presence of death, howled their protest to a freezing moon, was the most grewsome account to which I have ever listened. As a special instance of his good nature, Pattison hitched his crack dog team, which has a record of fifty miles in seven hours, to a cariole sled and gave me a midsummer ride on the flat sand beach. Even under these trying conditions, the dogs dragged the sled so fast that it was impossible to stand in it. The dog-sleds are not steel-shod, but the wooden runners are plastered with a combination of clay and mud which, when frozen, is planed smooth. These clay runners are then coated with ice, and treated in this way run more easily than a metal shoe.

From Pattison I learned that Fort Albany was a month's hard paddling and portaging—there being about fifty carries—from Lac Seul, and that in order to get out of the lake and into the Root River which rises within a short distance

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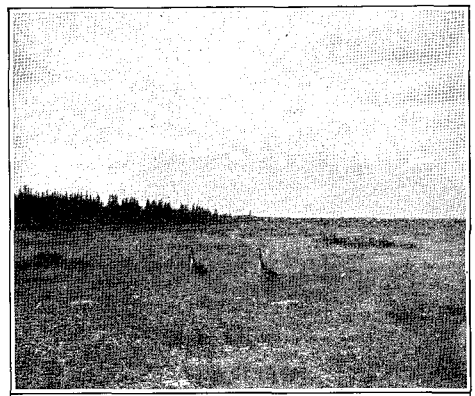
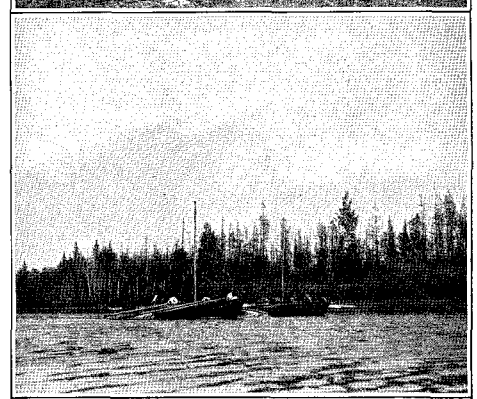
of Lake St. Joseph, we would need an Ojibway guide, as any one not knowing the lake might spend a week hunting through the maze of islands and bays for the mouth of the river. Accordingly, we persuaded one of the Lac Seul Indians, Whiteduck by name, which, in picturesque Ojibway, is Wabininishib, to show us the way to Osnaburg. On the following morning we bade Pattison good-by and started north.

The islands at the head of the lake seemed to be a favorite camping ground for the Indians. In fact, this locality is a veritable summer Riviera for some three hundred Ojibways. On our way, a running fire of primitive repartee directed at our Lac Seul guide, Whiteduck, from the tepees on the shores of the islands, was most amusing. I asked Charlie, who was in my canoe and who spoke Ojibway, what was the drift of the conversation. "Dey ask Whiteduck," said he, "who de white men are. He say, 'One is a Big Knife and de oder a Bix Axe.'" As one of the Ojibway synonymes for American signifies big or long knife, having its origin in the fact that the first Americans seen by the Ojibways wore swords, the ironical use of the term Big Axe seemed to be considered a huge joke by our red friends on the neighboring island. "Dey ask Whiteduck where white men go," continued Charlie, with his customary frankness, "and he say, 'De two white fool go to de Big Water.' Den dey say, 'It is many sleeps to de Big Water. Dey grow lonely on way. Let 'em come ashore and get wives, for we have plenty squaws here widout husband.'" This sally had evoked much laughter and giggling from the young squaws sitting around the tepees. It is superfluous to add that we did not accept the invitation.

For forty miles we followed the ram's-horn-shaped head of Lac Seul, and at the mouth of the Root River found a white man and his squaw camped at the big cache of the company. The squaw-man said he had shot seven moose in the river near his camp that summer, and from the bones and hides lying in the water, we had no reason to doubt him. He appeared to be sick, and on learning his symptoms, Tom, with a long face,



Gray geese.



Osnaburg York boats.

Crees poling up Abitibi River.

Lake St. Joseph.

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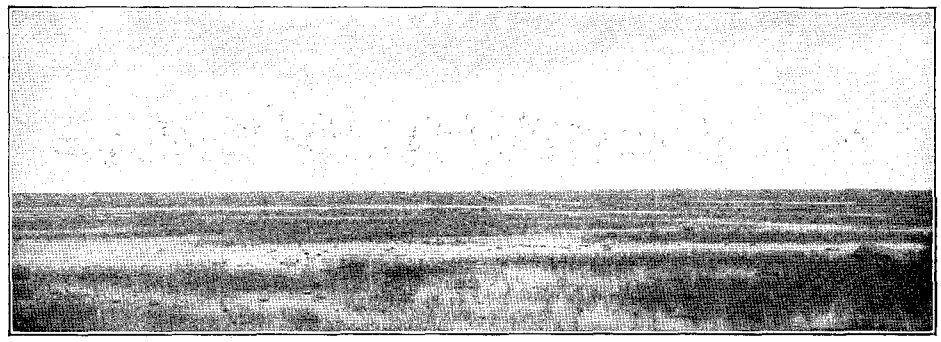

Black ducks.

pronounced it typhoid fever, and thereupon gave him bountifully from our medicine kit, from quinine to a porous plaster. This seemed to arouse the envy of the squaw, who straightway began to groan and writhe with pain. She insisted on white men's medicine, so nothing would do but that we also must leave her pills of many colors.

When we left, I noticed a puzzled expression on Tom's face: "Say, that squaw seemed to be so dead set on those red pills that it kind of made me suspicious. You don't suppose she was going to make beads of 'em, do you?" he asked.

As we paddled up a stretch of dead water on the Root River, the measured click of oars on thole-pins broke the silence. Soon around a bend came the Osnaburg York boats. Stripped to the waist in the August sun, their crews of perspiring Ojibways heaved the large craft through the water, shouting and singing as they rowed. Sweeping down upon us, these sixty-foot broad-beamed York boats, each propelled by eight oars, seemed more like Grecian galleys or the vessels of marauding Vikings than Canadian wilderness freighters. Huddled in bow and stern, red-shawled squaws and children, urging the men to renewed efforts, added to the uproar. As they passed they called to the Ojibway, who answered them—probably at our expense—but he only smiled his sphinx-like smile when I asked him what they said.

On Root portage at the head of the river we met more of the Ojibways waiting for the return of the York boats with their supplies. Here at a little log landing lay the crude lake steamer of McLaurin, a free-trader who competes with the Hudson's Bay Company at Lake St. Joseph for the furs of the region. In command of the steamer was an interesting young Englishman who told me his name was Clough and that he was a graduate of London University. When Clough had gathered the Indians for a picture, he remarked facetiously, with a wave of his hand:

"Behold the noble red man of the forest, heir to the wilderness. And how treasures he his heritage? By murdering every living thing he meets. Last winter these gentle creatures slaughtered one hundred moose yarded in by the deep snow at the head of the lake here. Tiring of shooting them, they put out their eyes with sharpened sticks and left them to die of starvation. Behold the noble red man, heir of the ages —and reserve your pity!"

During the delivery of this gentle anathema, the Ojibways sat smiling blandly at their traducer.

Our way to Osnaburg post led ninety miles down picturesque Lake St. Joseph. Here for the first time we set our net, to find in the morning more doree, pike, and whitefish than I had ever before seen. Out in the deep water there were lake-trout, to be taken by deep trolling. Back on a little barren behind our first camp, where the forest fire had once swept, were patches of blueberries with bear signs everywhere, for bruin dearly loves berries. Later, while at breakfast, two families of partridges came down to the shore to visit us, alas! to their grief. Ninety miles of wooded islands and crescent sand beaches, with once or twice on each of two quiet afternoons the long wake of a swimming moose or caribou ruffling the still surface in which sky and timbered shores lay mirrored, made memora-

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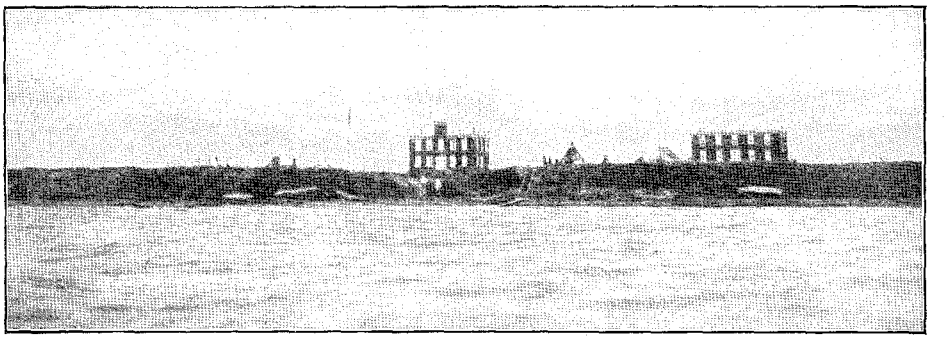

Oblate Fathers' mission, Fort Albany.

ble those August days on this unknown northern lake.

We were one day wind-bound in a cove where there were many islands on one of which an Indian family was encamped. Hardly had we got up our tent when two squaws in a canoe paddled over and asked in Ojibway who we were. "Two great medicine-men from a country many moons to the south," replied Whiteduck. This got us into difficulties at once, for the squaws insisted on our going to their camp to treat an old Indian crippled with rheumatism and a squaw with an injured arm. Not without many misgivings, we took the medicine kit and paddled to the island where the Indian sat groaning in a tepee. Tom's dressing of a badly infected wound on the squaw's arm would have done honor to a graduate in surgery, but the old man stumped us. Finally I volunteered the suggestion that he drink plenty of lake water, which advice was greeted by the squaws with groans of contempt.

"Must we go to medicine-men for lake water," sarcastically cried one in Ojibway, "when we camp on an island? Tell them to give us some Long Knife's medicine!"

When this was communicated to us, Tommy and I felt that the reputation and honor of our race was at stake, so we gravely selected a number of pills from phials in the medicine kit, and ordered, under pain of death, that one should be taken each day until the Evil Spirit of Rheumatism took unto himself wings. This savored of the talk of true medicine-men and was more to their liking. After Tom had made a few passes in the air over the old Indian, we distributed tobacco and tea, and, amid much hand-shaking, chattering of squaws, and barking of dogs, left them and returned to camp.

On our way up the lake, I asked Whiteduck when we should reach Osnaburg. He turned and pointed low into the west, saying: "When sun is dere, we camp at post." Whiteduck never wasted words, and, after all, how could he have better answered my query? He was a silent Indian and I often wondered what were his thoughts.

So late does the sun set in the northern summer that, although nearly seven o'clock, it was still light enough to take a photograph of Osnaburg House, in charge of which, in the absence of Williams, the factor, who has an Ojibway wife, was a young Englishman by the name of Wood. Here Whiteduck, who evidently disliked the half-breed, turned back. He had already come two hundred miles, which is about the limit of travel of the northern Indian, who is not a company voyageur. It is very difficult to get a woods Indian to travel into a country he does not know. He seems to have no curiosity concerning the world beyond his ken, and some little fear of it.

The next morning we paddled down the narrowing arm of the outlet past many fires burning along the shores where the Indians were smoking moose meat. Then running some small rapids, we were in the Albany at last. For a hundred miles the upper reaches of the river as it leaves the Height of Land are one succession of rapids and quick water. Farther on it becomes more tranquil, alternately widening into lakes and contracting again to race wildly through deep chutes. The lakes, some of which are miles in length, are but vaguely intimated by the map. In fact our crown maps, published by the Dominion Geologi-

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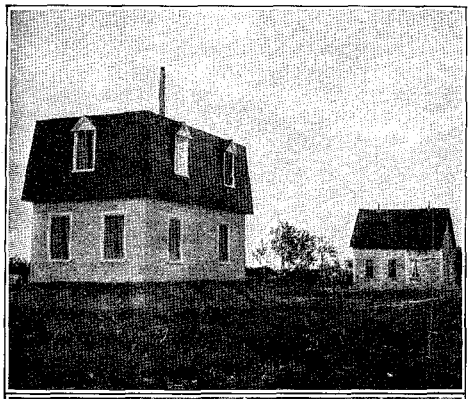

Revillon Frères trading post, Fort Albany.

On the portage.

Camp on James Bay.

Captain Freakley, Camsell, and McAlpine, Moose Factory.

cal and Agricultural Surveys, proved utterly useless in establishing our whereabouts on this section of the river. These waters seemed to be breeding-grounds for sturgeon, for all around us late in the afternoon they broke the surface. One still evening when the dying sun had turned the lake on which we were to liquid gold, we paddled for miles right through these great fish playing and splashing on the surface of the water. We were windbound for several days in this lake region, and from sunset, when the wind died, travelled late into the moonlit nights, soon accustomed to heed the antics of the leaping sturgeon as little as the rising of so many trout. A sturgeon rises from the water his full length and falls over on his back, splashing more like a log than an animate thing, and, in fact, the first one I saw I took for a stick of timber for some mysterious reason upending on the quiet surface of the lake. The flesh is reddish in color and firm in fibre, more like meat than fish, and of a fine flavor.

No one in the north country travels without a net, for if the canoe comes to grief in the rapids and provisions are lost or water-soaked, the net furnishes food until the nearest post is reached. In these lakes whenever we set our net we were sure of pike, doree, and whitefish, but caught no sturgeon as it was not strong enough to hold them. Often, on taking up the net in the morning, a great hole in its torn meshes bore eloquent witness to the passage of one of these huge fish, which in these waters grow to seven feet in length.

Paddling from dawn to dusk, sometimes fishing the rapids for brook-trout, we travelled into the north. On the way we had much sport with the doree, which runs to three pounds in weight in the Albany and is a splendid, gamy little fish, taking a fly or a spoon with the avidity of the trout.

There is a wealth of bird life on the Albany. Ducks are confined largely to the marshes of the lake country and to the flats at the mouth, but many varieties of snipe breed throughout the length of the river, and seldom were we out of hearing of the welcome whistle of the yellow-legs. Partridge, birch, and spruce are very plentiful, and ptarmigan and pinnated grouse

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are natives of the muskegs. The pipe of thrush and warbler accompanied us far down into the cliff country. Kingfishers chattered querulously from the shores or scurried across the river ahead of our canoes, resenting the coming of trespassers into the peace of their northern solitude. One evening we paddled for miles where night-hawks by the hundred, foraging for their supper, filled the air. From the stunted spruce of the high shores, down in the desolate cliff country, ravens croaked dismally as we passed, and often high above the cliffs eagles sailed, black specks against the sky.

One source of surprise regarding the bird life was to find that our own robin-red-breast long before us had wandered down the river to the bay where we saw him on the marshes. Another was to miss that feathered friend of all campers, the Canada jay, better known as the moose-bird or whiskey-jack. Not until we reached the islands of the Albany delta did I catch sight of this impudent Jack Sheppard of the air whose free way of making himself at home and of purloining the choicest bits from the frying-pan add much to the pleasure and amusement of every wilderness camp. Here in the far north the robber had lost much of his effrontery and only when we sat quite still would he come close to our fire.

At last we camped at the head of the long portage. This carry which Pattison had said was the longest and most difficult on the Albany—by running two miles through a swamp—cuts off three miles of churning rapids in a bend of the river. Some Indians had told us that the portage was four smokes long, meaning that if a man were to take a load across in one trip he would stop four times and smoke while he rested. Carrying a heavy load on a tump-line through a spruce swamp, where one sinks sometimes to the knees in the mud and moss, is the most exhausting work I have ever known. I was returning from my first trip when I met Charlie with one of the canoes.

"Tom fell and broke his back," said he, without the slightest trace of excitement.

With visions of carrying an injured man hundreds of miles through the wilderness, I hurried back along the trail to find

Cree cradle.

Half-breed Crees, Moose Factory,

Chief Esau's tepee, New Post.

Cree cradle.

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Beach at low tide, James Bay.

Tom lying by his canoe seemingly in great pain. When he was able to speak, he explained that he had slipped and fallen under the canoe, severely wrenching his back and shoulder. We applied a large plaster and bandaged him up as well as we knew how, but for many days he suffered greatly from his injuries.

This surely seemed to be a day of misfortune, for as I came out with the last load to the top of the cliff below the long rapids, I caught my foot in a root and fell headlong down the steep trail. I got to my feet with what I thought was a badly strained side, but which afterward proved to be a broken rib. Over our lunch of tea, bread, and bacon, we dubbed the long carry "The Portage of Many Sorrows."

Fort Hope, one hundred and fifty miles below Lake St. Joseph, on Eabemet Lake, is the northernmost post at which the Ojibways trade. After paddling up the lake all day in a vain effort to reach the fort, we learned from some travelling Indians that we were still twenty miles out of the way. So we gave it up and turned back into the river.

As we went ashore below Fort Hope to look at a long stretch of white water, a rustling in the bushes caused us to look up in time to see, surveying us inquisitively, the soft eyes of a yearling caribou. But he was away through the brush before I could focus my camera. From now on caribou tracks on the shores became more frequent, and the anticipation of photographing a band swimming the river kept us continually on the lookout. But we never got our caribou photograph, although twice we saw bands swimming the river. Later, when our bacon was gone and we needed meat, we regretted not having shot a moose when chances offered above Fort Hope. However, we were not to wait long for moose steak, for in a slough at a bend of the river we ran upon a cow, a calf, and a yearling. When I had photographed the calf in the middle of the slough, Tom shot the yearling, and the meat famine was ended.

Both in summer and in winter the rivers are the thoroughfares of the Canadian wilderness. As soon as they are strong enough to lift pole and paddle, the Indian children are taught to handle the canoe in the quick water. What seems to the untutored eyes of a tenderfoot a veritable maelstrom of white water may to an Indian canoeman reveal a safe and sure channel for his birch-bark. It is one of the most interesting sights of wilderness travel to watch a Cree, Ojibway, or Algonquin stand in his canoe at the head of a rapid searching for a possible way through, and then, having satisfied himself of the whereabouts of a channel, plunge fearlessly into the white water, now paddling like mad, now seizing his pole and checking the headway of his craft, to shoot off in another direction, until finally he comes clear through the "boilers" at the foot without having as much as scraped one of the bowlders that, with seemingly certain destruction, menace his path. But even among the red men of the rivers there is a wide difference in ability as canoemen. Although, of course, experience is indispensable, a canoeman is born, not made. Judgment, skill, and a total ignorance of fear seem to be the prime requisites, and even then, as in many arts, an added touch of genius for the work is necessary to round out the finished whole of a first-class voyageur. An

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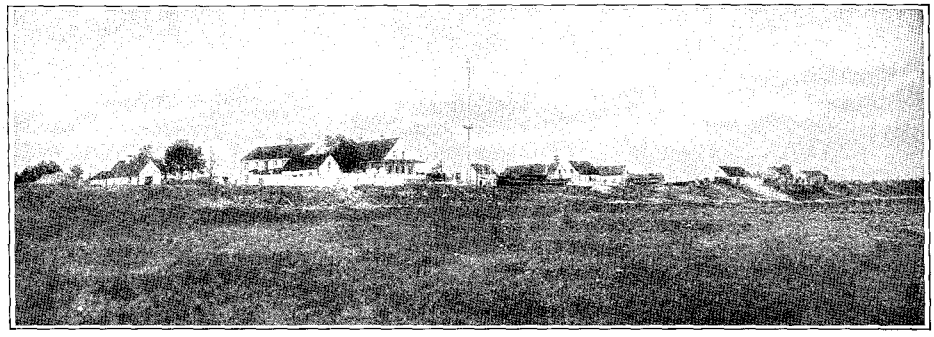

Moose Factory.

Ojibway saying has it: "Not every moon sees a canoeman born."

Sixty miles below Fort Hope we passed the Nepigon Trail. Here, at last, Charlie admitted, what we had long suspected, that he had never been on the Albany below this point. Our early conviction that the half-breed, although an able canoeman and packer, was an unmitigated liar was thus confirmed. However, as we had run the rapids of the upper Albany without serious mishap, we hoped, with luck, to get through.

The portages of the middle Albany, being so little used, are difficult to find, and more than once we missed them and ran into ugly rapids which the Indians carry around. Running rapids blindly, without first looking them over from the shore, while exciting sport, often results in smashing a canoe and losing kit and provisions. This would have been a grave matter on the Albany, many days travel from a post. We had not run many rapids before we realized that our Maine canoes were unfitted for travelling on the great northern rivers. Although very light and easy-running, they were altogether too small for this kind of work, as invariably we shipped water in the "boilers" at the foot of all big rapids.

Many times in the still August afternoons we ran for hours without speaking—the depression of the silence stifling all desire for conversation. Save for the scream of a hawk wheeling above spruce forests, and the wash of hurrying waters on stony shores, no sound met our ears. The graceful birches and poplars, swaying in their long white frocks like slender Burne-Jones ladies, beckoned and nodded as we passed, while in the background their swarthy husbands, the ever-present black spruce, kept jealous guard. At times, hypnotized by the silence, I dozed over my paddle until I missed the water entirely and waked with a start, nearly capsizing the canoe, much to the digust of the surprised Tom deep in reveries of his own. Then, often, breezes in the tree tops became to ears bewitched by the spirit of the solitudes the strains of great orchestras, and the babel of many voices filled the air.

One night when, driven ashore by a thunder-storm, we sat by the fire in front of our tent, guyed and braced to resist the onslaughts of the wind and rain, I asked Charlie if he had ever come near to starvation.

"Well, we come too close one tam over on de Missinaibi. Some of us lads, we bin up to Brunswick House from Moose. On de way up, we cache plenty flour so when we come back we only take bacon and flour to last us till we get to cache. When we see cache we find bear bin dere too. Somehow he pull dat cache all to pieces where we build it in good shape. Well, we were two hunder mile from Moose wid a few pounds of flour and bacon to see us tru. It was in de spring wid de river high, so two feller took all grub but little an' travel night an' day for Moose, wile de rest fish der way 'long and trust to pick up moose to eat till de two feller wid grub come up de river to meet us. We got no net an' fishin' on lower Missinaibi ain't good, fer you can't ketch whitefish on de hook and we got no big hook for sturgeon. So by tam we meet dose feller we sent ahead comin' back wid grub, we bin five day widout eatin' much. But it wasn't so bad fer we know we only little piece from de post anyway. While bein' shy grub is

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bad, it's when you're lost and don't know how many day or week you go before strikin' post or meetin' Indians dat make a feller sick."

At Martin's Falls, three hundred miles above Fort Albany and nearly five hundred miles by water from the Canadian Pacific, we found, in charge, the son of the half-breed factor Iseroff. The Iseroff family is well known in the James Bay country; Joe Iseroff, a nephew of the factor, crossed Labrador with Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard. As we were the first sportsmen to come to Martin's Falls, we were objects of much curiosity. That evening, as we camped inside the dogs' stockade, we anticipated no trouble from the huskies. But in the middle of the night a tremendous hubbub waked us. We rolled out of our blankets to find the stockade full of hungry huskies each with a provision bag. One dog, in attempting to get at a small piece of bacon, had his head and shoulders wedged inside the pack basket, while the others, jealous of his strategic position, pulled at his hind legs. Driving the dogs out of the stockade with sticks of firewood, we rescued our provision bags. Some careless Indian had left the gate open and the dogs had taken it as an invitation to the feast. "If I had thought that the huskies were as hungry as that," said Tommy, always the philosopher, "I'd have fed 'em last night."

The little daughters of the factor were very friendly and never failed to appear at meal time. By actual count, these two maids of the north, of seven and ten years respectively, and of seemingly limited capacity, found at one sitting a resting-place somewhere within their diminutive selves for twenty-five pancakes. This is not so surprising as it was their first encounter with maple syrup, a small can of which we had brought all the way. When I congratulated Tom on such a delicate compliment to his cooking, he replied haughtily:

"My cooking? Well, I guess not! You'll have to look further than that for the reason. From Yellowstone Park to San Domingo, my winnin' ways have drawn the ladies around me like flies around molasses."

"Or maple syrup," I added.

Philip, the head man, wanted to take us on a caribou hunt into the muskeg country, but we had to refuse. It was already September and Albany was ten days away.

As we bade good-by to our friends at the post, around the bend in the river below appeared two York boats under full sail. We presently passed them as they came bravely up through a stretch of quick water where the rocks everywhere poked their ugly noses. These boats were carrying winter supplies and provisions to Fort Hope, and with their chattering red-shawled women huddled in bow and stern and the men steering, and trimming the great square sails, while the wind drove them up against the current, they were most picturesque sights.

In the evening of the first day out from Martin's Falls we were running along in the early dusk searching the shore for a possible camping ground when the sunset quiet was rent by an uncanny whooping. Soon, far below, we made out three large birds standing on a sand spit. As we drifted toward them, they repeated, at intervals, the strange cries more like maniacal laughter than the calls of feathered creatures.

"Cranes!" whispered the Cree as we neared them.

When we were within fifty yards they got up clumsily and flapped away down the river. Disturbed by the rising of the whooping cranes, a number of gray shadows swung up from a grassy island below and in a long line speedily disappeared. It was a genuine thrill that the "gou-louk! gou-louk!" of the first gray geese of the trip gave me that evening.

"Mebbe dose geese not taste good for supper? By damn!" groaned the hungry Charlie, as they faded into the splendor of the red sunset. From now on we were to see them every day, and they added much to the pleasure of the lower Albany. These geese are not migratory birds, but breed in the muskegs back of the river.

Below Martin's Falls we entered the cliff country through which for one hundred desolate miles runs the river. Through these cliffs the wild freshets of spring, bringing the snows from a country greater in extent than the combined area of many of our States, have eaten out a deep channel in the clay soil. In places the shores rise vertically to a height of two hundred feet. The cliffs themselves, eroded and seamed

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by the surface water and floods, and undermined and torn by the spring freshets, have, in places, the aspect of a convulsion of nature. Frequently along the precipitous banks we noticed gouged ruts where moose and caribou had slid down trampling deep into the wet lower shores on their way across the river. Truly, a more desolate country than this hundred miles of cliffs on the Albany River could be found only in some of the canyons of the West.

Cree camp, Abitibi River.

At the mouth of the Sturgeon River I sat two hundred feet above the shore enjoying the breeze and gazing down the winding valley of the river at my feet, when from somewhere far up the Sturgeon floated the unmistakable half-yelp, half-howl of wolves on a fresh trail. From where I stood, the Sturgeon, in places, was visible through the forest for miles, and I waited, hoping that the caribou which the wolves were running would cross the river somewhere in sight. Soon the yelps became more distinct, and presently, about half a mile up the valley of the little river, the hunted caribou leaped into the shallows and with a few jumps disappeared like a gray streak into the forests of the opposite shore. I heard the wolves again, but much farther away, and was glad to know the caribou had thrown them off the trail by crossing the river. This animal must have been a young cow or yearling bull, for seldom do wolves attack caribou in the summer, and then only a lone yearling or fawn, the adults being fully capable of protecting themselves. The Indians say also that they have never known the wolves to bother a full-grown moose, winter or summer, as even a cow moose would trample them to death or crush them against the trees in the thick timber.

Two days out of Albany we camped at the mouth of the Ghost River, where we met the last of the York boats on its way to Fort Hope with supplies. The Fort Hope Ojibways with the boat told us that they had been over a week getting up through the shallows with their heavily loaded craft. The Ghost River gets its name from the massacre of three white men of the Hudson's Bay Company many years ago. They were camped here guarding a cache of supplies and trade goods which some wild Crees coveted. The Crees surprised and killed the men at the cache and started

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up the river intending to lose themselves in the Kewatin barren lands, but a friendly Indian found the burned cache with the bones of the murdered men and brought the word to Albany. A body of Albany Crees, led by a Hudson's Bay man, set out at once and, overtaking the plunderers of the cache two hundred miles to the west, slaughtered them to a man. Thus did the friendly Crees at Albany prove their loyalty to the Great Company.

At last we entered the delta of the Albany, and making our way through its many islands, on the 9th of September came in sight of the fort. Mr. Gillies, the factor, the first white man we had seen since leaving Osnaburg, six hundred miles away, gave us a wilderness welcome and kindly offered the use of an empty cabin during our stay. Here we learned that we were the first sportsmen who had ever been at Fort Albany.

Fort Albany is located on an island in the delta some fifteen miles above the mouth of the river proper which enters the bay through several channels, in all many miles in width. Every spring the fur brigades ladened with their winter hunt, consisting largely of the pelts of the fox, mink, lynx, fisher, and marten, descend the Albany, and come down the west coast of the bay to the fort, to return with the coming year's supplies and trade goods. Every June the fort is gay with Indian tepees. Ojibway voyageurs from Fort Hope gossip with the wild runners from the posts to the north-west. Long-haired savages in caribou-skin coats and red company's sashes, speaking strange dialects, mingle with the local Crees. Hunters of the silver fox from Akimiski Island, fur-clad Eskimos—called Huskies in the north, as are their dogs—from the Twin Islands, with skins of the seal and the polar bear and the ivory of the walrus; all these, come to trade with the Great Company and with its new competitor, the Revillon Frères, at Fort Albany.

The Oblate Fathers, an order of Catholic missionaries, have recently erected a mission, and a hospital presided over by three sisters allied to the order, and the Church Missionary Society of England has a resident clergyman. So the souls of the Crees coming to Albany to trade are in no very immediate peril.

Bidding good-by to the hospitable Gillies family, we left Albany for James Bay carrying the mail for Moose Factory. In our honor the red emblem of the company, bearing the white letters H. B. C., a flag that has waved for two centuries in the solitudes of the north, flew from the staff.

The south and west coast of James Bay is probably the flattest shore on the continent. Except in a few places where sand spits extend far into the bay, most of the shore line consists of great marshes miles in width and quite bare of anything but grass, save for occasional clumps of juniper, willow, and alder. Far inland a long line of scrub spruce stands on perpetual guard over the frontiers of Ontario and Kewatin. At Albany an old Indian had said, "When de tide go out, you not see water from de spruce," and he did not exaggerate. The distance from the first spruce to the sea at low tide must, in many places, have averaged six or eight miles.

On our first night out from Albany we were driven ashore by a stinging north-easter and forced to camp on a marsh, where, in the morning, we waked surrounded by the tide, with our canoes adrift. Here the storm held us for days, willing prisoners, until our empty water-keg forced us on to fresh water. To attempt to describe the excitement of hiding in the willows or in a blind out on the open marshes while flock after flock of gray geese, blue geese, and wavies — most appropriately named from their resemblance in flight to a white streamer waving in the sun—passed overhead, would require a more vivid pen than the writer's. It is certainly royal sport, and the trip to James Bay, even by the long trail of the Albany, is well repaid by the geese-shooting on the marshes. Teal, pintail, golden eye, and black duck were flying in clouds up and down the shore, but we had eyes and ears for the geese alone. To lie down to sleep with the ceaseless clamor of the geese in the muskeg behind the spruce in our ears, and to wake at dawn to the music of endless caravans of the air passing from their night roosting-places behind the timber out to the shore to feed, made the tea boiled with salt-water almost palatable, but our thirst finally drove us up the coast.

Often, back toward the timber line, we found the round-toed track of the caribou and the larger and more deeply pointed signs of moose which have only recently appeared on the bay, and one day in the

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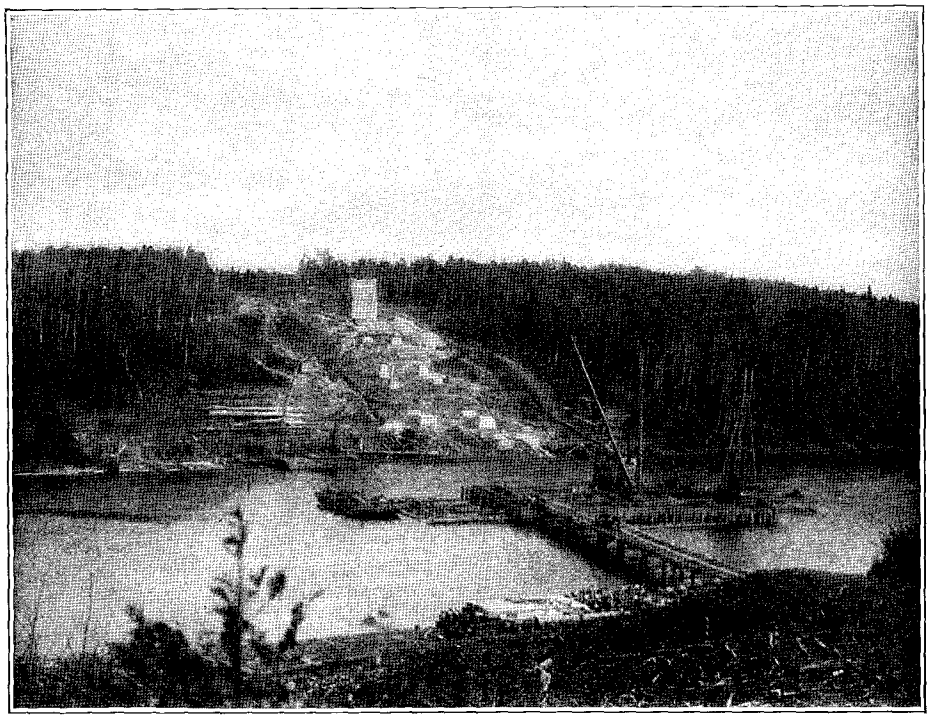
soft mud of the shore we saw where two wolves had come down for a whiff of sea air. Most appropriately in a goose country, an ever-wise nature has provided large patches of delicious bog cranberries which Tommy discovered while exploring back of the spruce. Everywhere on the dry ground were the vines of wild strawberries, and in one place we gathered enough for a mess. Myriads of snipe of many varieties, including yellow-legs, and black snow-birds make their homes on the south shore of the bay. An amusing native of the great marshes is the hawk-owl, which on dark days (and most of September in this country is rainy) can be seen flying above the willows and alders in search of unwary mice and moles.

The waters of the coast of James Bay are quite gray from the mud of the shores and bottom, and never during the three weeks that we were on it was the sky above the sea long clear of low-lying clouds. The feeling of compression that this nearness of masses of leaden clouds produces is one I never before experienced. Truly a sullen sea and a sombre, this great sub-arctic bay.

Although in September, on the bay, a bright, clear day was unusual, yet often at evening the clouds would break, to reveal the splendor of a matchless sunset, and when the moon was full many of the nights were beyond description. The Milky Way banded the heavens with a dense whiteness unknown to lower latitudes. Up from the sea-line the ribboned lights of the aurora borealis pulsed and wavered, or streamed across the heavens in fantastic shapes, ever changing—now opaque, now diaphanous, faintly veiling the sky.



Crossing of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

Once on such a night Tom and I sat thrilled with the wonder of it all. We had finished our supper of goose and salt tea, apropos of which Tom had remarked: "Even a down-East old maid would give up the habit if she had to make her tea with salt-water." Our keg was empty and the nearest sweet water was the Moose River. Flour, bacon, and erbswurst were gone, and a tiresome round of goose, duck, and salt tea awaited us unless we moved on. For an hour we silently watched the glory of the northern lights. Suddenly the long

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streamers gathered and converged, then extending to the zenith, curled into a cosmic interrogation point, and over the gray sea hung suspended against the stars. Tom gazed long at the omen, then turned on me a pair of questioning eyes and quietly said:

"Say, if that is meant as personal, I guess it's about time two Yankees I know made tracks for Moose."

"You don't mean to tell me that a hard-headed Maine man can be superstitious," I ventured.

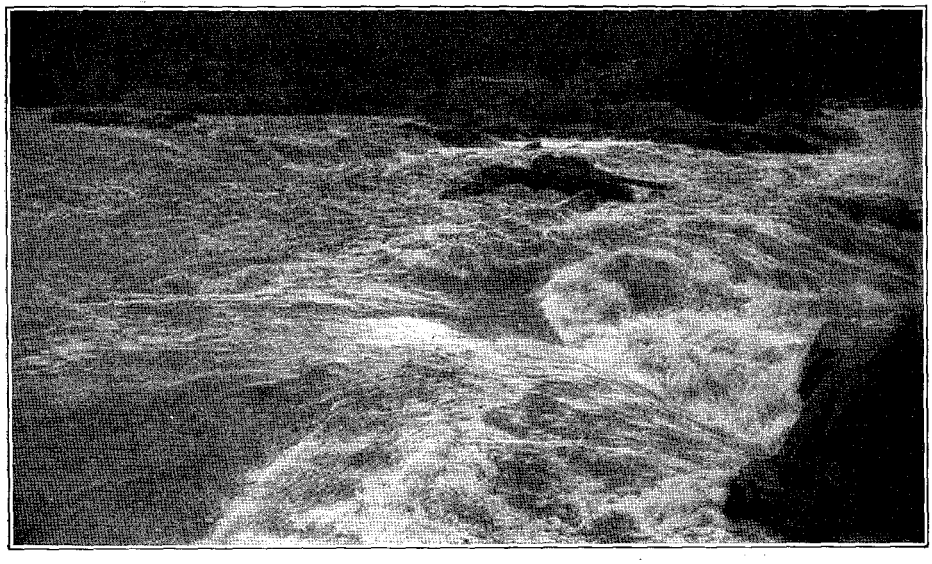
"No, I ain't exactly superstitious," he replied, "but it's sure putting it up to us when they flash that on you. If we get wind-bound here without water and nothing to eat but these blamed duck and geese, we're in for trouble."

Tom's logic was irrefutable. The next morning we started for Moose.

Twelve miles above the mouth of the Moose on one of the numerous islands of the delta stands Moose Factory, the metropolis of the north and the company's head-quarters on James Bay, with a population of from twenty to thirty whites. Shrouded with dust in the old storehouse lie records of the company dating back two hundred years. Most interesting are the journals of the factors, kept in the eighteenth century, recording everything of importance that happened at the post. For a whole century, during which time England and France were almost continually at war, the little settlement was ever on the lookout for raiding parties coming down the Abitibi from Montreal, or for French ships of war cruising into the bay through the straits.

We found Mr. Camsell, inspector of the district, Captain Freakley, of the company's steamer, and Mr. McAlpine, post factor, most hospitable gentlemen. Here Charlie succumbed to the blandishments of Indian-made sugar beer. Intoxicated, he came to the tent in search of trouble, and he found it. It was with no little satisfaction that we got rid of the half-breed. For two days it looked as if we might not get out before the ice came in late October, but fortunately Chief Esau and Bertie, two Abitibi Crees, paddled in with a government engineer. We sold our shattered Maine boats, and within an hour started with the Crees in a new Peterborough canoe to go home by the Abitibi.

A hundred miles up this wild river, which races most of the time, we paddled, poled, and tracked to New Post, where we found Mr. Sidney Barrett, the factor, the most genial and interesting of men. A day with Barrett and we pushed on past autumn woods in the thrall of the Indian-summer, picking up a young moose and racing with a bear on the way. There was snow in the air of the late October afternoon on which we paddled up to the crossing of the new Grand Trunk Pacific, and our days of hardship and delight in the silent places were ended.



Long Sault, Abitibi River.

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MONARCHICAL VERSUS RED SOCIALISM IN GERMANY

By Elmer Roberts

EMPEROR WILLIAM, democrat and monarchist. As democrat the Emperor lives intellectually in all the progressive thought of the time, striving with comprehensive plan to advance the German in mental training, in technical efficiency, in physical and spiritual well-being. He welcomes the distribution of wealth and ideas, and leads in the crown socialism that is transforming economic Germany. As monarchist he is tenacious of prerogative, glorifying the services of the Hohenzollerns to Germany, resisting almost immovably those who seek to share what is his by hereditary right, determined to pass on the splendid estate unimpaired to his children. The statesmanship of this duplex personality conserves therefore every privilege of semi-autocracy and yet uses the forces of the state for a proportional development of the whole. The monarchy and the powers of government associated with it have advanced in swiftly succeeding stages, considering the life of nations, to a peculiar aristocratic socialism. Political power remains in ancient forms and yet takes over the direction of modern economic forces. Monarchists meet the deep currents of socialism by making their own some principles of the new economy and retaining resolutely the entire application of them. An extraordinary mental and political civil war is in full movement, in which monarchical socialism keeps the mastery of material development against republican revolutionary socialism. Although monarchical socialism is in possession, the vast organized striving of another class socialism, the workingman's socialism, causes conservatives annoying apprehension.

The rise of socialism as a political force in Germany in the sixties and seventies was looked upon by Bismarck as tending to destroy the monarchy, the church, the family, and the very means of material well-being. He advised the crown to make the expression of socialistic ideas a crime. The anti-socialistic laws were devised, fining and imprisoning those found guilty of approving socialism as taught by the Social Democratic party. They were enforced relentlessly during twelve years, with the complete thoroughness of a strong and efficient government. They could not arrest discussion nor reduce, except temporarily, the socialist vote. The vote did fall from 493,300 in 1877 to 437,600 in 1878, and again in 1881 to 312,000, but thereafter the vote rose to 550,000 in 1884 and to 763,000 in 1887. When Bismarck, in 1890, the last year of his chancellorship, asked the Reichstag to re-enact the socialist laws and make them a permanent statute, he failed to convince a majority, no doubt because it was privately known that the present Emperor, who had in the meantime come to the throne, had small confidence in their effectiveness.

Correlated with Bismarck's legislation repressing republican collectivism were his wide schemes of state socialism spreading over German economic life. By these he sought to conciliate the working classes. The thought and sustained effort that Bismarck gave to social modification issued directly from his religious and monarchical convictions. "A state," said he, "consisting for the most part of Christians, should be permeated to some extent by the principles of the religion it professes, especially in regard to the help one gives to his neighbor and sympathy with the lot of old and suffering people." "The votes given to a socialist candidate," said he on another occasion, "denote the number of persons who are discontented. . . . This discontent with one's condition is natural to man. The desire to improve one's position—to get on—is a desire that God has implanted in man and those who vote for the socialists do so in the hope of bettering themselves."

Bismarck, talking long afterward to W. H. Dawson, upon the origin of the industrial insurance laws, said:

"My idea was to bribe the working

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classes, or shall I say, to win them over, to regard the state as a social institution existing for their sake and interested in their welfare."

"It is not moral," said the Prince, "to make profits out of human misfortunes and suffering. Life-insurance, accident insurance, and sickness insurance should not be the subjects of private speculation. They should be carried on by the state or at least insurance should be on the mutual principle and no dividends or profits should be derived by private persons."*

Emperor William II grew up in the midst of political thought of an advanced sort. He was taught the economic philosophies of Wagner and Schmoller, state socialistic systems purely. Under William I and Bismarck the Prussian and the imperial governments had taken the first far steps in the direction of a socialistic state. Emperor William II and his advisers living in the same order of political thinking have continued the reaching out of the state into fields of economic effort reserved in most other modern states to private persons and companies. The imperial government has adopted numerous measures limiting individual control in private business, the most interesting of which to the student is that curious law of 1910, placing potash mining under the control of the Federal Council which fixes prices and the proportion of foreign and home sales. The imperial government has passed two laws, those of 1909 and 1910, taking for the imperial and state treasuries a percentage of the so-called "unearned increment" in land values. The four per cent dividend valuation of properties owned by the imperial and state governments of Germany, as explained in a previous article, is $7,000,000,000.†

The extraordinary thing about this to the foreign observer is the utilization by the monarchists of what one of them has called the master force of the age to maintain old sovereignties. That which is still considered destructive socialism in some countries is appropriated by the Crown and called monarchy in Germany. Every collectivist addition to the responsibilities of the state brings a new corps of employees under the immediate control of the functionaries of government. The monarchy extends its power over the individual fortunes of its subjects. The new ascendency operates both economically and socially. The employee of any government-owned undertaking feels that he is a part of the glittering paramount social institution that commands the world, the world as it is known to him. He is treated by the agents of this remote centralized splendor with mingled severity of discipline and favor. The certainty of employment throughout life, if his behavior and his principles are sound, a pension in old age, a differentiation socially from those not employed by the state, work toward his satisfaction with the order that is. He is probably entitled to wear a uniform and after an interval of years his sovereign sends him a medal of honor.

Society and wealth are interwoven more solidly with the government in Germany than in the United States, or in England, or in France. It is as though the White House stood at the summit of exclusive society, not only of New York but of all America, and by means of social realities had a predominant influence over the wealth and rank of the country. In such a country as Germany, social position is the cement that holds in place wealth, talent, and rank. While democratic socialism has ceased to be a felony before the law court, it has become a social offence without commutation of sentence or recognition of extenuating circumstances. No one may hold any position in the public service, not even that of a section hand on a railway, and admit that he is a socialist, nor may he teach in any school or university. The "color-line" that places the member of the Social Democratic party below caste is also a force that simplifies leadership above. Aristocratic socialism, when the initiative is with the sovereign, draws easily with it the nobility, the great industrialists, and all lesser gradations of position and wealth, even to the "white-collar proletariat," as red socialists call clerks and office employees. Only two or three times in forty years have the Conservatives departed from their principle of steady unquestioned support of crown policies, socialistic or otherwise. In 1873 they gave only partial approval to certain tax proposals in Prussia, and in 1909 they refused to concur in Prince Bülow's inheritance taxes. They joined in the criticism uttered in the

* Dawson's "Modern Germany," vol. II, 349.
† SCRIBNERS for January, 1910.

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Reichstag in November, 1908, against the Emperor's having talked freely in England in private conversation about German foreign affairs and the anti-English feeling of a majority of his people.

Over against respectability finely and traditionally organized with the church both Protestant and Catholic, the schools and universities, much of the press and that wonderful body of men that leads militant industry and enterprise, stands implacable workingmen's socialism. This theoretic collectivism is a philosophy, or a religion, or a political platform, or a materialistic hope of four million four hundred thousand German men who supported the candidates of the Social Democratic party at the last general parliamentary elections in January, 1912. This was one-third of the total electorate and returned 110 members out of a total of 397.

Doctrinaire socialism is subtle enough and comprehensive enough to give its followers adequate mental footing. In a monarchist and aristocratic country the principles of socialism have behind them the emotional forces that have won the long battles for political liberty in England and by inheritance in the United States. Freethinkers find in it a new theology and as a projected system of government and political economy it engages the hopes and the imaginations of those who see the failures and limitations of the things that are. I know nothing like German socialism in the politics of other countries, for the grip it has on the thoughts and emotions of the men and the women who have equal rights within the party. The party organization is quite extraordinary, extraordinary for immediate results in the campaign and more for the long look ahead. The mothers and fathers are persuaded that, while material ease and happy social conditions will most likely never be theirs, their children may win them if they know how to take hold of the levers that the socialist party offers to their hands. Therefore, the child must learn the meaning of socialism and all that it may do for himself and his class. Socialist mothers undertake to put their children on the path. Numerous little stories and romances with a socialist moral are in circulation for young people and the socialist lecturer with magic lantern entertains and informs. Dramatic and operatic performances, with socialist motive, are given in all cities of importance. Pictures, texts, and mottoes with the party thrill in them are on the walls of half a million dwellings. The party owns seventy-six daily newspapers, a press association, several illustrated periodicals, and fifty-seven publishing houses. The literature, including a considerable range of excellent non-socialistic books, is immense. The party has two hundred central circulating libraries and three hundred and seventy-seven branches. The management of the party acts upon the principle that all stimulating scientific, poetic, philosophic and romantic literature advances the cause. A variety of special books, designed to detract from the reverence and respect for the Emperor taught in the schools, are circulated. They are written boldly, yet with caution sufficient to keep them within the laws against *lèse majesté* and sedition. The party is heavily officered by writers and speakers, some of whom make it a kind of game to shoot their arrows as near the royal reputation as they may and still escape prison. The "muck-raker" is numerous and active in Germany and assails the high by witticism, cartoon, cool analysis, and passion-wrought phrase.

The party maintains an academy at Berlin for instructing the paid provincial secretaries and organizers on the intellectual bases of socialism. National economy, as examined in the light of socialistic dogmas, is taught there, the history of socialism, the history of the development of society, the history of Germany, the arts of expression in speaking and writing, practical journalism, the rights of working people under the law, and the legal boundaries of agitation. The party has something of the unity of the Catholic Church. All agitators say the same thing.

Of the forces that work for republican collectivism in Germany, the one most powerful, slow-moving, and enduring is class consciousness. Trades-unions have been developing group consciousness during three generations. The socialist would extend this consciousness to the mass, choosing as the limit of his sympathies a level about one-quarter below the apex. Beyond that strata he would have his class regard mankind as dehumanized, thus transposing the formula of the Austrian archduke who said that, "Humanity begins with the Count." So-

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cialist leadership, through local organization in which good-will and equal individual rights decide things, does succeed in making the hand-worker feel that he is not alone as against the official, the employer, the land owner, the noble, the magistrate, or any one who somehow, either by inheritance, personal dexterity, or accident, as he may think, has a position above him. This putting of class against class is stimulated by the easy habitual superiority of the quarter at the top. The school-master's sharpness, the caste spirit of the whole body of permanent civil servants, even that of the clerk in the post-office, the somewhat harsh discipline in the army, the system of manners and class etiquette and the remoteness of one social division from another, give the daily incitement to class unity below, organizing around convictions of what appears to be economic and political right. As the numbers and strength of the organization increase—and they do increase with a regularity that seems almost like the operations of a natural law—the workers without are made to feel that by non-participation they are betraying their own people. The zeal of partisans during election time leads to instances of terrorism against the froward. This flourishing class consciousness is the subtlest adversary of the existing order.

Aristocratic socialism and its works, far as they go when observed from more individualistic countries, are rejected by thorough-going collectivism as trifling with a great cause. The Emperor and his advisers of the state socialistic school are looked upon as having harnessed a wonderful verity to the service of monarchy and of a modified individualism. Imperial socialism is regarded as vitalizing sick and fading institutions, as hindering the passing of economic and political forms that have been essential to progress but are ceasing to be so. Governmental socialism replies that class socialism from below is a monster of teeth and claws, without a brain, tearing at the national life, that the driving emotions are hatred, covetousness, envy, and silly destructiveness.

Monarchical socialism for all the fervor of the republican collectivists and their numbers occupies positions of commanding strength. The agitations of the Social Democratic party, the possibilities of real danger in the movement, brace the monarchists to efficiency and prudence in administration. Hostile criticism searches out the weak places in the system and they are repaired by the government. The constant effort is to make the monarchy with large powers a rational and ethical general manager of a joint-stock company. Mere numbers do not appear to count against trained talent, placed so abundantly at the disposition of the government, especially when talent takes care to act upon standard principles. Were the large officer class indolent and self-indulgent instead of being kept working up to the edge of nervous strain, or were the permanent civil servants lax concerning public money and incapable, or were ambitious devotion to the Crown working hap-hazard and not according to plan, the tide from below might submerge them. More than all, the prosperity of Germany, while it has demonstrated that the rich are getting richer, has not demonstrated that the poor are getting poorer. The prosperity of the country and the arrangements of the state for allowing the mass of workers below to share somewhat in it, have lifted the whole people, except that sad thin strata of the defective and inefficient at the bottom. The aristocratic government has for the present a grasp of the representative system which will be hard to loosen. The territorial outlines of the imperial parliamentary districts have not been changed since the empire was founded. Population relatively has shifted from the country to the cities. The cities and the industrial municipalities are precisely where workingmen's socialism is strong. Old traditions have kept their hold on the rural communities. Hence a farm-hand's vote has three times the elective value of the factory operative's. A great city, such as Berlin, returns six members, five of them Social Democrats, while according to population the capital should have sixteen seats. Some industrial districts, which measured by numbers should have four members, now have but one. In several country ditsricts members are returned who have only received one-twelfth as many votes as those necessary to elect a member in Berlin. Therefore, the nominal constitutional equality of individuals does not exist. In the state legislatures the influence of property is strangely beyond the ratio in any other modern country. Thus

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in Prussia, with a population of forty-one millions out of the total sixty-five millions, the three-class property franchise gives fifteen per cent of the voters two-thirds of the electoral power. These inequalities, although the subject of fierce agitation, are clung to with unshaken tenacity. Such inequalities must, of course, yield in the end, although in Prussia the end is likely to be long delayed. The middle classes, quite as much as landed squiredom, refuse equality of ballot to those in the third or small property class. Collective ownership economists, affirming that their theory of industrial organization becomes yearly more necessary to the nation, urge patience. No violence, no threats, but steady appeal to the reason and self-interest of the mass. The results, as marked at the Reichstag elections during forty years, have been:

1871	124,700	1890	1,427,000
1874	352,000	1893	1,789,700
1877	493,300	1898	1,107,100
1878	437,600	1903	3,010,800
1881	312,000	1907	3,259,000
1884	550,000	1912	4,400,000
1887	763,000		

These impressive figures change their character somewhat upon examination. The Social Democratic programme is a wide one and attracts a secret ballot from many a man of convictions on subjects unrelated to the ownership of the "instruments of production." The Social Democrat would make religion a private matter by separating Church and State, thus depriving the Lutheran, the Catholic, and the Jewish churches from their proportionate share of taxes collected for religion. He would stop increasing the army and navy, give the ballot to all women twenty years old, secure to communities local self-government, provide free instruction in the higher schools, and require the yearly assessment of taxes by representative assemblies instead of having large categories of taxes run permanently without annual examination. The great enterprises of government such as railway ownership, have no sure check on the votes of employees. They may wear the uniform and yet hold heretical opinions privately, expressing them only by ballot.

Social Democrats in thought like to elevate their movement above national boundaries and feel that they have hold of principles that will transform the life of the world. Every success in Germany is regarded as having an influence throughout Europe and America. The ruling Committee of Seven gave a subsidy of ten thousand marks to the principal socialist newspaper in New York last year and ten thousand francs to a newspaper undertaking in Spain. German socialists are strongly committed to agitation in Russia, and give help freely to the Scandinavian brotherhoods.

From what has been written here, it might be supposed that the two schools of socialism—monarchical and republican—divide German political thought between them. That would not be a complete generalization. An important body of opinion, especially among the commanders of industry, holds to the old individualism and gives assent to government ownership or control either as a forced compromise or as reasonable only in national undertakings such as transportation or forestry. It would seem as though these influential individualists are obliged to form a following acting with the conservative parties, without being strong enough to decide policies. The great manufacturers, so powerful in England and the United States, are singularly weak politically in Germany. In the Reichstag and the state diets they are always in an inferior position to the landed Conservative and to the Catholic parties. As a political influence they are only mildly articulate.

From action and recoil, economic adventure and class compromise, German institutions are being changed strangely. Thus far the efficiency and the gathering momentum of the national life do not appear to have been weakened. German thought, research, and discovery are studied attentively in foreign laboratories, universities, and workshops. German enterprise is met in every market. In European politics and diplomacy the German shadow falls across the aspirations of great neighbors who do not feel free to act without consultation and combination. The observer from another continent, whatever his angle of observation, may allow another generation or two to pile up results before trying to forge a sure judgment. The German cannot wait. He is deep in the battle of ideas and is forced to conclusion because he must choose a side and act. He cannot avoid the urgencies and possibly the terrors of his progress.

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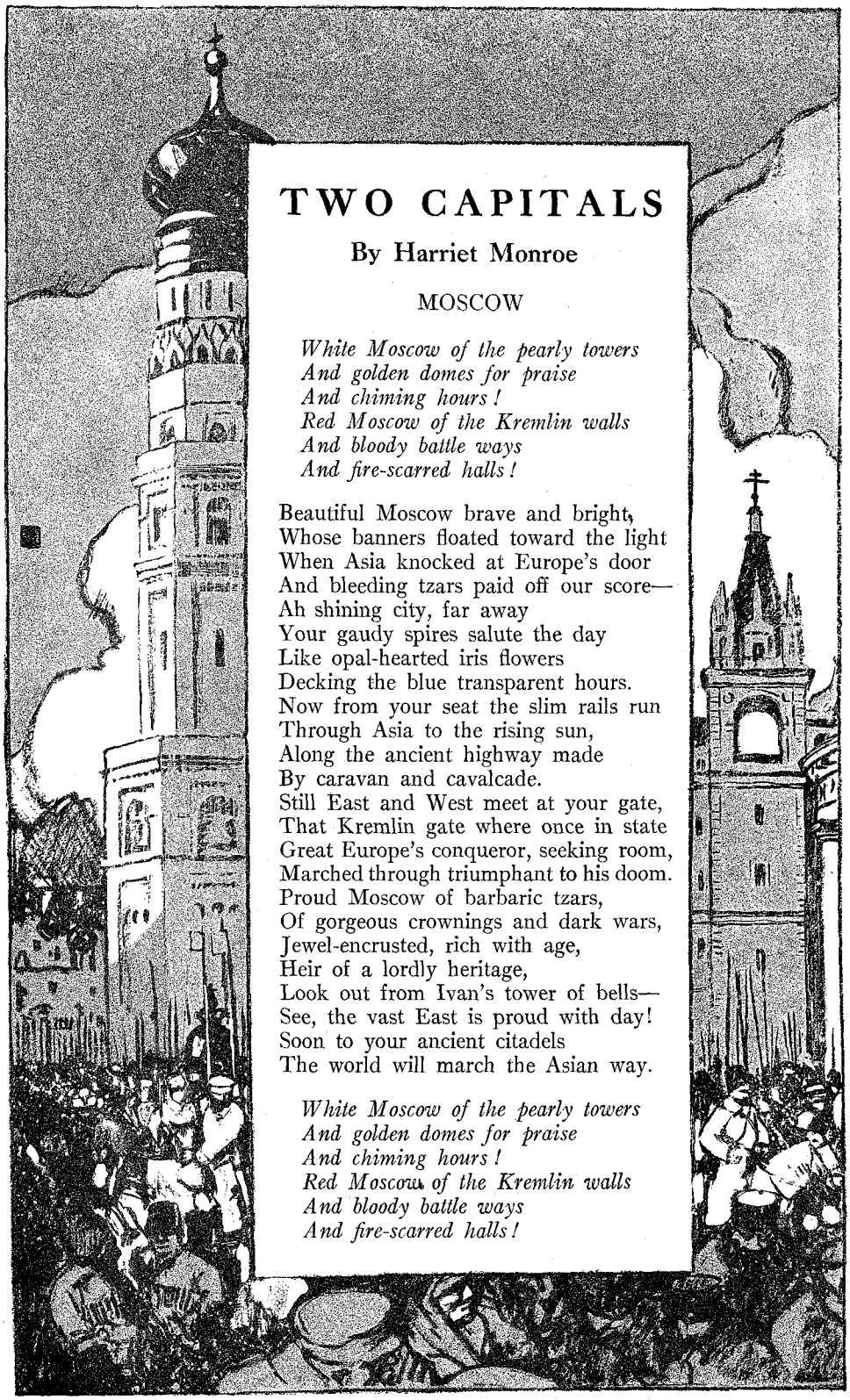

TWO CAPITALS

By Harriet Monroe

MOSCOW

White Moscow of the pearly towers
And golden domes for praise
And chiming hours!
Red Moscow of the Kremlin walls
And bloody battle ways
And fire-scarred halls!

Beautiful Moscow brave and bright,
Whose banners floated toward the light
When Asia knocked at Europe's door
And bleeding tzars paid off our score—
Ah shining city, far away
Your gaudy spires salute the day
Like opal-hearted iris flowers
Decking the blue transparent hours.
Now from your seat the slim rails run
Through Asia to the rising sun,
Along the ancient highway made
By caravan and cavalcade.
Still East and West meet at your gate,
That Kremlin gate where once in state
Great Europe's conqueror, seeking room,
Marched through triumphant to his doom.
Proud Moscow of barbaric tzars,
Of gorgeous crownings and dark wars,
Jewel-encrusted, rich with age,
Heir of a lordly heritage,
Look out from Ivan's tower of bells—
See, the vast East is proud with day!
Soon to your ancient citadels
The world will march the Asian way.

White Moscow of the pearly towers
And golden domes for praise
And chiming hours!
Red Moscow of the Kremlin walls
And bloody battle ways
And fire-scarred halls!

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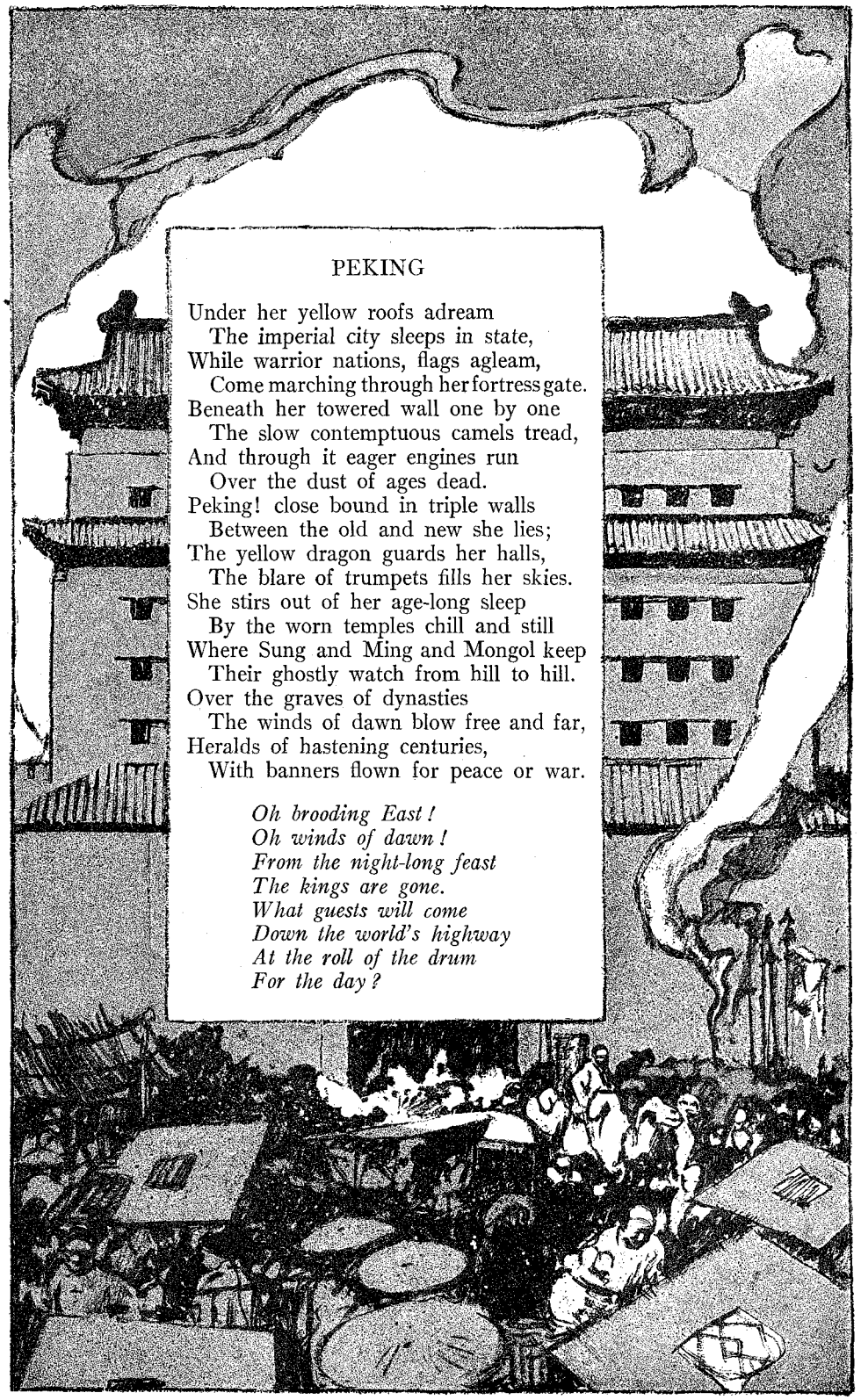

PEKING

Under her yellow roofs adream
The imperial city sleeps in state,
While warrior nations, flags agleam,
Come marching through her fortress gate.
Beneath her towered wall one by one
The slow contemptuous camels tread,
And through it eager engines run
Over the dust of ages dead.
Peking! close bound in triple walls
Between the old and new she lies;
The yellow dragon guards her halls,
The blare of trumpets fills her skies.
She stirs out of her age-long sleep
By the worn temples chill and still
Where Sung and Ming and Mongol keep
Their ghostly watch from hill to hill.
Over the graves of dynasties
The winds of dawn blow free and far,
Heralds of hastening centuries,
With banners flown for peace or war.

Oh brooding East!
Oh winds of dawn!
From the night-long feast
The kings are gone.
What guests will come
Down the world's highway
At the roll of the drum
For the day?

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ZALLI

By Barry Benefield

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. L. JACOBS

PELLETIER'S itinerant saw-mill sat down on the side of the bayou thirteen miles north of Touraine, La., in the spring, and by the end of autumn all the desired pine timber within commercial reach had been cut into lumber, hauled away, and sold; but the boss had not had his usual success in buying ahead another lot of big trees, wherefore he said the little mill could not move until he had found more timber that could be purchased, the negro hands drifted back to the farms and plantations from which they had been recruited, the mules and oxen were put out at cheap board, and the several more or less skilled white men went to Touraine to find work, while their women folks and children seized the opportunity to visit relatives, all except Zalli.

The little mill sat silent on the side of the dark bayou, surrounded by the sawdust which the weather had already changed from a rich golden color to a dead brown; and all the scattered and ragged settlement of weather-stained board shacks were suddenly still and forlorn, except the two-room house of Will Leslie, the saw-filer, who had selected as a site in the spring the centre of a tangled old orchard that had once belonged to a small and solitary farm on the bayou, and the one-room shanty of Mat Reynolds, the commissary man, who was to be the watchman over the boss's property. Only the tall and faultless pines are used by these itinerant saw-mills, so that the dark and whispering forest that crept up to the lonely mill on all sides seemed not to have been touched.

In Will Leslie's two-room house in the old orchard was Zalli, the mixed-Latin wife he had got when the mill was away down in the southern end of Louisiana; in Reynolds's shack, at the edge of the settlement on the other side of the mill, was only Old Mat himself, for he had no family to send away.

"Oh, you'll be all right, Zal," Bill had said with easy confidence when he started for Touraine with the other white men. "The boss will get some more timber in a week or two, and then we'll all be back here to move. I'll pick up a few dollars in Touriane in the meantime. I'll walk back on Sundays when I can. Old Mat, as I told you, will take his meals at my shack; no use in two kitchens runnin'. He is to furnish the groceries an' you the cookin'. Besides, you'll be company to each other. Ask for anything else you want at the commissary; my credit's good. Good-by, Zal. Look after my game rooster."

"Good-by, Beel," she said. Zalli was not demonstrative.

He bent down and kissed her, picked up his violin case, and walked over to the commissary, where the wagon was waiting to take the boss and the white men to town.

The still-faced young woman, who had for three or four days been grieving silently over the impending separation, stood in front of the shack watching the wagon, which was soon lost to sight in the forest, though from time to time the voices of the men singing, as if they were off on a lark, drifted back to her. Then they could be heard no more, the dark forest seemed to draw in closer with sinister sighings and whisperings, and the mill, which jumps and rattles and hisses and shrieks when at work, seemed wrapped in the exaggerated stillness of sudden death. With a dull pain at her heart, her red-brown eyes misting with tears, in which was a vague and unaccustomed anger at Beel, Zalli went back into the shack and set about cooking the white beans, which alternate with cabbage as winter vegetables in lumber camps.

Her mind was busy with Old Mat, though she didn't notice that it was; and about eleven o'clock, having decided that she must have a can of tomatoes to go with the beans, she walked over to the commissary in the centre of the ragged settlement. In

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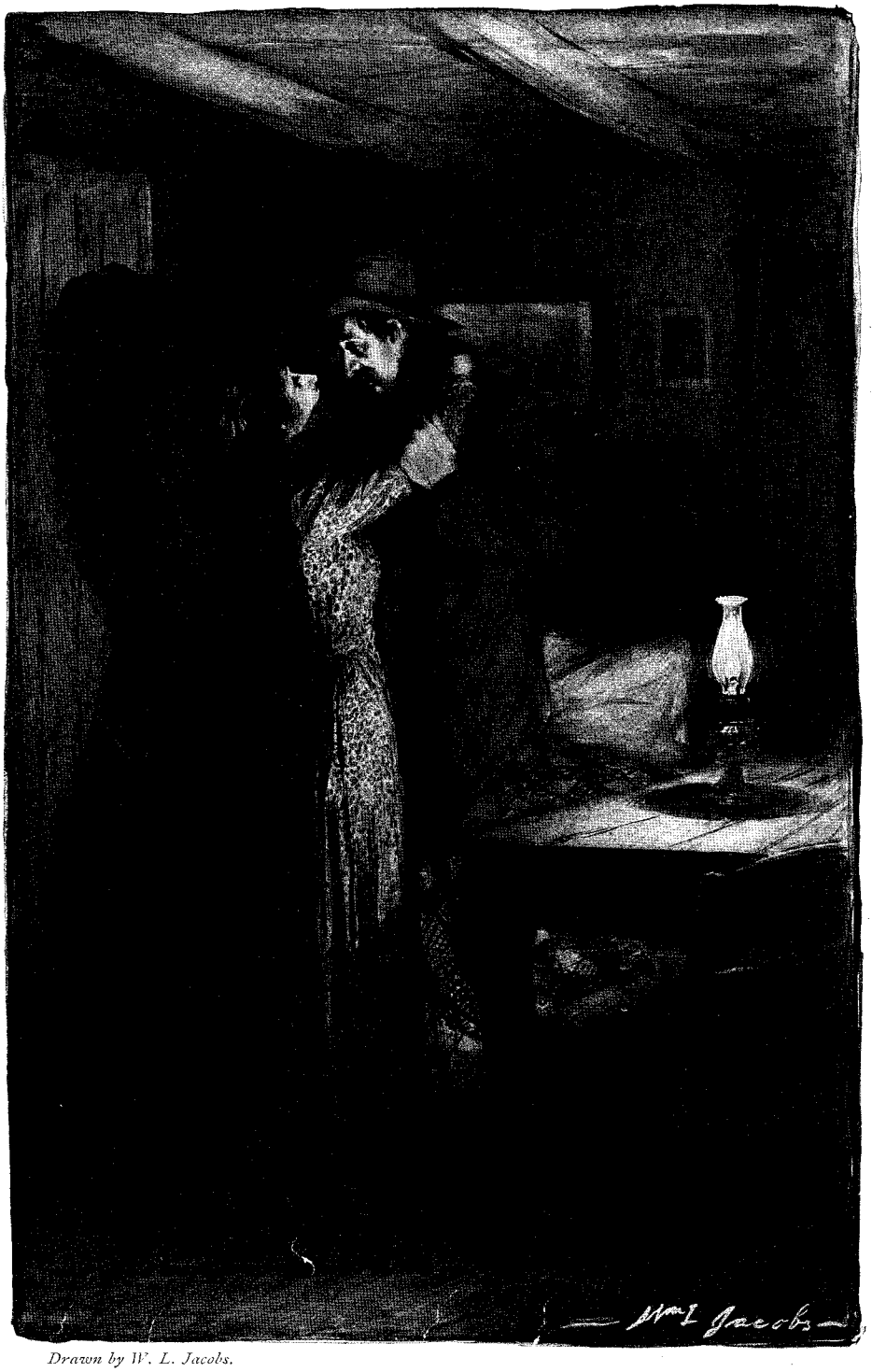

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs.

She threw her arms around his neck . . . "Beel, are dere wimmens in dis boardin'-'ouse?"—Page 458.

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the back of the dark store, odorous with coffee and sugar and hay and molasses and all the supplies that a mill uses, he was leisurely at work straightening up the remaining stock by the light of a tallow candle, which is cheaper for illumination than window glass in a temporary structure.

With a new interest Zalli considered him: his thin, sandy hair; his long nose with its hump up near his eyes; his small, gray eyes (which were kindly, though, she thought); his wide, full-lipped mouth; his almost cadaverous, sallow face; and, finally, his only defence against complete ugliness—a middle-sized figure that was put together compactly and symmetrically. Now she noted definitely his slow and timid and deprecating speech and spirit. It was clear why everybody said, "Old Mat," though he was but thirty.

Zalli went back to the shack with a new and easy confidence in her, and at noon gayly blew the horn to call Old Mat to dinner. It went off smoothly; they talked about the probability of the boss soon finding more timber, the woman leading the conversation, he deferring to her in all things. There was a growing contempt for him in her mind.

He piddled around the store all afternoon, she washed and hung out to dry some clothes in the old and gnarled fruit trees around the house, and the pines sighed and the scattering oak trees gave up their dead leaves to the ground. Then came supper, after which Old Mat, before going to his shack, said diffidently, "Will you be scared?" Her brown eyes ran sneeringly over his figure, not much larger than her own. "Ah, *non*, I thing I am all safe," she said. "Well, if you ever do need me for anything," he went on, "just blow three times quick on the horn."

As they stood at the door Zalli noted for the first time a small pit left on the point of his right cheek by a boil, and she was vaguely and unaccountably glad of that discovery.

"Good-night," he said.

She turned back into the house without answering.

This was the first week in November, which dragged out to the end before Beel—everybody called him Beel—came home for Sunday. The boss had not found any timber that he could buy, but was after some, he reported; as for himself, he was at work at a lumber-yard in Touraine, and boarding. Zalli discovered a new admiration in herself for this adventurous and successful husband of hers who adapted himself so easily to circumstances, and at midnight, when he got ready to walk back to town, she tiptoed and threw her arms around his neck, kissing him three or four times passionately.

"Beel, are dere wimmens in dis boardin'-'ouse?" she asked jealously.

"Shucks, no, child; this is a man's boarding-house."

"Take me to dad boardin'-'ouse, Beel."

"Who'll look after the chickens and things then?" he asked. "Who'll look after Old Mat? He can't cook." Beel laughed. "Treat him well, Zal. After all, Old Mat is a mighty fine fellow."

Zalli lay awake listening to the pine forest outside; it seemed to be bending down over the shack and sighing, "Old Mat is a mighty fine fellow."

December came in, and now, even in this warm climate, it was often cold enough at night to freeze a skim of ice over the still, dark face of the bayou. Old Mat, using a lumber truck, kept a pile of scantlings, sawed into the proper lengths, in front of Zalli's door, a service she accepted without thanks. Discovering herself putting a blue ribbon in her black-brown hair one Sunday just before tooting the horn for dinner, she tore it out, threw it on the floor, and stamped on it. She did not deign to dress for Old Mat even on Sundays.

Beel wrote a letter, which was brought by the mail-carrier, who came two miles out of his way, saying that he could not come home for Christmas; he was very busy. On the two previous Christmases of their married life he had gone to town with all the other men and celebrated the event in liquor, which was a common practice; so Zalli did not lose a great deal more this year than usual, she argued defensively.

The letter came three days before Christmas. The next day Old Mat walked into Touraine and brought back celery, cranberries, sweet-potatoes, and a store-bought fruit-cake; and, as a present for Zalli, a photograph album. "Santa Claus sent you this," he said nervously, handing her the red plush album. "I'll go over to the lake to-morrow and kill a wild goose for the roast. These other things will do, maybe."

"Ah, yass; why nod?" she answered.

The ribbon was in her hair at the Christmas dinner.

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Their hands seemed to stick as if magnetized, and she was looking at him instead of the squirrel.—Page 460.

The new year crept in with no celebration at Pelletier's saw-mill thirteen miles north of Touraine, and the life there drifted on as before. Old Mat arranged and rearranged everything in the commissary forty times; he polished and superpolished all the brass and nickel parts of the mill's engine and boiler. Zalli cooked, washed, looked after the small flock of chickens that ran almost wild in the woods, and, getting much cloth from the commissary, made up clothing enough for herself and Beel to last two years.

"I weesh dad meel was run like de debbil," she broke out impatiently one day at dinner. "Id is almoz' lonesome here, eh, Misty Reynolds? I am hongry for dad meel run again, an' make beeg slambang."

Old Mat went down to the mill that afternoon, partly filled the boiler from the bayou with a pail, assembled a pile of scant-

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lings in the engine-room, started a fire, and raised a strong head of steam. It hissed and moaned and shrieked through the aged boiler and engine. Pulling the whistle-string, Old Mat sent a screeching bellow into the black, whispering forest that made it draw back affrighted. Zalli hurried over, almost smiling in her joy, and he set the fly-wheel and some of the machinery racing around, thus creating the slambanging she had longed for. They sat on a truck in front of the fire-box, silently watching the red embers drop through the grate, listening gratefully to their huge improvised music-box that was playing in the midst of the whispering forest for them only.

"I sank you ver' much, Misty Reynolds," she said, rising suddenly, and walked away toward the two-room house, frowning.

There came a letter from Beel saying that he had gone to Nopelousas, ten miles east of Touraine, where he had got better-paying work for a week or so. The boss had bought no timber.

Zalli and Old Mat did little talking at table; the pines spoke more than they, though the pines only mourned in whispers. When they were apart, Old Mat whistled snatches of tunes he knew, and Zalli sang over her sewing-machine in the afternoons when the sun shone bright; she would not sing if it was cloudy. Zalli had never talked a great deal, anyway; there was a leisurely, languorous, sultry, almost sullen quality in her, opposed to effervescing vivacity, hinting at profound fires that had never burned enough of an outlet to show themselves. Old Mat was timid and deprecating, she was hostile and scornful, and conversation did not thrive between them.

So that presently when the loneliness of the mill came to weigh oppressively even on him, who was used to loneliness, he would, most afternoons, shoulder his gun and go out across the bayou to hunt squirrels. It was what woodsmen call still-hunting; that is, he simply sat perfectly quiet against a tree trunk until a squirrel, mistaking silence for safety, came down out of a tree near by to dig among the brier roots for food. Zalli longed for noise to interrupt the brooding and sinister whisperings of the pines, he knew, but he did not ask her to go out with him, though he always walked by Beel's house when he started for the pin-oak bottoms.

He had thus passed more than a dozen times when, one cloudy, dark afternoon, he found her by his side.

"I muz' hear dis gun boom-boom," she explained quietly. "My blood is freeze wid de stillness."

Penetrating far into the bottom before halting, they finally sat down under a huge pin-oak, hardly breathing. Gray moss hung thick and heavy from most of the oaks, and upon the flat bottom-land lay a crushing gloom. After a short, tense wait that seemed very long to them, they heard a scratchy rustling on the bark of a near-by tree, after which a gray squirrel appeared in view creeping cautiously down the bole of a tree some twenty feet in front of them. It had been agreed that Zalli should have the first shot. As he passed the gun over to her his hand touched hers; their hands seemed to stick as if magnetized, and she was looking at him instead of the squirrel; and then, suddenly, she dropped the gun, which went off with a roar that seemed preternaturally loud and violent in that gray bottom.

Not saying a word, Zalli rose and walked back through the woods to the house. Old Mat went deeper into the pin-oak bottom, returning with four squirrels for supper.

The next morning Zalli hurried up the mill road to the big road, two miles distant, where she handed to the mail-carrier a letter to Beel, spelled out in her somewhat meagre public-school English, which said:

"I am well and doing well, hoping you are the same, dear Bill. Your game ruster is well. He had a fight last weak with the large white ruster, which was sorry for it afterwards. When are you coming home? The hens quit giving eggs about Christmas times. They always do. I wish you were here, Bill. The weather is very cold here and ice is on the bayou sometimes. It is lonely and I wish I was listening to you playing the mocking bird on the violin. We could live here without it costing anything a great deal. There never is any money left over, anyhow, Bill. The bayou is full of wood ducks now. You must never leave me alone again, Bill.

"Your loving wife, "ZALLI.

"Ps. Old Mat is well. He is very good. He is getting not to be ugly to my eyes. It is droll. Come home, dear Bill.

"Your loving wife, "ZALLI."

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She kept repeating, as if it were a spell: "Ol' Mad is ogly, ogly, ogly!"

That day at dinner she purposely disarranged her black-brown hair, which usually lay, parted in the middle, on her round head; nor did she sit at table, pretending to be busy at the stove and in serving Old Mat. In the afternoon, as she leisurely went about the work in the two-room house, she kept repeating, as if it were a spell: "Ol' Mad is ogly. Ol' Mad is ver' ogly. Whad a long nose Ol' Mad have. Whad lill ogly eyes Ol' Mad have. Ol' Mad is ogly, ogly, ogly!"

When the time came to feed the chickens, and they had gathered at the back door of the house, Zalli gave to the dingy, bedraggled, black-and-white, frizzle-feather rooster the name of Ol' Mad. She laughed about it with an unaccustomed, nervous loudness.

"'Ave you halways been so ogly as now, Misty Reynolds?" she asked him at supper, gazing intently at him, and laughing insultingly without waiting for an answer. "Id is ver' hard an' tough, I say so, yass; id is ter'ble. Was you all your life so ogly?"

"Oh, yes, I reckon so," he said wearily, and then, with unusual spirit, asked her, "Have you always been so mean?"

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"Ah, yass, I reckon so too." The smile left her face. "I am nod mean to Beel."

He ate on in silence, but whenever she rose from the table to get something from the stove he watched intently the languorous, sultry, golden-brown woman.

"'Ow do peoples ged to dad Nopelousas?" she asked Old Mat the next morning. "I am go to my 'usban' for a lill bit w'ile, any'ow."

Old Mat did not show any surprise; he seemed, indeed, to be pleased. If she would walk up to the big road and wait, he advised, she would doubtless catch a wagon bound for Touraine, through which, late in the afternoon, passed the train that stopped at Nopelousas. And that was such a small town she could easily locate Beel when she got there. She could be with him by seven o'clock that night, he believed.

"And don't worry about the chickens or anything," he went on soothingly. "I'll look after them all right."

"Ah, I worry 'boud you lill bit, Misty Reynolds, now. Beel say you blame no-'count chef."

"Bill's wrong. I am a good cook. Don't worry about me at all; I'll get on fine. Stay until the folks all come back to move the mill if you can."

In an excited hurry Zalli put on her best clothes, that Beel's probable anger at seeing her away from home without his consent might be dulled at once; made up a bundle of things she would need, and set out up the mill road, not stopping at the commissary. It seemed more intensely lonely on the road than at the mill. The pines sighed and whispered over her and about her with even more sinister accents. She hurried along faster; the day ahead was filled with what seemed tremendous actions, so that she felt of it in advance as a very long day; she could not see the end of it clearly. She was apprehensive of it, yet hungry for it.

When the mill road led her into the big road, Zalli was too impatient to spend any time waiting. Passing wagons are only occasional even on the big road in this part of Louisiana, for the country is but sparsely settled. She would walk on; perhaps a wagon would overtake her, though she knew in the back of her mind that one walks as fast as a loaded wagon. After all, there was only eleven miles to go now.

At the eight-mile board Zalli took off those new shoes with the patent-leather tips on them; they were too beautiful to sully with the red dust, too much like hot ovens on her feet to wear except at ceremonial times. For Touraine, for the train, for the Nopelousas company in which Beel, with his enchanting violin moved—there she would wear the new shoes with the patent-leather tips. The bundle gave up a pair of old and comfortable shoes. Tying together the strings of the ceremonial footwear, she tenderly hung them across her left arm and walked on. She would have liked to make the same disposition of the ceremonial corsets, but put aside that idea immediately as preposterous. There was an atmosphere of publicity about the big road even if it had been deserted all day so far.

At the seven-mile board Zalli rested, trying to think out how Beel would receive her. Would he be very angry? She could see him draw up his tall, thin figure, twisting his very long and drooping mustaches—and so proud and haughty; that was Beel in anger. But if she could only get to him while he was playing the violin, or just afterward, he would not be angry. When Beel was in music or in liquor he was the best-hearted man; you could do anything with him then and he would only laugh easily. Yet there would be a double board-bill to pay; she hadn't thought of that before. Surely, though, he was making money enough to pay that; all Beel's money was always spent, anyway.

At the five-mile board she ate a cold lunch she had brought with her, thinking about how Ol' Mad must now be fussing around his stove. She laughed; then she felt a shade of worriment come over her about him. How lonesome at the mill it would be for him now! They hadn't talked a great deal, but each had felt the other's presence, had heard each other singing and humming and talking to themselves. Now he would hear only the pines mourning and sighing and whispering all around him. That was not good.

At the three-mile board Zalli began thinking of the intricacies of town life, with its trains and streets and questioning people—its staring, laughing people. She'd rather die than be laughed at. The mill was so free and easy, after all.

As she passed the two-mile board she was thinking what might happen if Ol' Mad

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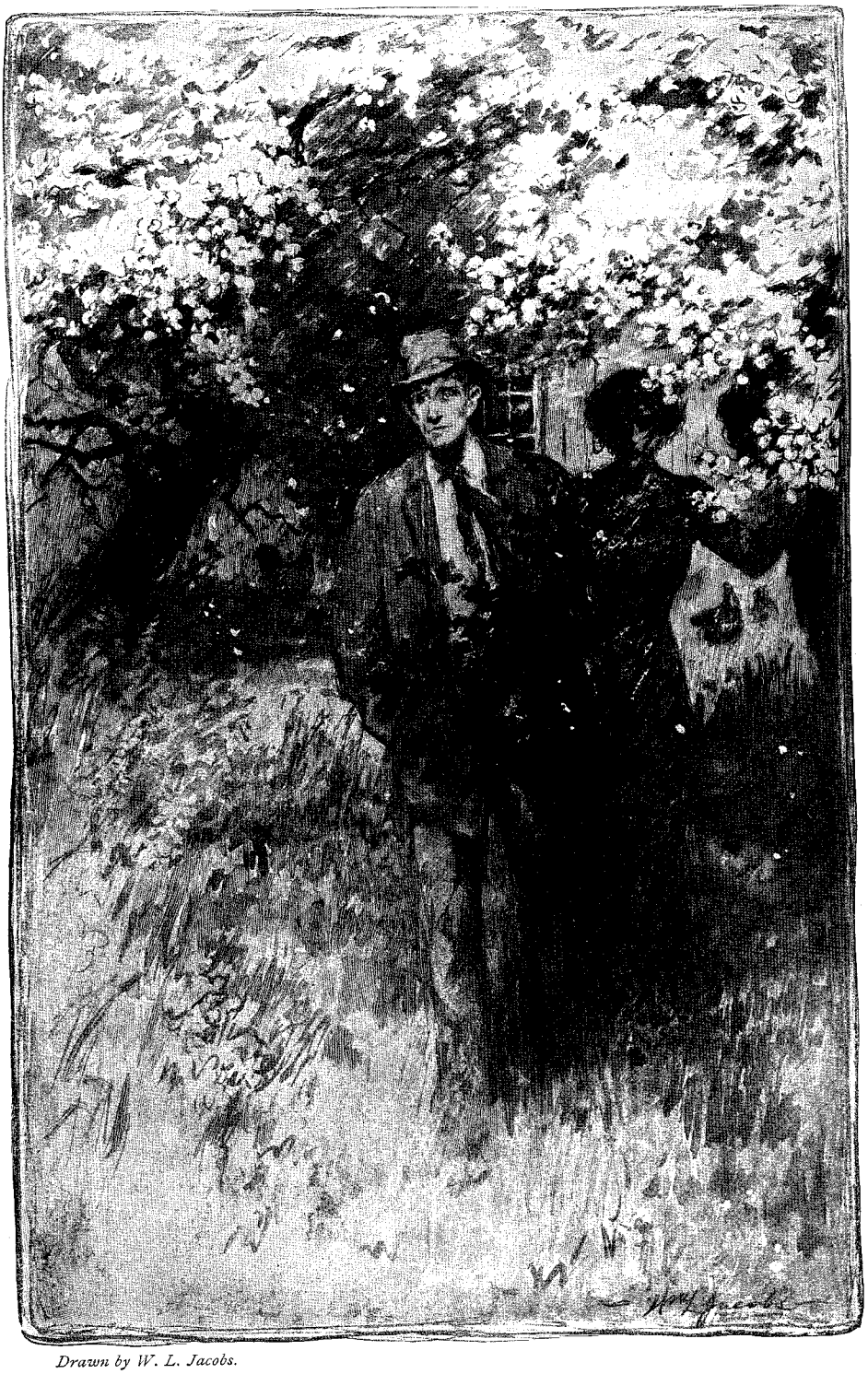

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs.

"I am come, Ol' Mad."—Page 465.

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was taken down with malarial fever and no one there at all to help him. Ol' Mad wasn't resourceful and spirited; he could lie there and die for the lack of some one to do things for him.

From the red hill just beyond the one-mile board the dust-covered woman saw Touraine squatting in its flat by the side of Big Cypress Bayou; Nopelousas would be like that. She thought how peaceful it was to sleep at the mill. Sometimes the pines were good to listen to, sometimes they crooned you off to sleep so easily, sometimes they seemed to be whispering to you with a sweet sadness that was good to hear and feel.

If a wagon had come along bound for Touraine she would yet have asked to be taken there. A wagon came up the hill going in the opposite direction; for it was the middle of the afternoon and the planters were getting out of town. There were two spring-seats in the wagon, on one of which was a man and a woman, undoubtedly his wife.

"Which way are you bound?" he asked Zalli, who had seated herself on the side of the road.

"To Pelletier's saw-meel, pliz," she answered without hesitation, rising to her feet.

"Jump in then; I'll take you there, to the head of the mill road at least; the walk from there is only two short miles."

Old Mat was waked up the next morning by Zalli's horn blowing sullenly. Hurrying over to the two-room house, he found on the table, with the rest of the breakfast, waffles—light, fretted, delicious waffles, which he had diffidently hinted for at times as being great favorites of his, but to which he had never been treated before by her.

Zalli came slowly in from the living-room, frowning.

"Hello, and so you didn't catch a wagon to town?" he asked. "You must have had a long wait. Well, try again to-morrow. Fred Florence always goes up with a load of fish on Fridays, but he passes early in the morning."

"I am stay in dis plaçe here, Misty Reynolds," she said severely, "w'ich my 'usban' lef' me in. Beel goin' to took me w'en he is ready."

Leaving the mill early one morning, several days after that, Old Mat walked, and rode in passing wagons, through the twenty miles to the Reynolds farm in the next parish, and that night drove back in a wagon with his mother, a frail, white-haired little woman with a small chronic sore on her left cheek which she always kept dusted with white calomel, two sallow sisters as homely as himself, and a lusty young nephew of fifteen. There was plenty of house and stable room, and the party stayed until the end of the week.

"It's just to cheer up Mat a bit," explained the old woman to Zalli. "The mill must be dreadfully lonesome. I declare I believe he was homesick the other day when he came home. He would have us to come for a while."

The circling forest drew back and seemed to stop whispering while visitors were at the mill; visitors did make the place sound human again. Mat's gun was booming frequently in the woods and along the bayou in the interest of fresh meat for the table. Twice he got up steam and made the mill rattle and bang and hiss for exhibition purposes. At night the party sang hymns and plantation songs.

When the wagon started back Old Mat induced his mother to stay on, for company's sake, until the other mill people should come back; he was sure that would not be long now. She could live with Zalli. The wagon drove off, and the forest drew in and began whispering again.

There came a letter from Beel saying little more than that he, too, was "well and doing well, hoping you are the same." Zalli answered at once and told about Old Mat's mother coming to live with her and keep company. The postscript said: "Old Mat is well."

On two Sundays he left the mill after breakfast and did not come back until long after supper. The little, white-haired woman, under questioning, "guessed" that he had "been to see the Irby girls."

"Are doze girls pritty?" asked Zalli casually.

"Oh my, yes, *very* handsome," ran on the old woman in her constant strain of professional optimism. "Twins they are, an' I don't know whether it's Alice or Lucy he likes the best. Fine girls; very sensible; good workers, too."

And the Monday morning following Old Mat's third Sunday out Zalli stepped softly into the dark commissary—with the soft-

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ness of a tigress. She asked for a pound of coffee, and as he wrapped it up she purred richly, clasping and unclasping her hands under the counter.

"Doze Irbee yo'ng ladies ver' pritty, eh, Misty Reynolds? Aleece, eh? Lucee, eh? Wheech is id, Misty Reynolds, dad you love? Ha, ha, dad is a ver' foolish question, eh? Peoples tell nod doze sicrits, eh, Misty Reynolds? Aleece! Lucee! Ah, yass, doze is pritty yo'ng ladies, I bed you."

Laughing, as if at the very names of these persons, and not waiting for anything from Old Mat, the burning woman swept out of the dark frame building into the light, where her face dropped its mask of laughter. Taking in quick, quivering breaths, she hurried to the two-room house.

Ribbons were in her hair every meal after that.

The following Sunday, when Old Mat came over for breakfast, Zalli was dressed in the best she had, even to the new shoes with the patent-leather tips that hurt her feet.

"Maybe Misty Reynolds shall go an' see doze pritty switthearts dis day," she suggested, winking at the aged, white-haired woman.

"What sweethearts?" he asked, looking at his mother, who paid not the slightest attention to him.

"Ah, yass, we know doze twin switthearts—Aleece an' Lucee Irbee."

"Not to-day, I reckon," he answered, gazing out of the one window in the combined kitchen and dining-room. "They're not sweethearts."

Now came on the spring, for as early as February the earth begins to thrill along the shore of the Mexican gulf. On the banks of various little brooks that slipped down to the bayou appeared shadowy companies in white-green, companies then in yellow-green, regiments in rich dark-green velvet. Along the boughs of the black skeleton trees ran signal buds in red, and after them the myriad companies of the season's swelling army of green. Under the eaves of fallen trees, and in dark, wet places, purple and white violets gathered. Over all brooded the ever-green pine forest, whispering of the coming conquest of the season. The air was filled with a furious subtle fire that was fusing into all things that had life in them.

It was Wednesday afternoon. Old Mat had eaten dinner and gone down to the silent mill. At two o'clock, after piddling aimlessly and helplessly among the machinery, he walked haltingly back to the two-room house in the old orchard. Stepping just inside the kitchen door, he heard, in the adjoining room, the slow, heavy breathing of sleep.

He tripped softly over to the cupboard and took absent-mindedly out of a bowl a pinch of sugar. Then he moved noiselessly to the open window and stood there gazing out at the gnarled old fruit trees now in full bloom. They had been neglected too long to produce any but bitter and sour fruit, yet they blossomed in the spring with the splendor and magnificence of great days which might still have been theirs.

Now there was some one standing by Old Mat's side, but he did not look around. He knew.

"Your mozzer is asleep," she whispered. "We muz' nod wake her."

He leaned against the jamb of the window, saying nothing. A slight wind gently stirred the air, and the trees shook down some of their blossoms. A mocking-bird flew to the top of one of the apple trees, balanced on a swaying bough, picked his feathers until they sat to suit him, and burst out singing to a mate he had only in his mind. A brown hen, lying sidewise on the ground in the sun with a leg and a wing stretched luxurious to their full length, sang a low monotony of content and happiness. The game-rooster chased a bee across the yard. Into the room drifted the heavy perfume of a hundred blossoming things—sweet and fiery perfume.

"Peaches bloom pink, eh, Misty Reynolds," whispered Zalli disconnectedly, sighing.

"Yes, they bloom pink."

"An' apples white?"

"Yes, apples white."

"An' pears white also? Look to me, Ol' Mad."

"I am going out of here, out there," he breathed, not turning his head. "Are you coming?"

"I am come, Ol' Mad."

The pine forest pressed forward whispering.

Beel came home singing two weeks later, the boss rushed down with news of a year's

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cutting of timber ten miles west of Touraine, and the little mill was moved over there, accompanied by Beel, the saw-filer, Zalli, his wife, and Old Mat, the commissary man. It was over there, the next winter, that the shooting took place out of which came two funerals and one of those lowly, discredited, desperate widows, this one sullenly ready for the abyss that was inevitably but unjustly hers.

PRAYER BEFORE PLANTING TREES

By Walter Malone

LORD, we are setting in this chosen ground
These tender nurslings, trusting in thy grace
To cherish them through infancy, to guide
Their tiny rootlets through the darksome earth,
To lift their boughs to heaven, and give them power
To yield their tribute unto grateful men
In fruit or flower or shade. For who but thou,
And thou alone, O God, amidst the gloom
Of never-ending night beneath the sod,
Can weave the net-work of those fragile roots,
And make their long antennæ feel the way
To nooks of moisture and fertility?
And who but thou can pilot up the stem
The warm sweet sap, like green blood making glad
The veinlets of the utmost little twig?
And who but thou, O Lord, in mystic wise,
With alchemy divine, can from the earth,
This sordid earth, extract pure essences
To paint the cheeks of blossoms, scent their breath,
To swell the fruits with lusciousness, and make
The leafy boughs one mass of heavenly green,
Haunts for the song-birds, cool retreats for men?

Yea, all these powers are thine. But on this day,
In lowly imitation of thine own
Parental care, we plant these infant trees
To be a blessing in the far-off years
Unto our children and our children's children,
When we ourselves shall tread the earth no more.
Unselfish in thy bounty, thou hast strewn
Blessings around us, though partaking not
Thyself of that abundance which thy hand
Alone created. In the by-gone years,
To please us thou hast reared thy goodly trees,
Glowing with fruitage, spreading green with shade,
Or clustered with delightsome odorous blooms.
Shall we thy largess take with selfish ease,
And not in some small way, though feeble, seek
To emulate thy goodness, and bequeath
Unto succeeding generations, gifts
We never can share ourselves? O God of Love,

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Make us unselfish in this task: our hearts
Uplift; and move our hands to speed with joy
In this, our labor, whereby we shall seek
To bless the lives of others yet to come,
When we ourselves have mingled with the dust
Wherein we plant these trees.

In days to be,
When we are long-forgotten, may these boughs
Rustle with gladness in the winds of Spring:
Amongst them let the thrush at dusk and dawn,
And the sweet mock-bird on moon-silvered nights,
Warble their wildwood lays: here let the dove,
Soft-cooing, woo his mate, and wooing, win,
So that the two together here may brood
Over their nest of love. Upon these boughs,
From April unto April, June to June,
Hang the soft blossoms through the emerald glooms,
Wafting sweet odors, and with honey-dew
Burdening the murmuring bees. Here let the sheep
And cattle through the fervid blaze of noon,
Chewing the cud, dozing and drowsing, rest
Free from the torrid glare. Here hang thy fruits,
Ruddy or tawny, apple, peach or pear,
To make the hearts of barefoot urchins glad
When school is over, and the lads go free,
Shouting and romping gleefully: for they,
O Father, are thy children, and we know
Their clamorous joyhood thou wilt mark with smiles,
Pleased that these thoughtless ones are happy. Here
Let gentle lovers in the friendly shades,
With scattered petals at their feet, and songs
Of sweet encouragement from sprays above,
Wander in joy, and vow the dear old vows
Of love that we ourselves, in our lost youth
Of unforgotten years of long ago,
Were thrilled with bliss to hear.

And in those days,
Dear Father, when our names from minds of men
Have all been cancelled, and we lie alone,
Forsaken and forgotten, dust in dust,
Perchance thine eyes may look upon these trees,
Still hale and green and sturdy, and thy heart
Incline to pity and to mercy: so
For sake of these, from records of our souls
Thy hand may blot some past transgression. Then,
O Father, as thou liftest up to heaven
The tree in verdure and in flower and fruit,
Uplift us likewise from our dungeon-cell
In the dark earth, and in the radiant skies
Let us rejoice to see Thy Light again.

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HALF-TOLD TALES

by

HENRY VAN DYKE

Illustrated by Garth Jones

THE DOWNFALL OF STRONGHOLD.

IT rose upon the rock like a growth of nature; secure, commanding, imperturbable; mantled with ivy and crowned with towers; a castle of the olden time, called Stronghold.

Below it, the houses of the town clung to the hill-side, creeping up close to the castle wall and clustering in its shadow as if to claim protection. In truth, for many a day it had been their warden against freebooter and foreign foe, gathering the habitations of the humble as a hen gathers her chickens beneath her wings to defend them from the wandering hawk.

But those times of disorder and danger were long past. The roaming tribes had settled down in their conquered regions. The children of the desert had learned to irrigate their dusty fields. The robber chiefs had sobered into merchants and money-lenders. The old town by the river had a season of peace, laboring and making merry and sleeping and bringing forth children and burying its dead in tranquillity, protected by forts far away and guarded by steel-clad ships on distant waters.

Yet Stronghold still throned upon the rock, proudly dominant; and the houses full of manifold life were huddled at its foot; and the voices of men and women and little children, talking or laughing or singing or sobbing or cursing or praying, went up around it like smoke.

Now the late lord of the castle, in the last age of romance, had carried off a beautiful peasant girl with dove's eyes, whom he married on her death-bed where she gave birth to their son. The blood of his father and of his mother met in the boy's body, and in his soul their spirits were mingled, so that he was by times haughty and gentle, and by turns fierce and tender, and he grew up a dreamer with sudden impulses to strong action. To him, at his father's death, fell the lordship of the castle; and he was both proud and thoughtful; and he considered

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the splendor of his ancient dwelling and the duties of his high station.

The doors of Stronghold, at this time, were always open, not only for the going out of the many retainers and servants on their errands of business and mercy and pleasure in the town, but also for the citizens and the poor folk who came seeking employment, or demanding justice, or asking relief for their necessities. The lord of the castle had ordered that none should be denied, and that a special welcome should be given to those who came with words of enlightenment and counsel for him, to interpret the splendor of Stronghold and help its master to learn the duties of his high station.

So there came many men with various words. Some told him of the days when Stronghold was the defence of the land and the foreign foe was broken against it. Some walked with him in the long hall of portraits and narrated the brave deeds of his ancestors. Some explained to him the history of the heirlooms, and showed him how each vessel of silver and great carved chair and richly faded tapestry had a meaning which made it precious.

Other men talked to him of the future and of the things that he ought to do. They set forth new schemes of industry by which the castle should be changed into a central power-house or a silk-mill. They unfolded new plans of bounty by which the hungry should be clad, and the naked fed, and the sick given an education. They told him that if he would do these things, in the course of a hundred years or so all would be well.

But the trouble was that their counsels were contradictory, and their promises were distant, and the lord of the castle was impatient and bewildered in mind. For meantime the manifold voices of the town went up around him, and he knew that under that smoke some fires of trouble and sorrow must be burning.

Then came two bare-faced and masterful men who told him bluntly that the first duty of his high station was to abandon it.

"What shall I do then?" he asked.

"Work for your living," they shouted.

"What do you do for your living?" he inquired.

"We tell other men what to do," replied they.

"And do you think," said he, "that your job is any harder than mine, or that you work more than I do?" So he gave order that they should have a good supper and be escorted from the castle, for he had no time to waste upon mummers.

But the confusion in his mind continued, because the spirits of his father and his mother were working within him, and the impulse to sudden action gathered force beneath his dreams. So he was glad when the next visitor came bearing the marks of evident sincerity and a great purpose.

His beard was untrimmed, his garb was rude, his feet were bare, like an ancient prophet. His voice was fiercely quiet, and his eyes burned while he talked, as if he saw to the root of all things. He called himself John the Nothingarian.

The lord of the castle related some of the plans which his counsellors had made for his greater usefulness.

"They are puerile," said the Nothingarian, "futile, because they do not go to the root."

Then the young lord spoke of the legends of his forefathers and the history of Stronghold.

"They are dusty tales," said the Nothingarian, "false, because they do not go to the root."

"How shall we get to the root?" asked the young lord, trembling with a new eagerness.

"There is only one way," answered the prophet. "Come with me."

As they went through the outer passageway the old man pressed hard with his hands against one of the stones in the wall, and a little door slid open.

"The secret stair," said he, "by which your fathers brought in their stolen women. Your Stronghold is honey-combed with lies."

The young lord's face was red as fire. "I never knew of it," he murmured.

In the vaulted crypt beneath the castle the old man found a lantern and a pickaxe. He went to an alcove walled with plaster and picked at it with the axe. The plaster fell away. On the floor of the alcove lay two crumpled bodies of men long dead; the clothes were rotting upon the bones and a dagger stuck fast in each back.

"They were stabbed as they sat at meat," said the old man, "for the gain of their gold. Your Stronghold is cemented with blood."

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The young lord's face grew dark as night. "I never knew of it," he muttered.

"Come," said the other, "I see we must go a little deeper before you know where you stand."

So he led the way through the long vaults, where the cobwebs trailed like rags and the dripping pendules of lime hung from the arches like dirty icicles, until he came to the foundation of the great tower. There he set down the lantern and began to dig, fiercely and silently, close to the corner-stone, throwing out the rubble with his bare hands. At last the pick broke through into a hollow niche. At the bottom of it was the skeleton of a child about five years old, and the cords that bound her little hands and feet lay in white dust upon the sunken bones.

"You see!" said the old man, wiping his torn hands on his robe. "The corner-stones were laid for safety on the body of a murdered innocent. Your Stronghold is founded on cruelty. This is the root."

The young lord's face went white as death. "Horrible!" he cried. "But what to do?"

"Do away with it!" said the Nothingarian. "That is the only thing. Come!"

He went out into the night and the young lord followed him, the sudden impulse to strong action leaping in his heart and pounding in his temples and ringing in his ears, like a madness.

They passed around behind the great tower, where it stood close to the last pinnacle of the rock and rose above it, bolted to the low crest of stone by an iron bar.

"Here is the clutch of your Stronghold," said the old man urgently. "Break that and all goes down. Dare you strike to the root?"

"I dare," he cried, "for I must. A thing built on cruelty, cemented with blood, and worm-eaten with lies is hateful to me as to God."

He lifted the pick and struck. Once! and the castle trembled to its base and the servants ran out at the doors. Twice! and the tower swayed and a cry of fear arose. Thrice! and the huge walls of Stronghold rocked and crashed and thundered down upon the sleeping town, burying it in wild ruin!

Dead silence for an instant—and then, through the cloud of dust that hung above the flattened houses, came a lamentable tumult. Voices of men and women and little children, shrieking in fear, groaning with pain, whimpering for pity, moaning in mortal anguish, rose like smoke from the pit beneath the wreck of Stronghold.

The young lord listened, dizzy and sick with horror. Then he looked at the Nothingarian whose eyes glittered wildly. He swung up the pickaxe again.

"Damn you," he cried, "why didn't you tell me of this?" And he split his head down to the beard.

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PETUNIAS—THAT'S FOR REMEMBRANCE

By Dorothy Canfield

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. M. ASHE

IT was a place to which, as a dreamy, fanciful child escaping from nurse-maid and governess, Virginia had liked to climb on hot summer afternoons. She had spent many hours, lying on the grass in the shade of the dismantled house, looking through the gaunt, uncovered rafters of the barn at the white clouds, like stepping-stones in the broad blue river of sky flowing between the mountain walls.

Older people of the summer colony called it forlorn and desolate—the deserted farm, lying high on the slope of Hemlock Mountain—but to the child there was a charm about the unbroken silence which brooded over the little clearing. The sun shone down warmly on the house's battered shell and through the stark skeleton of the barn. The white birches, strange sylvan denizens of door and barn-yard, stood shaking their delicate leaves as if announcing sweetly that the kind forest would cover all the wounds of human neglect, and soon everything would be as though man had not lived. And everywhere grew the thick, strong, glistening grass, covering even the threshold with a cushion on which the child's foot fell as noiselessly as a shadow. It used to seem to her that nothing could ever have happened in this breathless spot.

Now she was a grown woman, she told herself, twenty-three years old and had had, she often thought, as full a life as any one of her age could have. Her college course had been varied with vacations in Europe; she had had one season in society; she was just back from a trip around the world. Her busy, absorbing life had given her no time to revisit the narrow green valley where she had spent so many of her childhood's holidays. But now a whim for self-analysis, a desire to learn if the old glamour about the lovely enchanted region still existed for her weary, sophisticated maturity, had made her break exacting social engagements and sent her back alone, from the city, to see how the old valley looked in the spring.

Her disappointment was acute. The first impression and the one which remained with her, coloring painfully all the vistas of dim woodland aisles and sunlit brooks, was of the meagreness and meanness of the desolate lives lived in this paradise. This was a fact she had not noticed as a child, accepting the country people as she did all other incomprehensible elders. They had not seemed to her to differ noticeably from her delicate, æsthetic mother, lying in lavender silk negligées on wicker couches, reading the latest book of Mallarmé, or from her competent, rustling aunt, guiding the course of the summer colony's social life with firm hands. There was as yet no summer colony, this week in May. Even the big hotel was not open. Virginia was lodged in the house of one of the farmers. There was no element to distract her mind from the narrow, unlovely lives of the owners of that valley of beauty.

They were grinding away at their stupefyingly monotonous tasks as though the miracle of spring were not taking place before their eyes. They were absorbed in their barn-yards and kitchen sinks and bad cooking and worse dress-making. The very children, grimy little utilitarians like their parents, only went abroad in the flood of golden sunshine, in order to rifle the hill pastures of their wild strawberries. Virginia was no longer a child to ignore all this. It was an embittering, imprisoning thought from which she could not escape even in the most radiant vision of May woods. She was a woman now, with a trained mind which took in the saddening significance of these lives, not so much melancholy or tragic as utterly neutral, featureless, dun-colored. They weighed on her heart as she walked and drove about the lovely country they spoiled for her.

What a heavenly country it was! She compared it to similar valleys in Switzerland, in Norway, in Japan, and her own shone out pre-eminent with a thousand beauties of bold sky-line, of harmoniously "composed" distances, of exquisitely fairy-like detail of foreground. But oh! the

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Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

They were talking of her. "Well, you needn't," said the voice of Mrs. Pritchard. . . . "You can't get nothin' out'n her."—Page 475.

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wooden packing-boxes of houses and the dreary lives they sheltered!

The Pritchard family, her temporary hosts, summed up for her the human life of the valley. There were two children, inarticulate, vacant-faced country children of eight and ten, out from morning till night in the sunny, upland pastures, but who could think of nothing but how many quarts of berries they had picked and what price could be exacted for them. There was Gran'ther Pritchard, a doddering, toothless man of seventy-odd, and his wife, a tall, lean, lame old woman with a crutch, who sat all through the meal-times, speechlessly staring at the stranger, with faded gray eyes. There was Mr. Pritchard and his son Joel, gaunt Yankees, toiling with fierce concentration to "get the crops in" after a late spring. Finally there was Mrs Pritchard, worn and pale, passing those rose-colored spring days grubbing in her vegetable garden. And all of them silent, silent as the cattle they resembled. There had been during the first few days of her week's stay some vague attempts at conversation, but Virginia was soon aware that they had not the slightest rudiments of a common speech.

A blight was on even those faint manifestations of the æsthetic spirit which they had not killed out of their bare natures. The pictures in the house were bad beyond belief, and the only flowers were some petunias, growing in a pot, carefully tended by Grandma Pritchard. They bore a mass of blossoms of a terrible magenta, like a blow in the face to any one sensitive to color. It usually stood on the dining-table, which was covered with a red cloth. "Crimson! Magenta! It is no wonder they are lost souls!" cried the girl to herself.

On the last day of her week, even as she was trying to force down some food at the table thus decorated, she bethought herself of her old haunt of desolate peace on the mountain-side. She pushed away from the table with an eager, murmured excuse, and fairly ran out into the gold and green of the forest, a paradise lying hard by the pitiable little purgatory of the farm-house. As she fled along through the clean-growing maple-groves, through stretches of sunlit pastures, azure with bluets, through dark pines, red-carpeted by last year's needles, through the flickering, shadowy-patterned birches, she cried out to all this beauty to set her right with the world of her fellows, to ease her heart of its burden of disdainful pity.

But there was no answer.

She reached the deserted clearing breathless, and paused to savor its slow, penetrating peace. The white birches now almost shut the house from view; the barn had wholly disappeared. From the finely proportioned old doorway of the house protruded a long, grayed, weather-beaten tuft of hay. The last utilitarian dishonor had befallen it. It had not even its old dignity of vacant desolation. She went closer and peered inside. Yes, hay . . . the scant cutting from the adjacent old meadows . . . had been piled high in the room which had been the gathering-place of the forgotten family life. She stepped in and sank down on it, struck by the far-reaching view from the window. As she lay looking out, the silence was as insistent as a heavy odor in the air.

The big white clouds lay like stepping-stones in the sky's blue river, just as when she was a child. Their silver-gleaming brightness blinded her. . . . "*Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh . . . warte nur . . . balde . . . ruhest . . . du . . .*" she began to murmur, and stopped, awed by the immensity of the hush about her. She closed her eyes, pillowed her head on her upthrown arms and sank into a wide, bright reverie, which grew dimmer and vaguer as the slow changeless hours filed by.

She did not know if it were from a doze, or but from this dreamy haze that she was wakened by the sound of voices outside the house, under the window by which she lay. There were the tones of a stranger and those of old Mrs. Pritchard, but now flowing on briskly with a volubility unrecognizable. Virginia sat up, hesitating. Were they only passing by, or stopping? Should she show herself or let them go on? In an instant the question was settled for her. It was too late. She would only shame them if they knew her there. She had caught her own name. They were talking of her.

"Well, you needn't," said the voice of Mrs. Pritchard. "You can just save your breath to cool your porridge. You can't get nothin' out'n her."

"But she's travelled 'round so much, seems's though . . ." began the other woman's voice.

"*Don't* it?" struck in old Mrs. Pritchard assentingly, "But 'tain't so!"

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Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

Virginia heard congratulations over the berries and exclamations over their sun-flushed cheeks. "Why, Susie, you look like a pickled beet in your face. Set down, child, an' cool off."—Page 478.

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The other was at a loss. "Do you mean she's stuck-up and won't answer you?" Mrs. Pritchard burst into a laugh, the great, resonant good-nature of which amazed Virginia. She had not dreamed that one of these sour, silent people could laugh like that. "No, *land* no, Abby! She's as soft-spoken as anybody could be, poor thing! She ain't got nothin' to say. That's all. Why, I can git more out'n any pack-peddler that's only been from here to Rutland and back than out'n her . . . and she's travelled all summer long for five years, she was tellin' us, and last year went around the world."

"Good land! Think of it!" cried the other, awe-struck. "China! An' Afriky! An' London!"

"That's the way we felt! That's the reason we let her come. There ain't no profit in one boarder, and we never take boarders, anyhow. But I thought 'twould be a chance for the young ones to learn something about how foreign folks lived." She broke again into her epic laugh. "Why, Abby, 'twould ha' made you die to see us the first few days she was there, tryin' to get somethin' out'n her. Italy, now . . . had she been there? 'Oh, yes, she *adored* Italy!'" Virginia flushed at the echo of her own exaggerated accent. "Well, we'd like to know somethin' 'bout Italy. What did they raise there? Honest, Abby, you'd ha' thought we'd hit her side th' head. She thought and she *thought*, and all she could say was 'olives.' Nothing else? 'Well, she'd never noticed anything else . . . oh, yes, lemons.' Well, that seemed kind o' queer vittles, but you can't never tell how foreigners git along, so we thought maybe they just lived off'n olives and lemons; and Joel he asked her how they raised 'em, and if they manured heavy or trusted to phosphate, and how long the trees took before they began to bear, and if they pruned much, and if they had the same trouble we do, come harvest time, to hire hands enough to git in th' crop."

She paused. The other woman asked, "Well, what did she say?"

The echoes rang again to the old woman's great laugh. "We might as well ha' asked her 'bout the back side of th' moon! So we gave up on olives and lemons! Then Eben he asked her 'bout taxes there. Were they on land mostly and were they high and who 'sessed 'em and how 'bout school tax. Did the state pay part o' that? You see town meetin' being so all tore up every year 'bout taxes, Eben he thought 'twould be a chance to hear how other folks did, and maybe learn somethin'. Good land, Abby, I've set there and 'most died, trying to keep from yellin' right out with laugh to see our folks tryin' to learn somethin' 'bout foreign parts from that woman that's travelled in 'em steady for five years. I bet she was blindfolded and gagged and had cotton in her ears the hull time she was there!"

"Didn't she tell you anythin' 'bout taxes?"

"Taxes? You'd ha' thought 'twas bumble-bees' hind legs we was askin' 'bout! She ackshilly seemed s'prised to be asked. Land! What had she ever thought 'bout such triflin' things as taxes. She didn't know how they was taxed in Italy, or if they was . . . nor anywhere else. That what it come down to, every time. She didn't know! She didn't know what kind of schools they had, nor what the roads was made of, nor who made 'em. She couldn't tell you what hired men got, nor *any* wages, nor what girls that didn't get married did for a living, nor what rent they paid, nor how they 'mused themselves, nor how much land was worth, nor if they had factories, nor if there was any lumberin' done, nor how they managed to keep milk in such awful hot weather without ice. Honest, Abby, she couldn't even say if the houses had cellars or not. Why it come out she never was *in* a real house that anybody lived in . . . only hotels. She hadn't got to know a single real person that b'longed there. Of course she never found out anything 'bout how they lived. Her mother was there, she said, and her aunt, and that Bilson family that comes to th' village summers, an' the Goodriches an' the Phippses an' the . . . oh, sakes alive, you know that same old crowd that rides 'roun' here summers and thinks to be sociable by sayin' how nice an' yellow your oats is blossomin'! You could go ten times 'roun' the world with them and know less 'bout what folks is like than when you started. When I heard 'bout them being there, I called Eben and Joel and Em'ly off and I says, 'Now, don't pester that poor do-less critter with questions any more. How much do the summer folks down to th' vil-

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lage know 'bout the way we live?' Well, they burst out laughin', of course. 'Well, then,' I says, ''tis plain to be seen that all they do in winter is to go off to some foreign part and do the same as here,' so I says to them, same's I said to you, Abby, a while back, that they'd better save their breath to cool their porridge. But its awful solemn eatin' now, without a word spoke."

The other woman laughed. "Why, you don't have to talk 'bout foreign parts or else keep still, do ye?"

"Oh, it's just so 'bout everythin'. We heard she'd been in Washington last winter, so Eben he brisked up and tried her on politics. Well, she'd never heard of direct primaries, they're raisin' such a holler 'bout in York State; she didn't know what th' 'nsurgent senators are up to near as much as we did, and to judge by the way she looked, she'd only just barely heard of th' tariff." The word was pronounced with true New England reverence. "Then we tried bringin' up children, and lumberin' an' roads, an' cookin', an' crops, an' stocks, an' wages, an' schools, an' gardenin', but we couldn't touch bottom nowhere. Never a word to be had out'n her. So we give up, and now we just sit like stotin' bottles, an' eat—an' do our visitin' with each other odd minutes afterward."

"Why, she don't look to be half-witted," said the other.

"She ain't!" cried Mrs. Pritchard with emphasis. "She's got as good a headpiece, natchilly, as anybody. I remember her when she was a young one. It's the fool way they're brung up! Everythin' that's any fun or intrust, they hire somebody else to do it for 'em. Here she is a great strappin' woman of twenty-two or three, with nothing in the world to do but to trapse off 'cross the fields from mornin' to night—an' nobody to need her there nor here, nor anywhere. No wonder she looks peaked. Sometimes when I see her set and stare off, so sort o' dull and hopeless, I'm so sorry for her I could cry! Good land! I'd as lief hire somebody to chew my vittles for me and give me the dry cud to live off of as do the way those kind of folks do."

The distant call of a steam-whistle, silvered by the great distance into a flute-like note, interrupted her. "That's the milk-train, whistling for the Millbrook crossin'," she said. "We must be thinkin' of goin' home before long. Where be those young ones?" She raised her voice in a call as unexpectedly strong and vibrant as her laugh. "Susie! Eddie! Did they answer? I'm gittin' that hard o' hearin' 'tis hard for me to make out."

"Yes, they hollered back," said the other. "An' I see 'em comin' through the pasture yonder. I guess they got their pails full by the way they carry 'em."

"That's good," said Mrs. Pritchard with satisfaction "They can get twenty-five cents a quart hulled, off'n summer folks. They're savin' up to help Joel go to Middletown college in the fall."

"They think a lot o' Joel, don't they?" commented the other.

"Oh, the Pritchards has always been a family that knew how to set store by their own folks," said the old woman proudly, "and Joel he'll pay 'em back as soon as he gets ahead a little."

The children had evidently now come up, for Virginia heard congratulations over the berries and exclamations over their sun-flushed cheeks. "Why, Susie, you look like a pickled beet in your face. Set down, child, an' cool off. Grandma called you an' Eddie down to tell you an old-timey story."

There was an outbreak of delighted cries from the children and Mrs. Pritchard said deprecatingly, "You know, Abby, there never was children yet that wasn't crazy 'bout old-timey stories. I remember how I used to hang onto Aunt Debby's skirts and beg her to tell me some more.

"The story I'm goin' to tell you is about this Great-aunt Debby," she announced formally to her auditors, "when she was 'bout fourteen years old and lived up here in this very house, pretty soon after th' R'volution. There was only just a field or two cleared off 'round it then, and all over th' mounting the woods were as black with pines and spruce as any cellar. Great-aunt Debby was the oldest one of five children and my grandfather—your great-great-grandfather—was the youngest. In them days there wa'n't but a few families in the valley and they lived far apart, so when Great-aunt Debby's father got awful sick a few days after he'd been away to get some grist ground, Aunt Debby's mother had to send her 'bout six' miles through th' woods to the nearest house—it stood where the old Perkins barn is now. The man come back with Debby, but as soon as he saw great-

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grandfather he give one yell—'small-pox!'—and lit out for home. Folks was tur'ble afraid of it then an' he had seven children of his own an' nobody for 'em to look to if he died, so you couldn't blame him none. They was all like that then, every fam'ly just barely holdin' on an' scratchin' for dear life.

"Well, he spread the news and the next day, while Debby was helpin' her mother nurse her father the best she could, somebody called her over toward th' woods. They made her stand still 'bout three rods from 'em and shouted to her that the best they could do was to see that the fam'ly had vittles enough. The neighbors would cook up a lot and leave it every day in the fence corner and Debby could come and git it.

"That was the way they fixed it. Aunt Debby said they was awful faithful and good 'bout it and never failed, rain or shine, to leave a lot of the best stuff they could git in them days. But before long she left some of it there, to show they didn't need so much, because they wasn't so many to eat.

"First, Aunt Debby's father died. Her mother and she dug the grave in th' corner of th' clearin', down there where I'm pointin'. Aunt Debby said she couldn't never forget how her mother looked as she said a prayer before they shovelled the dirt back in. Then the two of 'em took care of the cow and tried to get in a few garden seeds while they nursed one of the children—the boy that was next to Debby. That turned out to be small-pox, of course, and he died and they buried him alongside his father. Then the two youngest girls, twins they was, took sick, and before they died Aunt Debby's mother fell over in a faint while she was tryin' to spade up the garden. Aunt Debby got her into the house and put her to bed. She never said another thing, but just died without so much as knowin' Debby. She and the twins went the same day, and Debby buried 'em in one grave.

"It took her all day to dig it, she said. They was afraid of wolves in them days and had to have their graves deep. The baby, the one that was to be my grandfather, played 'round while she was diggin', and she had to stop to milk the cow and git his meals for him. She got the bodies over to the grave, one at a time, draggin' 'em on the wood-sled. When she was ready to shovel the dirt back in, 'twas gettin' to be twilight, and she said the thrushes were beginnin' to sing—she made the baby kneel down and she got on her knees beside him and took hold of his hand to say a prayer. She was just about wore out, as you can think, and scared to death, and she'd never known any prayer, anyhow. All she could think to say was 'Lord—Lord—Lord!' And she made the baby say it, over and over. I guess 'twas a good enough prayer too. When I married and come up here to live, seems as though I never heard the thrushes begin to sing in the evening without I looked down there and could almost see them two on their knees.

"Well, there she was, fourteen years old, with a two-year-old baby to look out for, and all the rest of the family gone as though she'd dreamed 'em. She was sure she and little Eddie—you're named for him, Eddie, and don't you never forget it—would die, of course, like the others, but she wa'n't any hand to give up till she had to, and she wanted to die last, so to look out for the baby. So when she took sick she fought the small-pox just like a wolf, she used to tell us. She had to live, to take care of Eddie. She gritted her teeth and *wouldn't* die, though, as she always said, 'twould ha' been enough sight more comfortable than to live through what she did.

"Some folks nowadays say it couldn't ha' been small-pox she had, or she couldn't ha' managed. I don't know 'bout that. I guess 'twas plenty bad enough, anyhow. She was out of her head a good share of th' time, but she never forgot to milk the cow and give Eddie his meals. She used to fight up on her knees (there was a week when she couldn't stand without fallin' over in a faint) and then crawl out to the cow-shed and sit down flat on the ground and reach up to milk. One day the fever was so bad she was clear crazy and she thought angels in silver shoes come right out there, in the manure an' all, and milked for her and held the cup to Eddie's mouth.

"An' one night she thought somebody, with a big black cape on, come and stood over her with a knife. She riz up in bed and told him to '*git out!* She'd have to stay to take care of the baby!' And she hit at the knife so fierce she knocked it right out'n his hand. Then she fainted away agin. She didn't come to till mornin', and when she woke up she knew she was goin' to live. She always said her hand was all bloody that morning from a big cut in it, and she

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used to show us the scar—a big one 'twas, too. But I guess most likely that come from somethin' else. Folks was awful superstitious in them days, and Aunt Debby was always kind o' queer.

"Well, an' so she did live and got well, though she never grew a mite from that time. A little wizened-up thing she was, always; but I tell you folks 'round here thought a nawful lot of Aunt Debby! And, Eddie, if you'll believe it, never took the sickness at all. They say, sometimes, babies don't.

"They got a fam'ly to come and work the farm for 'em, and Debby she took care of her little brother, same as she always had. And he grew up and got married and come to live in this house and Aunt Debby lived with him. They did set great store by each other! Grandmother used to laugh and say grandfather and Aunt Debby didn't need no words to talk together. I was eight, goin' on nine—why, Susie, just your age—when Aunt Debby died. I remember as well the last thing she said. Somebody asked her if she was afraid. She looked down over the covers—I can see her now, like a old baby she looked, so little and so light on the big feather-bed, and she said, 'Is a grain o' wheat scared when you drop it in the ground?' I always thought that wa'n't such a bad thing for a child to hear said.

"She'd wanted to be buried there beside the others and grandfather did it so. While he was alive he took care of the graves and kept 'em in good order; and after I married and come here to live I did. But I'm gettin' on now, and I want you young folks should know 'bout it and do it after I'm gone.

"Now, here, Susie, take this pot of petunias and set it out on the head of the grave that's got a stone over it. And if you're ever inclined to think you have a hard time, just you remember Aunt Debby and shut your teeth and *hang on!* If you tip the pot bottom-side up, and knock on it with a stone, it'll all slip out easy. Now go along with you. We've got to be starting for home soon."

There was a brief pause and then the cheerful voice went on: "If there's any flower I do despise, it's petunias! But 'twas Aunt Debby's 'special favorite, so I always start a pot real early and have it in blossom when her birthday comes 'round."

By the sound she was struggling heavily to her feet. "Yes, do, for goodness' sakes, haul me up, will ye? I'm as stiff as a old horse. I don't know what makes me so rheumaticky. My folks ain't, as a general thing."

There was so long a silence that the girl inside the house wondered if they were gone, when Mrs. Pritchard's voice began again: "I do like to come up here! It minds me of him an' me livin' here when we was young. We had a good time of it!"

"I never could see," commented the other, "how you managed when he went away t' th' war."

"Oh, I did the way you do when you *have* to! I'd felt he ought to go, you know, as much as he did, so I was willin' to put in my best licks. An' I was young too—twenty-three—and only two of the children born then—and I was as strong as a ox. I never minded the work any! 'Twas the days after battles, when we couldn't get no news, that was the bad part. Why, I could go to the very spot, over there where the butternut tree stands—'twas our garden then—where I heard he was killed at Gettysburg."

"What did you do?" asked the other.

"I went on hoein' my beans. There was the two children to be looked out for, you know. But I ain't mindin' tellin' you that I can't look at a bean-row since without gettin' so sick to my stomach and feelin' the goose-pimples start all over me."

"How did you hear 'twan't so?"

"Why, I was gettin' in the hay—up there where the oaks stand was our hay-field then. I remember how sick the smell of the hay made me, and when the sweat run down into my eyes I was glad to feel 'em smart and sting—well, Abby, you just wait till you hear your Nathan'l is shot through the head and you'll know how I was—well, all of a sudden—somebody took the fork out'n my hand an'—an' said—'here, you drive an' I'll pitch'—and there—'twas—'twas——"

"Why Grandma Pritchard! You're——"

"No I ain't, either! I ain't such a fool, I hope! Why, see me cry like a old numskull! Ain't it ridic'lous how you can talk 'bout deaths and buryin's all right, and can't tell of how somebody come back from the grave without—where in th' nation is my handkerchief! Why, Abby, things ain't never looked the same to me from that minute on. I tell you—I tell you—*I was real glad to see him!*

"Good land, what time o' day do you

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suppose it can be? Susie! Eddie! Come, git your berries and start home!"

The two voices began to sound more faintly as the old woman's crutch rang on the stones. "Well, Abby, when I come up here and remember how I farmed it alone for four years, I say to myself that 'twan't only th' men that set the slaves free. Them that stayed to home was allowed to have their share in the good—" The syllables blurred into an indistinguishable hum and there fell again upon the house its old mantle of silence.

As if aroused by this from an hypnotic spell, the girl on the hay sat up suddenly, pressing her hands over her eyes; but she did not shut out a thousand thronging visions. There was not a sound but the loud throbbing of the pulses at her temples; but never again could there be silence for her in that spot. The air was thick with murmurs which beat against her ears. She was trembling as she slipped down from the hay and, walking unsteadily to the door, stood looking half-wildly out into the haunted twilight.

The faint sound of the brook rose liquid in the quiet evening air.

There where the butternut tree stood, had been the garden!

The white birches answered with a rustling stir in all their lightly poised leaves.

Up there, where the oaks were, had been the hay-field!

The twilight darkened. Through the forest, black on the crest of the overhanging mountain, shone suddenly the evening star.

There, before the door, had stood the waiting wood-sled!

The girl caught through the gathering dusk a gleam of magenta from the corner of the clearing.

Two hermit thrushes, distant in the forest, began to send up their poignant antiphonal evening chant.

KISA-GÔTAMI

By Arthur Davison Ficke

YOUNG Kisa-Gôtami, the purely fair
As a white pearl brought from the unknown caves
Of sparkling sea—she who was late the song
Within her father's house—now being wed,
Bore a frail man-child; in whose little face
The flickering light of life for one day shone
And then departed like a mystery.

Thereupon, when her strength had half returned,
Still clasping to her breast the lifeless form
None dared take from her, Kisa-Gôtami
Wandered the streets; as though her weary feet
Sought for some marvel, seen in vision strange,
Which should restore the child and to a dream
Turn the bewildered anguish of her soul.
When noon was golden down the waving fields,
And when the purple shadows of the dusk
Crept from the hills, still the poor traveller
Stayed not her aimless passagings, distraught,
Wandering with the wandering moon. At dawn,
Passing beyond the borders of the town,
Unto a grove of pipal trees she came
On a low hill-side; where Siddhartha—whom
Light smote in Gaya with revealing beam
And men thereafter called the Buddha—risen

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For meditation in the clear sweet air
Of early morning, sat in deep repose.
And looking with wild eyes up to his face,
Whereon the aspect of a holy man
Brooded ineffably, a sudden flood
Of utterance from her long-unopened lips
Poured—as a river, feeling close ahead
The presence of the wide infinite sea,
Rolls with a sudden and importunate gush
Its troubled current into the calm deep.

"O Lord, my grief exceeds all mortal grief.
I shall not ever look on peace again
Unless I find the herb. Somewhere on earth
It must be growing now. Thy face is kind,
And wise as with great knowledge. I am worn
With seeking; and I am not wise. O Lord,
Can'st thou not help me in my hour of pain?"

To her the Buddha, with compassionate eyes,
Spake—"What is this thou seekest?"

And she said—
"I seek the herb that bringeth life again,"
While her glance touched the dead child in her arms.

Then the deep eyes of Buddha dwelt on her,
Seeming to fold her in a brooding gaze
Of comprehension and profoundest thought,
Wherein the tides of pity rose and fell
And swept beyond her; as his inward sight
Opened on wider vistas and beheld
The web of sorrow that enfolds the world.
Until at length his musings died away;
And his heart saw her like a pitiful dove
Smitten and sinking in the lost abyss.

Gently he looked upon her, and then spake.—

"Be thou not troubled: let the dawnlight lay
Cool fingers on thy brow: go thou in peace
Into the city; there a simple herb
Thou shalt procure—a little mustard-seed,
The commonest thing that grows. Of such is made
The cure for all thy grief, and this thy child.
Heed only this—if from its strength shall come
Aught that may profit thee in thy desire,
Thou must obtain it from a happy home
Wherein no child nor spouse nor sire has died."

Then Kisa-Gôtami, white gentle one,
Laughed loud for joy, crying—"I go, I go."
With simple trust, before the Buddha's feet
She laid the dead child; and then turned in haste
And sped unto the city with light steps,
Nor looked behind her.

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And the Buddha sat
Brooding upon the hill-side; strange slow thoughts
Dwelt in his eyes, and voiceless mysteries
Swept o'er his brow like cloud-shadows that move
Across the silent mountain-slopes at noon.
Thus meditation ruled upon his soul
While the dawn spent its pale and gorgeous gleams,
And morning rose out of the wine-hued east
Into a dome of turquoise, and the sun
Measured its noontide height to sink again
Slowly to westward.

Softly from the west
Came the first evening breath; and with it came,
Out of the city, Kisa-Gôtami,
With quiet steps. And in her eyes the light
Glimmered less wildly under the pale brow,
As to the Buddha she held out her hands—
Empty: she smiled; and tears fell; and she spake.—

"O Lord, my search is ended, and I know.
Unto each home I went, and begged of each
A little boon—a grain of mustard-seed.
And all with uttermost kindness would have given,
Save that I asked if child or spouse or sire
Out of their midst had died; and every house
Replied—'Nay, we have lost a well-loved one.'
From door to door I passed, but still the same.
Until at length a grave and aged man
Answered me—'Child, the living are but few,
The dead are many.' And the sudden thought
Filled me of all the other mourning hearts;
And in the great grief I became but one—
A tiny mote amid immensities
Of the world's sorrow; and their kinship spread
Like a warm cloak around me: I beheld
All other burdened souls stretch out to me
Infinite sisterhood. That which was I
Ceased then to be; I knew myself a part
Lost in the greater life. And lo! my soul
Seemed purged and lightened and no more afraid
Ever of the pain that filled it. Now I come
To bear my dead unto my home again,
And give him sepulture, and strew young flowers,
And reassume what life may hold."

Deep speech
Trembled upon the Buddha's lips, and ebbed
As ebbs a great tide on a starless shore.
And stretching forth his hand, in the last dusk
Of ghostly twilight, he, with voice wherein
Dwelt all the joys and sorrows of the world
And the wild bitterness and the final calm,
Spake gently—"My disciple, go in peace."

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IN DEFENCE OF THE AMERICAN CITY

By Frederic C. Howe

THE belief is very general that the city is our most conspicuous political failure. I question if this is true. Men feel more hopeless about the city than they do about the State or the nation. I believe this is not justified. It is a commonplace that our cities are inefficient, if not generally corrupt. I believe this opinion is greatly exaggerated.

And the causes generally assigned for these conditions are, first, the indolence of the voter; second, the prevalence of partisan politics; and, third, personal self-interest and the absorption of the American people in money-making. These, in substance, are the reasons assigned by Mr. James Bryce as the causes of our political failures.

I do not believe these are what the lawyer would call the "proximate causes" of our municipal failures. They are rather secondary causes, possibly results which follow from antecedent conditions. They are personal, political, ethical explanations of what a more thorough analysis will show to be economic, social, and institutional faults.

In the first place, we are not fair in our judgment of the American city. Our standards are taken from the continent of Europe. We compare the cleanliness, orderliness, and beauty of the German city with the disorder, dirt, and ugliness of our own. We forget that the American city is, for the most part, a very new thing. It was born but yesterday. And it is an industrial child. The cities of Europe, on the other hand, have centuries of tradition. They were planned as capital cities, as the *Hauptstaedte* of kings, princes, and feudal overlords, rather than as industrial centres. Continental towns were but part of a feudal domain. Dresden, Munich, Mannheim, and Düsseldorf were planned by their rulers much as a retired business man might plan an estate in this country. Moreover, most of the cities of Europe were old before our cities were born. They have a heritage of love, veneration, and beauty, and they delight in this heritage.

With the exception of those of the seaboard, our cities are new. They have grown from village to town, and from town to city, with little expectation of a larger growth. Street has been laid by street to meet the demands of business. Officials are still absorbed in the most elementary problems. Highways have to be paved, sewered, and kept in repair. School-houses must be built to keep pace with the inrush of people. The American city is not unlike the first generation of pioneers which built its dugouts on the prairies as protection from the storm. Our cities have not had time to become cities. They are mere aggregations of individuals, having no racial ties in common, and few political, industrial, or social traditions which make for cohesion. All these things must be taken into consideration in our criticism of the American city. They explain in part the difference between our cities and those of the Old World.

There are still other considerations to be borne in mind in our criticism of the city. There are legal limitations which burden officials and render development almost impossible. By far the most serious of these burdens on the city is its poverty of power. It has no autonomy, no home rule, little authority to act in a sovereign way. Our cities are not free to solve their problems as they will. Charters have been drawn for the most part by legislatures distrustful of the city or by special interests solicitous only of property or special privileges in danger of regulation or control. These interests include street-railway, gas, electric-light, and telephone companies, steam railroads, docks, factories, and tenements, all of which are politically powerful and all of which readily combine to maintain a supremacy above and beyond the law. They oppose any generous grant of power to the cities. They fear municipal ownership or competition. They ward off regulation and control. The tax rate is limited. So is the bonded indebtedness. Cities cannot undertake any large enterprises until they first carry on an exhaustive campaign before the legislature or for a

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constitutional amendment. By the time the power has been secured, the administration which promoted it has passed out of office or the opportunity for its use is no longer available.

The powers of the city have been kept down to routine functions, while the rights of individual property have been invested with a sacredness that is almost inviolable. The city cannot control the laying out or planning of streets or suburban allotments; it cannot determine the nature, style, or height of structures. The orderly growth of the city is left to the selfish, unregulated interest of land speculators and builders. Comprehensive planning or the development of a big municipal programme is impossible.

Even the details of police and health administration, the method of building, cleaning, and repairing streets, of controlling slums, factories, and tenements, are narrowly prescribed by laws which follow many years beyond the evils to be regulated. Nor has the city any large control over transportation, over the public utility corporations, over the building of docks, harbor, and terminals which supply the services of transit, light, heat, and power.

Nor can the city frame its own machinery of government. In many States, all cities, no matter what their size, are compelled to adopt a uniform charter. In others, partisan, political, or other considerations lead to special legislation designed in the interest of individuals, a party, or a class. The American city is a ward of the State, not unlike the infant in chancery, which the legislature watches over as though it were unable to care for itself. It is the Cinderella of our politics. It is distrusted by some, treated by many as if it were an evil in itself.

In the sense we think of the cities of Greece, mediæval Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands, the American city is not a city at all. It is an agent of the State like a county, a township, or some other local civil division. Many of our city failures should be laid on the principal, not on the agent; on the State, not on the municipality.

This servitude of the city to the State is the heaviest burden it has to carry. The wonder is, not that our cities have done so badly, but that they have done so well.

Nearly all the really great cities of the world have been free cities. Athens was free, and Athens produced the wonderful city civilization that has inspired subsequent centuries. Her people had a city sense, a city pride in their city state. Rome, too, was free, as were the Roman communities, which dotted the civilized world. During the Middle Ages there sprang up in Italy, Germany, France, and the Netherlands cities that were little republics. They obtained their freedom from feudal overlords by purchase or conquest. Their merchant princes embellished these cities with magnificent halls, structures, and cathedrals that have remained the wonder of the modern world. Some idea of the magnificence of these mediæval cities is apparent in Brussels, Bruges, Ghent, and the old free cities of Nuremberg, Frankfurt, Hamburg, and Bremen.

Again, in the twentieth century, we find the freest of all cities in Germany. The municipality can do as it wills with itself. In an autocratic caste-controlled country the city has nearly absolute freedom. It can experiment as it wills. It can levy taxes as it chooses. It can own, regulate, or control street railways, gas, and other public services. It can build splendid docks, harbors, and opera-houses, theatres, art-galleries, and museums. It can promote education—primary, secondary, or higher education—in any way it sees fit, once it has satisfied the minimum standards of the state. There is no real limit to the amount it can raise in taxation or the way it secures it. No statute or constitution confines its bonded indebtedness to a low percentage of its assessed valuation. One finds German towns no larger than Buffalo, Pittsburg, or Indianapolis with a debt of one hundred and twenty dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars per head, or two or three times the per capita indebtedness of the American city.

Within its own confines, the German city is almost sovereign, nearly as sovereign as were the free Hanseatic towns of an earlier age. It can plan its growth far out in the suburbs, acquire forests and parkways, purchase interurban street railways and water powers, and build with the pride and love of the beautiful that inspired the merchant princes of mediæval times.

The German city is the most finished as well as the most efficient political agency in the modern world because it is free, free to experiment, free to have dreams and to

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realize these dreams in its own way. This awakens the people. It inspires them to effort. It gives them a sense of affection for their city like that which they have for the Fatherland. There is the greatest rivalry among German cities. They compete with one another to be centres of commerce, education, art, and culture. The phenomenal development of modern Germany is quite largely attributable to the unhampered freedom of her cities.

The American city labors under still another limitation that is not known abroad. Municipal administration is confused by sumptuary and excise questions which are a universal cause of trouble. They arise in almost every campaign. They divert city administrations. A large percentage of the people in our larger cities has little sympathy with the rigorous Sunday and excise laws enacted by distant State legislatures, and aimed at the control of the liquor traffic. New standards of what is right and wrong, to which the foreign population is not accustomed, and which are at variance with the desire of a large part of the working people, have lured the foreign-born population, the saloon-keeper, and their friends and allies into politics.

It is not a question of whether these excise laws are right or wrong. It is the alien issue which they raise that causes the trouble. For the laws passed by the State have to be enforced by city officials. And in most reform movements they are a "red herring" drawn across the administration. The saloon question is injected into the campaign. Candidates are called upon to declare in advance whether they will enforce the State laws and use the police force in the interest of crusades and a policy of repression. These issues are emphasized by a large portion of the community to the exclusion of every other question. The big questions of efficient administration are lost sight of. An honest candidate cannot evade the question, and if he declares for the vigorous enforcement of State laws, he cements against him an organization of the underworld, those of liberal views and traditions, whose instinct is for the enjoyment of pleasures or privileges which they look upon as a natural right.

This excise issue does not enter into municipal politics in Europe. City administration is free from this confusing issue which wrecks many of our reform movements. The emphasis abroad is upon the bigger questions of city administration.

There is yet another word to be said in extenuation of the American city, and that relates to our political tools. For the most part they are very unworkable. That is the intention of many of our city charters. They are not adjusted to democracy, which has at most a biennial chance at their control. They are adjusted to those who have the means and the time to devote to politics. Our city charters are complicated. Elections are frequently held along with State and national ones when the attention of the voter is centred on other questions. The local election is merely accidental. Moreover, the charter itself is confusing. The mayor hides behind the council, the boards which manage the various departments, boards which are frequently selected by the State or other officials over whom the people have no control. Relatively simple as is the charter of New York, I doubt if there are more than a few hundred people who know, or are in a position to find out, the powers of the various officials. They would not understand the charter if they read it.

Possibly the worst evil of all is the long ballot, which confuses all save those who have sufficient time and interest to secure the nomination and election of their own representatives to office. With from forty to fifty names in each column, and with national and State questions of commanding importance before the voter, and with a charter which only the initiated can understand, it is not greatly to his discredit if the man on the street votes a straight ticket or washes his hands of the city election as an inextricable and hopeless problem.

In recent years two movements have made great headway for the correction of these institutional or political evils. One is the commission plan of city government, the other is the principle of direct legislation. The commission plan is simple, direct, and comprehensive. It involves the election of three or five men who are intrusted with all legislative and executive functions. There is no attempt to maintain the tripartite distribution of power, which has been a political fetich since the making of the Federal Constitution. In many cities party emblems have been abolished. The names of candidates bear no partisan designation. In the cities of the West, where this experi-

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ment has had a fair trial, one hears the comment from business men that "You can understand the city now. It is being run just as I run my business. There is no mystery about it." The traditions of inefficiency and graft have been almost forgotten and the city seems to have acquired a new reputation by the mere alteration in the tools with which the people govern themselves.

Responsiveness and responsibility have been secured through the initiative, referendum, and the recall. These have awakened a feeling of power on the part of the voter that has changed the psychology of the city still further. The voter feels that he can get what he wants when he wants it sufficiently hard. And he rests easy in the knowledge that nothing very bad can be done because of the final veto which he holds over legislation as well as over the officials whom he has chosen to do his work for him.

Many of our reforms in America come in through the back door. The commission form of government abolished at one stroke the long blanket ballot, the party emblem, and the old party convention. We have come close to the methods of nomination and election in the English and German cities by throwing on the scrap-heap the American idea that safety is only to be secured through a wide distribution of power and responsibility and the preservation of a system of checks and balance between officials.

In England, when an elector goes to the polls at a municipal election he votes for but one office, a member of the city council. The ballot is as short as it can be made. He is not confused by candidates for Parliament, not even by a school ticket. Elections for these offices are held on another year. The same thing is true in Germany. Moreover, the system of administration in Germany and England is so simple that any citizen can understand it. In England he knows that his councilman represents him; that he can secure a hearing either before the proper committee or the manager of a department in which he is interested. The same thing is true in Germany.

There is another burden on the American city from which the cities of Germany and England are free. Our cities suffer greatly from the political activities of the public utility corporations that use our streets under franchises and grants from the council. Their most valuable asset is frequently the privilege of remaining free from regulation, from competition, or from municipal ownership. The rights they enjoy are of colossal value. They have been heavily capitalized. Their stocks and bonds have been sold in expectation of freedom from control. The securities are owned by banks and trust companies or held by them as collateral for loans.

These corporations constantly seek to control the city government. They contribute to campaign funds, select the party committee, and are influential in the party organization. They are consulted when nominations are made for the mayoralty, for tax assessors, and for members of the city councils. They are influential in city conventions and in alliance with the city boss. Their pecuniary interest lures them into politics. They fear direct primaries, the abolition of party emblems, the initiative and the referendum, and any change in the machinery of government which puts an end to the confusion which only they can understand.

Disclosures in a dozen cities have traced the control of the city to the doors of these corporations. Their interest in politics is inevitable. They are in constant contact with the departments of public works, of streets, and of taxation. Loss of this control may involve an increase of millions in taxes. It may mean they will be compelled to place their conduits underground, to pave streets which they injure, to reduce their rates and charges. In a hundred different ways they are dependent on the goodwill of public officials. And it is of the utmost importance to them to control the party organizations, the machinery of nomination, and those who have favors to grant or whose hostility they fear.

Unfortunately, this political activity does not end here. Those who own the public utility corporations are interested in the banks as well. The favors they have to grant run into the business of the city. They very generally own or control a portion of the press, or through advertising patronage are able to coerce the newspapers into silence or activity in their behalf. The social clubs, professions, and the avenues of political and social advancement are in the hands of the same class. How completely this organization can be used to destroy any man who dares to challenge its

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power has been shown in such cities as Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, San Francisco, and elsewhere. During the controversies in these cities lines were drawn as in the border cities during the Civil War. Old friendships were sundered, business men were boycotted, and all thought of city matters was suspended until the duel between the public and private forces was at an end.

This conflict of public and private interests excludes much of the talent and ability of the city from active service in city politics. Business men dare not enter the council because of this conflict of interests. Nor can the professional man. He knows that his friends and business associates are interested in some one of these corporations. He may disapprove of their methods, but he either does not dare or does not care enough to undertake the cost which a conflict involves. It is this and the distrust on the part of the people of those who are identified with large business interests that keeps the business and professional man out of city politics.

That capable and successful men are not excluded from local politics by democracy is seen in the fact that our school and library boards are filled with men of this class. When free to do so they serve their community gladly without pay and with the utmost self-sacrifice. And the public is willing to trust them and is glad to do so in such places. But it is equally true that the people do not trust the business man in those positions where franchise interests are involved. They fear the influence of association, of prejudice against the rights of the public, and refuse to return business men to the council or to executive positions.

The efficiency, the honesty, and the comparative freedom from criticism of those departments of our cities which have no relations with the privileged interests strongly support the conviction that the failures of our cities are not due to democracy so much as to the ascendancy of privileged business. For wherever democracy is free, wherever there are no prizes to be gained from the control of the agencies of government, in the schools, the parks, and the library departments, we secure efficiency of a high order. On the other hand, where business interests fear efficiency, where honesty is not compatible with the preservation of special privileges, there we have not only inefficiency but dishonesty as well.

We have generally ignored these burdens in our criticisms of the American city. They are limitations which the European city has never known. The franchises of the public utility corporations in England are under the control of Parliament. They are granted not by the city, but by a special legislative act after local inquiry has been made. The city has practically no control over franchise questions. Moreover, most of the British and German cities own the street-railway, electric-lighting, and water companies, while more than sixty per cent of the gas plants in Great Britain are in public hands.

Of the fifty largest cities in Great Britain and Germany, the following number own their public utility services:*

	GREAT BRITAIN	GERMANY
Water supply	39	48
Gas supply	21	50
Electricity supply	44	42
Street railways	42	23
Slaughter-houses	23	43

These cities have been freed from the conflict of interest which divides the American city into classes, a conflict which detaches and identifies the most influential portion of our people from the city.

It is these causes rather than the indifference of our people, the absorption in money-getting, or the prevalence of partisanship in city elections that seem to me to explain our cities. The causes are economic and social, rather than personal or ethical. They are traceable to the injection of false issues, to confusing machinery, and the absence of that opportunity for city building that lures big men into politics and awakens people to a love for that which they believe to be their own. These, it seems to me, are the "proximate causes" of our failures. And until we have given our cities home rule, so that the talent and patriotism of the city can express itself; until we have freed our cities from the petty charter limitations placed upon them by the State; until we have given democracy tools that are simple, direct, and easily understood, and made it possible for the skill and talent of the community to engage in local affairs without that duality of interest that now exists; until we have done these things, we

* Taken from "Municipal Year Book of Great Britain for 1909" and the "Kommunales Jahrbuch of Germany."

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should not cast up the accounts against democracy which we have never fairly or fully tried. Nor is it fair to assume that the American people are less able, less honest, or less intelligent in things political than the people of Great Britain and Germany, until we have had a fair test under comparable conditions.

Despite all these burdens the American city has achieved a degree of efficiency in certain departments that is equal to the best of any cities in the world. In some respects our cities are in advance of any in Europe. This is particularly true in the matter of taxation, bad as we think our taxing systems to be. The methods by which the city collects its revenue are as important, possibly more important, than the ways in which it spends it. And we collect our local revenues more justly than do any cities of Europe. This is one-half the problem of municipal administration. The bulk of our local taxes comes from an ad valorem tax on real estate. Probably fifty per cent of our revenues comes from land values alone. For many years the cities of Boston and New York have assessed their land and improvements with accuracy and far more scientifically than is done any place else in the world. For some years German cities have been adjusting their real-estate taxes to American methods. About 1889 the Prussian Interior Department authorized cities to assess the capital valuation of land rather than its rental value; to tax land at what it is worth rather than at what it is actually yielding. Cabbage-patches had been taxed on their income as cabbage-patches, even though the land was worth thousands of dollars an acre. Cities eagerly availed themselves of this opportunity. They adopted the American method (with some modifications) and greatly increased their revenues from real-estate values in consequence.

In Great Britain the cities have been struggling for years to get away from what is in effect a survival of the feudal system of collecting local rates or taxes from the occupier. An organization of five hundred cities and local authorities have petitioned Parliament over and over again to permit them to assess land values as is done in this country. For the English cities collect practically all their revenues from a tax on the tenant; *i. e.*, the city takes in taxes a certain percentage of the rent paid to the owner. If property is not rented, it pays no taxes. If land is not improved, it bears no burden.

The local taxing system of English cities is most unjust. It throws almost the whole burden on the poor. This, too, explains the terrible congestion, the tenements, and the slums. For land can be held out of use in and about the English cities and pay no taxes until it is actually built upon.

New York City alone secures a larger revenue from land values than do the much-heralded "unearned increment" taxes of all the cities of Germany and all the taxes of the revolutionary Lloyd George budget of 1909 combined. The total collections of New York City from this source amount to approximately sixty million dollars a year. I think it may fairly be claimed that we have made more progress in local taxation than have any cities of the world.

It must be remembered, too, that many activities of the American city are efficiently performed. Our library systems are models. In this we have been pioneers. The rapid development of public and private libraries, the extension of branches, the opening of reading-rooms and library centres, the use of pictures and children's departments show the possibilities of our municipal democracy—when the laws of the State permit it to grow as it will.

Commissions come to America to study our library methods just as commissions go from this country to Europe to study their municipal achievements. The park systems of our cities are of the same high order. Our development in recent years has been phenomenal. Not only are our parks generous in area, but they have been laid out by experts in a far-sighted way. The Boston system is said to be the most comprehensive of any in the world, while those of Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Kansas City, Denver, and a score of lesser cities compare favorably with those of any cities of Europe.

America, too, led the way in playground development, as well as in the wider use of the school-house and the social centre. The exhibits of the American city in these activities at the Berlin Town Planning Exposition were accepted as in advance of those of Europe.

From the very beginning our fire departments have been honestly and efficiently administered. These, too, have been mod-

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els for foreign cities. For the most part, they have been free from the spoils system. Merit has been recognized in the selection of chiefs. New appliances have been rapidly introduced and an *esprit du corps* has been created like that of the army and the navy.

Our common schools have always been a source of pride. Expenditure is generous. Teachers, for the most part, are well trained and school equipment is of an elaborate sort. Increased appropriations for high-schools, for technical, manual training, and kindergarten training have followed one another with great rapidity. Our schools are, for the most part, honestly administered, and with a relatively high degree of intelligence and foresight. All things considered, our schools are in advance of those of any country in Europe, with the possible exception of Germany and Denmark. It is in the technical and manual-training schools that the former country excels.

Within the past ten years the American city has awakened to the idea of city beautification, to the building of civic centres, the grouping of public buildings, and the erection of public structures on an ambitious scale. Nearly one hundred cities are engaged on projects of city planning, in the opening up of congested business centres, the building of boulevards in the suburbs, and the laying out of outlying land in an intelligent and far-sighted way. The colossal undertaking inspired by the Commercial Club, of Chicago, estimated to cost over one hundred and fifty million dollars, is comparable with the work of Baron Haussmann in Paris, under the direction of Napoleon III. Cleveland is carrying through a group of public buildings on the lake front at a cost of nearly fifteen million dollars. An old section of the city is being razed of buildings. The city hall, courthouse, public library, Federal building, and Union Station are being grouped about a downtown plaza opening on to Lake Erie. Philadelphia, Baltimore, Rochester, Buffalo, Hartford, and a score of cities have awakened to this idea within a very short period.

This sort of city building has seized hold of the imagination of the American city as has no other idea in a generation, and the generous response which democracy has made to the demand is a conclusive commentary on the desire of the people for a better city.

Moreover, entire cities are, for periods at least, practically free from that kind of vulgar graft with which we assume our cities are honey-combed. New York under its present administration is intelligently, honestly, and for the most part faithfully facing the problems of city administration. It is hampered by State laws and subject to legislative control in ways that prevent a big vision of city building. But for three years officials have been perfecting the city's administration so as to secure economy and efficiency in its expenditure.

Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Milwaukee, and a score of cities have been free from the scandals with which we associate city administration, while some of these cities have been governed with a high order of talent and service.

The most costly failures of our cities are not personal or political, as is usually assumed; they rather relate to the physical side of the city. We have not yet acquired that big-visioned outlook on city building that characterizes city administration in Germany, Austria, France, and, within the last few years, Great Britain as well. We have fixed our thoughts on political and legal problems to the neglect of the far more important physical things. We have not thought in city terms, have not begun to build cities, to consider comfort, convenience, and beauty. We have not controlled the harmonious development of the community with an eye to the future, and with our thoughts on coming generations. It is the absence of conscious city plans, it is our mistaken reliance on the free play of individualism, that has made our cities unattractive and wanting in the charm and comfort of those in Europe.

Officials of the American city have not yet realized that the city is a permanent thing, to be built for all time and, with a conscious, intelligent outlook on the needs of community life. We have failed to control property in the interest of the community, failed to assert the sovereignty of the city over things as we have over people. It is the economic foundations that have been neglected.

This is where we have most signally failed, and it is in these things that the next forward movement of our cities is to express itself, as it has in recent years in the wonderful cities that industrial Germany has built.

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THE TURNSTILE

BY A. E. W. MASON

XXV

COLONEL CHALLONER'S REVOLT

"WE will have to make a great stand next year, Rames," said Robert Brook. "We must organize. We have time, thank goodness. There are ten of us now. A lot more will join us."

"But will they vote? That's the point," returned Rames. "Will they vote against the government's bill on its second reading?"

"Oh, yes," Mr. Brook replied enthusiastically. "There are a lot of discontented people in our majority. We'll have voters—Challoner, for instance. Besides, you have friends."

Rames laughed.

"Yes, I know the kind of friends—fellows who come to you in your seat after you have spoken, pat you on the back, whisper that they are with you, and then troop like tame mice into the government lobby against you. I've watched them."

Brook, however, was not to be damped. He threw himself for the rest of that session into the work of organization. A halting speaker and an ineffectual personage, he had sat for twenty years in the House of Commons and was not tired of it. He was without distinction, he was the confidant of no minister, he was never caricatured, he was never the chairman of a committee, he rarely spoke. The recruits of each new Parliament took almost its duration before they assigned individuality to his features or honored him with a name. He was mediocrity's last word. But he had charming manners and won to a kind of friendly pity those whose acquaintance he gently made. He was born for private life, but the House of Commons had caught him as in a net. He had no other interests, he had no wife, he did not any longer even aspire to office. To be busy in the House of Commons—that was life-blood to him and a renewal of youth. His chance had come now. He hurried from man to man, discreet and furtive. He arranged private meetings. He hooked his little wagon to Rames's star. He approached Colonel Challoner.

Challoner, the party hack, was instinctively outraged. Was the list of ministers closed forever? No! But as he was about to repel Robert Brook's advances, the very holder of the office which he coveted stung him into revolt.

It was quite toward the end of the session. Colonel Challoner was walking through the division lobby late at night when he saw the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Charles Bradley, in front of him. There was some stir at the time because certain Indian emigrants had suffered in one of the disturbances of Southern Persia. Colonel Challoner hurried officiously to Mr. Bradley's side.

"Bradley," he said, "don't you think it would be good policy to repatriate those Indians at our expense? What?"

Mr. Bradley, a florid gentleman, youthfully middle-aged, with a sweet voice, a pompous manner, and perhaps a bare sufficiency of brains, turned to the colonel with condescending kindliness.

"As a member of the government," he said importantly, "I can no longer speak freely. Ah, my dear Challoner, I tell you I regret day after day that corner seat on the front bench below the gangway, and the opportunity of supplementary questions. But that happy time has gone. You might, if you like, raise the question on the adjournment or the Appropriation Bill next week. I could then reply to you."

Mr. Bradley smiled benignantly upon Colonel Challoner as from heights of sunrise, and passed on. He had grown very lordly since his elevation to office. Still, a few paces further on it seemed worth his while to stop until Challoner rejoined him. He did not notice that the colonel had grown rather red in the face.

"If you do raise the question, Colonel Challoner, could you introduce into your

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speech 'Civis Romanus sum'? I should like to hang my speech upon that. Thank you."

Even a party hack will turn if he be sufficiently trodden upon by minor ministers, and Colonel Challoner did now.

"Mr. Bradley," he asked with a most elaborate politeness, "have you ever calculated how many Under-Secretaries of State, past and present, there are alive to-day? Or how many of them have names which are even faintly familiar to the public?"

Mr. Bradley gasped and stared. This was Challoner—old Challoner—talking! Bradley was quite unprepared to cope with so unparalleled an outrage. The colonel actually went on, and in accents of raillery:

"'Civis Romanus sum.' Now, why quote a phrase so banal. Surely, Mr. Bradley, it has had its day. We can do better than that if we put our heads together. Civis Romanus sum! God bless my soul! But I am willing to help you with a tag of Latin. I will introduce another sentence. Balbus shall build a wall—upon my word he shall—and you can hang your speech onto that, and be damned to you."

Mr. Bradley, however, had suffered enough of this unseemliness. He hurried forward and passed between the clerks who recorded the votes with a heightened color. Colonel Challoner followed him. But he waited at the door for Robert Brook to emerge, and then drew him by the arm into the outer lobby.

"I have been thinking over what you proposed, Brook," he said. "Certainly, certainly, we must make a stand against Fanshawe's bill. We have a duty to our constituents. We must show the government we are not to be trifled with."

Robert Brook responded with warmth.

"I thought that upon reflection you would look upon it in that way. You will be a pillar of strength to us, Challoner."

"That's very good of you," said Challoner. After all, there were some, it seemed, who knew his worth. "We must meet in the autumn—just those on whom we can depend—and arrange a plan of campaign."

"Yes," said Brook. "But where? We want, don't you think, to mask our batteries until the time comes for opening fire. We might meet at Rames's house—but it is known that he is opposed to the measure." He looked invitingly at his new ally.

"Yes, I see, I see," said Colonel Challoner a little doubtfully. There was a proposal in his mind—he was not quite sure whether he would make it. It was a bold one—it was the burning of his boats.

"Well, why not?" he suddenly said. "Why not meet at my house in Dorsetshire? I have some partridges. They will provide the excuse. Let us meet in October Let me have the names and I'll quietly ask the men before the session ends."

Mr. Brook was delighted. He called mysteriously upon Harry Rames.

"We have got Challoner," he said.

Rames shook his head.

"He'll back out."

"I don't see how he can. He is asking us all to meet at Bramling in the autumn."

Harry Rames sat back in his chair.

"How in the world did you manage that, Brook? We must go, of course."

Challoner spoke to Rames that evening. "It's to be quite an informal little party," he said with a wink, and took Rames and Brook each by the arm. Now that he had tasted the delights of revolt, Colonel Challoner too was a different man. He lost his dreariness. No longer he moulted; no longer he dripped melancholy on all who stood near to him. He passed ministers with a high head and an arrogant smile. "We'll show 'em," he said. "Yes, sir, we'll show 'em." And as he saw Bradley approaching him, "Here's Civis Romanus," he cried in tones loud enough to carry to the Under-Secretary's ears. The Under-Secretary flushed and hurried on. Colonel Challoner had told his story freely, and Civis Romanus Mr. Bradley remained for the rest of that Parliament. Colonel Challoner resumed: "We'll meet on the eighth of October. A little partridge shoot, eh? Just a few of us, jolly fellows all. You'll bring your wife, Rames, won't you? The others will."

That was a precaution which had been suggested by Brook.

"Some one is sure to let out that we are meeting at Bramling," he said. "If the men go without their wives, the gathering will have the look of a conspiracy. With them it will just be an ordinary autumn shooting party."

"Quite so," said Rames.

The House rose at eleven o'clock that night, and when Harry went home, he found his wife just returned from a dinner party. She came with him into his study and while

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they sat and talked he told her that she too was to be included in the visit to Bramling. Cynthia's face clouded.

"I would rather not go," she said. "I don't think there is any need that I should."

"The other men will bring their wives."

"There will be enough then. It won't matter if one wife doesn't go."

She was looking at Harry Rames directly, but with a great disquiet in her eyes. Harry, however, persisted.

"I think you are wanted, Cynthia. We have a difficult job to keep these men together and agree upon a line of concerted action. Some women could be very useful at a juncture like this. You are one of them."

Cynthia rose with a quick movement to her feet. She stood before him, her broad forehead troubled, her lips mutinous and by her attitude she made all the more plain his need of her. The room was Rames's own study which had been lined with mahogany, and against the bright dark panelling, in her white dress, she gleamed slim and fair and beautiful as silver. Harry Rames looked her over with a smile. She was, as he put it to himself, exquisitely turned out. She had the grace and delicacy natural to a family nursed in good manners through a century, and with all her beauty she had simplicity and a desire to please.

"Yes, I want you, Cynthia," he said, and the blood rushed hot to her face and throat. She turned from him swiftly and went out of the open window onto a balcony which overhung their tiny square of garden. Rames's eyes followed her curiously. Something had gone wrong; that was clear. He could see her leaning over the rail in the darkness, her face between her hands.

Rames's survey of her had brought back to her recollection that distant morning by the wheat-field in South America when her father had looked her over horribly from head to foot and had valued her for a market. There had been just a touch of appraisement in her husband's look now. Almost she traced a resemblance in the two men's thoughts, the two men's examinations.

Harry left her to herself for a few minutes. Then he followed her:

"I think I understand, Cynthia," he said gently. "Of course it isn't a very high and lofty business we're engaged on. That's right enough. And when you consider the sort of people our party's going to be composed of—the dissatisfied, the ambitious, the timid, and just a few who believe Fanshawe's bill a bad thing—the manœuvre doesn't look very pretty. So if you don't want to go, don't."

But Cynthia had changed her mind.

"No. I'll come, Harry," she said. "It's too late to be half-hearted now. I'll certainly come."

She turned back into the room, and picking up her gloves from a table went upstairs. Harry Rames had no doubt that he had hit upon the reason of her disinclination to go to Bramling. But as Cynthia ran up the stairs she kept saying to herself nervously, like one who would frighten fear away with words:

"Perhaps no one will notice it. Very likely no one will notice it. And if they do, they will think it an accident."

She had not been considering at all the worthiness of these autumn manœvres. She had been thinking of a picture by Romney which hung in the dining-room of Bramling, a picture which she had never seen, but which yet she knew to be a portrait of herself. She had, however, promised to help in the making of the great career and this was one of its critical moments. It was, as she had said to Harry, too late to be half-hearted. If she failed him now, she failed him altogether. She must take the risk that others would notice the resemblance—and amongst the others, perhaps even her grandfather Colonel Challoner himself. To one determination, however, she clung. She would admit no kinship with the Challoners. Nothing should persuade her, neither the old man's loneliness nor his disappointed hopes. She held the name and the family in horror, though the name and the family were her own.

XXVI

THE PICTURE AT BRAMLING

BRAMLING is the very house for a conspiracy. It lies in Dorsetshire, hidden away at the back of the grass-walled town of Wareham on the road to nowhere. A stream runs past its door down to Poole Harbor, and its windows look across grass meadows to where the sea-cliffs lift against

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the sky. Hither through one October day came in old-fashioned flies and private motor-cars the inhabitants of the Cave—Cynthia amongst the last of them with a foot which hesitated to cross the threshold. There were thirty in all assembled in the drawing-room when the dinner-gong sounded, eighteen men and twelve women. Colonel Challoner, to Cynthia's satisfaction, had to give his arm to Lady Lorme, the wife of an ex-Under-Secretary of the home office who had quarrelled with his chief and resigned. She herself was taken in by Robert Brook. Reluctance and curiosity struggled for mastery within her as she entered the dining-room, and took her seat. She would not look up at the walls, yet she could hardly but look up, and she sought furtively around the dinner-table whether any noticed the picture and her resemblance to it. But no one was looking at any picture at all. Not a remark was made or a glance thrown to show her where it hung. She looked more boldly at her companions, and coming to a greater ease began with enjoyment to laugh at herself. Not one person at the table was devoting a thought to her at all. They were all very busy, drinking their soup and talking rapidly like uncomfortable people who fear that if once their speech flags, they will never find anything more to say. They were in truth an uncongenial company, held together by a single link, their eagerness to harass their own government. Even Robert Brook, who knew Cynthia well, was talking to her with incoherence in his agitation lest the gathering at Bramling should fail. She heard Sir Faraday Lorme, a big red-faced man of sixty with a bull-neck, say across the table to Charles Payne, one of the eight who genuinely thought Fanshawe's bill a bad experiment:

"Of course, as a rule, you know I don't act with you, but—" and the rest of the sentence was lost to her ears, but it seemed to her that fully half of those present might have said as much to their neighbors. Further along the table she caught sight of Mr. Andrew Fallon, a dark, white-faced man who had only joined them because his wife had been signally and publicly snubbed by the wife of a Cabinet Minister. Cynthia could see the wife on the opposite side of the table, a portly overdressed woman with an overbearing voice; and on behalf of all her sex she felt grateful to the Cabinet Minister's wife.

A singularly gentle voice drew her attention. She turned away from Robert Brook, to find at her other side Mr. Howard Fall.

"We have spoken in the lobby, Mrs. Rames," said Howard Fall timidly. "Captain Rames was kind enough to introduce me."

"Yes, indeed," said Cynthia. "Oh, I am glad that you are here."

To her Howard Fall was, with the exception of her husband, the most interesting man in the room. She welcomed his presence whole-heartedly. He was intellect, he was modesty. Even now at her implied compliment he was blushing like a young girl and his eyes shone with dog-like gratitude. Howard Fall was then about fifty years of age; and though he was but a contemporary of Harry Rames in the House of Commons, he had already acquired there a special place of high distinction. Of too acute and logical a mind to be a good party-man, he harried with a pleasant voice and most destructive criticism, now his own party, now his opponents. He had one great quality in common with Cynthia, he was quite without affectation. He would make a brilliant speech with extraordinary diffidence. But he made it, and a genuine word of praise or thanks delighted him, as a school-boy is delighted with a sovereign. With the mild manners of a curate he combined the courage of a soldier. If he had ideas to express—and he generally had—no thought of prudence could hinder him from expressing them. Indeed, he drew a gentle contentment from the knowledge that as a rule they were troublesome to those whom he nominally supported. Cynthia had heard him more than once from the ladies' gallery, and had admired his honesty and his courage. For the moment she was enheartened by his presence. It put confidence into her. With him to help, Harry might indeed put up a fight against Mr. Devenish.

"I didn't know," said Howard Fall, "that Captain Rames was going to speak against Fanshawe's bill. Otherwise, of course, I should have been in the House to support him"; and the "of course" struck all Cynthia's comfort from her. It was so significant of the man. He was born predestined always to revolt. Any party of two had him for a third. Cynthia glanced disconsolately to where her husband sat at the

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end of the table. But he showed no sign of misgiving. He was talking energetically to the four people nearest to him, and he only paused when her eyes rested upon his face. She turned away again and there above the head of Colonel Challoner, who was sitting exactly opposite to her, she saw at last the portrait glowing upon the wall.

For the moment she had forgotten it. Now it caught away her breath. She sat and stared at it. It was the portrait of a girl of seventeen, dressed in white from the big straw hat with its flapping brim to the shoes upon her feet. There was but one touch of color, a broad shining ribbon of bright blue looped about the crown of the hat, and thus dressed, the girl stood in a field of sunlight and corn, looking straight out from the picture, with a great curiosity and eagerness in her dark blue eyes. She seemed to be looking upon the gates of a world of wonder—gates which with a most tantalizing tardiness were slowly opening to let her through.

Was she herself indeed like that? The question rushed into Cynthia's mind. As pretty as that? It was impossible. Yet she had been recognized because of it. Just so then she must have looked that morning when after sending her neglected telegram to Captain Rames she had stood at the edge of the wheat on the Daventry estancia. Yet nobody recognized her now. She had the features of the girl in the portrait, the broad forehead, the straight delicate nose, the fair hair, the big dark blue eyes. Yet nobody recognized her. Perhaps, however, she had gone off. She was getting old. A gentle melancholy descended upon Cynthia. The fear lest her likeness to the girl in the picture should be remarked had quite gone since she had seen the picture. She was now rather hurt and indignant that no one had noticed it.

Lady Lorme gave the signal a little while afterward, and the ladies rose and left the men to their cigars and their discussion. Colonel Challoner opened the proceedings with a pompous, unnecessary little speech. He welcomed his guests, and he reminded them at considerable length of the object of the gathering. He concluded with a question as to whether any honorable member present had any views as to the best procedure to be adopted.

"Yes," said Harry Rames, "if I may make a suggestion. There are eighteen of us here. I propose that we now go carefully through the list of members and consider how many more we can get to join us, upon whom we can count. I have Vacher's list here"; and he drew out from his pocket the familiar little paper-covered book with the names and addresses of the members.

"I think that's the first thing to be done," a man agreed from the other end of the table. He was a Mr. Edgington, a little, square, bald man with short side-whiskers, who seemed a cross between an attorney and a stable-boy. He was one of the many men in the House who have a subject. He had mastered the Housing question; he really knew the facts, he had the figures at his fingers' ends, and he had counted upon his knowledge to take him straight through the doors of the Local Government Board. But the doors had remained closed, and he had turned gadfly in consequence—a gadfly that trumpeted but had no sting. "To be sure about the men who will stand out against the pressure of the Whips, who will not be frightened into line by their local Associations, who retain, in a word, some self-respect and some veneration for the independence of the House of Commons—that is our first requisite," he said floridly.

The company then went carefully through the list and marked off twenty fresh names as the names of men who might be inclined to join the revolt. It was arranged that discreet letters should be written to them on the following day, and Robert Brook was appointed secretary by an unanimous vote.

"Of course we sha'n't get them all," said Lorme.

"And of those we do get, some will shirk when the division bell rings," added Howard Fall.

"No doubt," said Rames. "But if we can carry thirty men into the opposition lobby on the second reading, we shall have made a demonstration which will go far to kill the bill. It will mean sixty on a division. It will leave the government with a comfortable majority. We all want that of course,"—a chorus of approval, more or less sincere, greeted the remark—"But it will also mean that the government will hardly be able to force the bill through its committee stages by a drastic use of the closure."

"Exactly," said a tall, bearded man with a strong Scotch accent, who up to this mo-

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ment had held his tongue. He represented a Northern town of Scotland, and was one of the eight who were opposed to the measure first and last because they believed it harmful to the country. "Exactly. The demonstration is very well, but if the bill is to be killed, we will have to kill it in committee. And to prepare for that must be our chief work here, Colonel Challoner."

"Yes," said Rames. "Mr. Monro is right. We must go word by word through those clauses of Fanshawe's bill, which we are fairly certain Devenish will incorporate in his measure. We must formulate amendments, and we ought, I think, to agree, to some extent, upon the speakers to move them. It will, of course, have to be a provisional arrangement—" and he was interrupted by a strident voice which belonged to a sandy-haired hunting-man with a broad red face who would have seemed totally out of place in any conspiracy.

"Yes. Devenish may sell us a pup. He's a deuce of a clever fellow is Devenish. Let him get wind of your partridges, Challoner, and he'll sell us a pup for a sure thing."

"All the more reason we should keep our gathering quiet," said Challoner. He looked round the table with an impatience which had been growing upon him during the last half-hour. "I think that's all we can do to-night."

"About all," said Monro. "There is just this suggestion I would like to make. I know a man whose business is land, and he is most experienced in it; and I thought that if you would like, I would send him a telegram to-morrow, and we could employ him to help us in framing these amendments. He is a partner in Beevis and Beevis, the land-agents in Piccadilly."

"By all means do," said Challoner. "We all agree to that, don't we? And now let us join the ladies."

He sprang up and opened the door like a man in a great hurry. When he entered the drawing-room, he crossed it at once to Cynthia's side.

"I was sorry, Mrs. Rames, that I couldn't take you in to dinner to-night. I would have liked very much that on your first evening at Bramling you should have come in with me. For, as you know, I somehow associate you with this house."

He looked at her with a very direct inquiry in his eyes. But Cynthia would not respond to it; and he sat at her side with a wistfulness in his voice and his words against which she had a little trouble to protect her heart. But she did, for she was alarmed. When she had met him before he had spoken rather as though he wished that they were related. To-night he spoke as if he suspected that they were.

Mr. Beevis arrived the next afternoon, and for the rest of the week, while the morning was given to the partridges and the amusements of the country, the afternoon and the evening found the Cave busy upon the bill. Amendments were formulated and shared out amongst them, whilst it was by general consent left to Rames to raise the question, first of all, on the Address at the beginning of the session and then to move the rejection of the bill later on when it came before the House upon its second reading. Good progress, in a word, was made, and, to the delight of all, no whisper of this conspiracy crept into any of the daily papers. They were examined anxiously every day upon their arrival at eleven, and laid down with relief. Cynthia could not but laugh.

"I never would have believed that you could have found so many members of Parliament reluctant to see their names in the papers," she said to her husband.

"Yes, it's astonishing what modesty they can develop," he replied.

But though Cynthia laughed, the work, the concealments, the sort of restrained excitement which was diffused through the house, began to have their effect upon her. She was getting color into her life at last, she assured herself, even if it was only a dingy color. Moreover, she had the opportunity to compare her husband with his rivals in the career. Indeed, he had but one real rival in that House, Howard Fall. And though he lacked the subtlety of his intellect, he had a swifter initiative, a more telling vigor of phrase. As for the rest he stood head and shoulders above them all, and they knew it and looked to him to lead them. If he did not share the strong convictions of the honest men, he overtopped them by sheer ability, and as to the others he knew nothing either of their malice or their fear. Thus they all came hopefully to the last day of their visit; and then at one o'clock in the day the thunderbolt fell.

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It was a Sunday and the whole party had just settled down to luncheon when the whir of a motor-car floated into the room. It was followed by the sound of a door opening and shutting, a pleasant and familiar voice was heard to inquire for Colonel Challoner, and the next moment, ushered in by the butler, Mr. Devenish entered the room. Consternation ran round that luncheon-table like a wind across a field of corn. Colonel Challoner sprang up hastily with every sign of discomfort.

"My dear Devenish. I am delighted to see you, I am sure. You are just in time for luncheon." He called to the butler to lay another place at his side. "I didn't know you were in the neighborhood. You should have let me know."

"I didn't mean to do that," said Devenish dryly. He ran his eye from face to face with a twinkling glance. Cynthia herself could hardly restrain a laugh. The independent members of the nation's Parliament looked so singularly like a set of school-boys caught by a master in the planning of a rebellion.

"Quite a large party, eh, Challoner?" he said with a smile.

"Yes, yes," replied the colonel. "The partridges, you know."

"Ah, the partridges, to be sure. But I didn't know that Howard Fall shot at anything but ministers. And even they only get winged, eh, Fall?"

Mr. Devenish strolled round the table and shook hands with Fall. Fall, however, was one of the few who was quite undisturbed.

"Yes, but I am looking to practice to improve my shooting," he said.

A place was now laid for Devenish. Colonel Challoner called to him.

"Will you come and sit here, Devenish?"

"Certainly," replied the smiling minister. "But I should first of all like to shake hands with all my friends"; and quite slowly he walked round the table and shook hands with each of the men present and those of the ladies whom he knew. He was in the best of tempers, he had a cordial word for every one except for Captain Rames. To him he merely said:

"Ah!" and the accent of his voice had in it no note of surprise. It was the ejaculation of a man establishing something which he had suspected. Then he walked to his place and sat down.

"There are eighteen members of Parliament, Challoner," he said pleasantly. "I hope that I have forgotten no one. Let me see!" Again his eye ranged round the table, obviously registering in his memory the identity of Challoner's guests. "No, eighteen members of Parliament. Have you got a partridge left?"

Rames leaned forward and met smile with smile.

"We have just left one for next year," he said, "and we have been making a careful note of the piece of land on which we think we shall get him."

Howard Fall was delighted. For he loved courage. But the others of that company were more than ever confused and disconcerted.

"He's giving us away," said one of the weak-kneed in an indignant whisper to Andrew Fallon. Fallon's white face was twisted in a grin.

"He's cutting down the bridge behind you, my friend. And I don't think he's a bad judge."

Meanwhile Devenish returned the direct gaze of Captain Rames. There was no pretence between these two. Their eyes met; they challenged each other, Rames with perfect good-humor, Devenish with a certain grimness in his smile. He nodded his head toward Rames and tightened his lips. There was not a man at that table who could not construe the gesture into words.

"You are the leader here, Rames. Very well, we'll see."

Mr. Devenish turned to his neighbor. It was Cynthia, and even to her he talked for a little while with reserve. Rames had been correct in his diagnosis of the man. A good-humored fighter as a rule, he lost his good-humor when the attack was made upon his flank. He had begun his own political career with side-shots at his leaders from the front-bench below the gangway; but he did not rejoice when the same disposition of battle was planned against himself. However, luncheon and the proximity of a beautiful woman appeased him as they should. He began to talk freely; his smile lost its grimness, his natural geniality flashed bright.

"Tell me one thing," he said suddenly.

"It depends—" said Cynthia warily.

"Very well then. Tell me another thing. Why does your portrait hang in this house?

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Cynthia's cheeks flamed. She looked swiftly across Devenish at Colonel Challoner. But he was giving no heed to them.

"Do you think it's like me?" she asked.

"It *is* you," he replied.

"No one else has noticed the resemblance all this week," said Cynthia.

Mr. Devenish glanced along the table. "Well, look at 'em," he said contemptuously, and they both laughed. Lady Lorme rose at that moment from the table, and Mr. Devenish, pleading the distance he had to travel, took his departure.

"I have enjoyed myself very much, Challoner," he said as the colonel came out with him to the doorway, "I can't tell you how glad I am that I thought of dropping in upon you for luncheon. I am going back to London now. Good-by."

He mounted into his car and drove gaily off. In the dining-room behind him, the sandy-haired man was saying over and over again to the dismayed conspirators:

"He'll sell us a pup. He'll sell us a pup. I'll bet you a monkey, he'll sell us a pup."

That night, when the men went upstairs, Rames passing from his dressing-room into his wife's bed-room found her still up and sitting by her fire.

"We go back to-morrow, Cynthia. It has been a long week. I hope you haven't been bored?"

"No," she said. "I haven't."

"What do you think of them? Will they run away when the fight comes?"

"Not all," said Cynthia. "But even of those who stay with you, there's not one who is a match for Mr. Devenish."

She spoke with some warmth in her voice.

"You like him?" said Harry Rames.

"I think he's a big man," she replied.

Rames, who was standing looking into her mirror, suddenly swung round.

"Shall I tell you why you say that, Cynthia?"

"Yes."

"Because he's the only man except myself who has noticed your likeness to that very pretty girl on the wall of the dining-room. I heard him mention it to you at luncheon."

He burst out into a laugh as he spoke; and in a moment or two Cynthia joined in the laugh. So Harry Rames, too, had noticed the resemblance. She laughed and her eyes laughed with her lips.

"After all," said Harry Rames, "we get some fun out of it, don't we, Cynthia?"

"Yes," said Cynthia and her laughter died away. "We get some fun out of it, Harry. That's just what we do get"; and her eyes turned away from him to the fire.

XXVII

DEVENISH REPLIES

Captain Rames had arranged to travel by a train which ran directly into Warwickshire through the outskirts of London. It left Wareham at mid-day, some two hours later than the fast London trains, and though Cynthia had wished to escape in all the hurry of the general departure, she had found no sufficient reason. She and her husband were thus the last of that company at Bramling, and when all but they had gone Colonel Challoner turned from the front door whence he had been speeding his guests and invited her to walk with him in the garden. Cynthia in a flurry began to search for excuses and before she found one realized that the moment for excuses had already gone. She turned and walked with Colonel Challoner into the red-walled garden where his fruit and flowers grew. The half-hour which ever since the first evening at Bramling she had intended to avoid was, after all, upon her.

"There is not very much to see now, Mrs. Rames," said the colonel, and without any change of voice he added, "I learnt just before the session ended that you had come from South America."

"From the Argentine," said Cynthia.

"But you are English-born, of course?"

"Oh, yes, of course," said Cynthia. "But I never came to England until five years ago. I was brought up partly in Buenos Ayres and partly on the Daventry estancia, two hundred miles to the south-west of Buenos Ayres. My name was Cynthia Daventry."

Cynthia rattled off her story to spare herself his questions, and for a few minutes he walked by her side in silence. But he was not altogether to be deterred.

"I had a son in South America," he continued. "He went out under—rather unhappy circumstances. He took a young

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wife with him. She ran away to join him. They went to Chile. There a daughter was born—my granddaughter."

"On the other side of the Andes," said Cynthia.

"Yes," said Colonel Challoner. "You were never in Chile, I suppose?"

Cynthia answered without any hesitation and in a voice schooled perfectly to indifference.

"Oh, yes, once. I have seen Valparaiso."

Colonel Challoner was deceived by her indifference. To him, with the particular intention of his question filling his mind, it was as though she had said she had never been in Valparaiso at all.

"I knew nothing of what my boy was doing, Mrs. Rames," he continued, "nor that he had a daughter. He left England under a cloud. I gave him what money I could afford and—I had done with him. Perhaps I was harsh—I did not think that I was. But—well, it's not so easy to have done with people when they are your own flesh and blood, and after a time I began to make inquiries. I heard of the daughter then."

"Yes?" said Cynthia. She looked up into his face inquiringly. She had dreaded this half-hour of acting lest the changes of color in her face, and the unevenness of her voice, should betray her. Yet now that the half-hour was here she played her part with ease, was conscious of her ease, and feared no probing question from his lips since for all questions she felt herself prepared.

"I heard that Jim and his wife and his child had all perished in one of the earthquakes, eighteen years ago. And there was I, you see, alone again, but alone for life now."

"I am sorry," said Cynthia.

"But the news was wrong," the old man continued with a sudden violence. "My son—died," and he plainly substituted that verb for another, "only five years ago. I received a cutting from a newspaper. I sent out again at once to South America a man whom I could trust; and I discovered that Jim was not killed by the earthquake, nor was his daughter. He carried her up the valley toward the Andes—tramped away, since Valparaiso was ruined, with his daughter in his arms. He wouldn't leave her behind. No, he must have carried her across the Continent. There was good in Jim, after all, you see—only I, his father hadn't the sense to see it."

Colonel Challoner was not aware that it was just the weight of the little daughter in Jim's arms which had made his journey across the Andes possible and profitable. Cynthia left him all the comfort of his delusion, and all its remorse, since the remorse was so completely outweighed by the comfort.

"That's the last I have been able to find out," Colonel Challoner resumed. "They disappeared up into the mountains together, and years after Jim—died—in the Argentine. As for the daughter, I have come upon no trace of her. She may have lived. She may have died. Had she lived she would have been just about your age, Mrs. Rames."

"Indeed?"

"I suppose that you never heard of her?"

"What was her name?"

"Even that I can't tell you. There was a daughter. That's all I know."

Colonel Challoner waited with his eyes upon Cynthia's face. He longed, yet he hardly dared to hope for an answer. It would be such a wonderful thing for him if the girl facing him here in his trim brick-walled garden had when a child eighteen years ago been carried in Jim's arms over the stupendous passes of the Andes. Surely if it were so, she must admit it now out of gratitude for Jim's devotion. But Cynthia made no reply and he moved slowly to the door of the garden and held it open for her to pass out. She went from Bramling with her secret still her own, though some remorse now was her penalty for keeping it. She could not quite get rid of the picture of the old man at the open door in the high red-brick wall waiting wistfully for an answer to a question which he could only suggest. But she had made her plan and with a certain stubbornness—almost a hardness which marked this phase of her life—she had abided by it. If Colonel Challoner had said clearly and formally that he made no claim upon her, that he did not ask her to take her place in the family of Challoners, then she would have acknowledged what he plainly suspected. But he had imposed upon himself no such condition. On the contrary, she had been led to believe that he would claim her; and that was intolerable to her thoughts She did not argue or reason; she recollected. And what she recollected was a night of horror when her father had claimed her for the ruin of her body and her soul.

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"It's a strange thing," said Harry Rames as they were travelling across the country, "that two strangers to Bramling, Devenish and myself, noticed your extraordinary likeness to that picture on the wall, and Challoner who has sat beneath it most nights of the week for years didn't. It had become so familiar to him, I suppose, that it had ceased to have definite features."

"That's how things happen," said Cynthia and this time she uttered the phrase with relief. "When you know people very well, you cease to notice the changes, you lose count of how they look. But when we first met at Ludsey he did claim to recognize me, though he could not fix upon the place or time. I have no doubt it was because of that picture."

Harry Rames agreed. None of Colonel Challoner's suspicions had even occurred to him. He drifted off to the great subject which occupied his thoughts. How were the revolters to be held together?

"Devenish won't be idle, Cynthia," he said. "I wonder what his next move will be."

Speculation upon that point did not help him. But he quickly acquired certainty that Mr. Devenish was not idle. For on the Tuesday morning, the very day after he had reached home, the *Times* brought him news which sent him out of his study in search of his wife.

"Look, Cynthia," he said and he handed to her the paper. Cynthia read the paragraph at which he pointed.

"Mr. Devenish returned to London on Sunday evening, and, putting off two deputations which had been arranged for Tuesday, left London hurriedly on Monday afternoon to join the Prime-Minister in Scotland."

Cynthia laid down the paper with a genuine sense of consternation. She was astonished to realize how much she now longed for the success of Harry's rather dingy plot. Fear was written upon her face.

"That means—?" she said.

"That we must look out," replied Rames. He laughed a little as a man will when the joy of battle is upon him. "Luckily, Devenish can't get at my constituency. I don't know that he would try to in any case. But he can't."

"You have Arthur Pynes with you."

"Yes. And I pledged myself before I was elected to resign at once if any responsible number of my supporters objected to any action I thought it my duty to take in the House. Do you see, Cynthia?" and he laughed again. "That pledge is my safeguard. I thought it would be when I made it. If any one tries to put pressure upon me, I can always point to that pledge. I can always ask whether they would like me to resign."

"Suppose they said yes," cried Cynthia in alarm.

"I'd get in again if they did. I'd keep nine-tenths of my own people and get a good lot of the other fellow's because of my independence. But they won't! No one wants a bye-election at Ludsey. Ludsey is too busy."

"No, I suppose that's true," said Cynthia with a smile of relief. Once more she had occasion to recognize the accuracy of her husband's foresight. But there was a little change. It was no longer, or, at all events it was not at this moment, accompanied with regret that the foresight was not being used in a higher cause. She was just relieved that on this side at all events the great career was not open to attack.

Rames took a turn across the room and stopped at the window.

"But I wonder what his next move will be," he said.

In a month he knew. The movement was swift and dramatic. Rames was summoned to London by a letter from the Prime-Minister. He travelled up from Ludsey in the morning; he reached home again in time for dinner.

"They are raising Lamson to the peerage," he said to Cynthia. "That means the under-secretaryship of the local government board will be vacant. It was offered to me."

Cynthia was radiant.

"That's splendid," she cried.

"I refused it," said Harry Rames.

Cynthia stared at him. Here was a definite step onward, a step refused.

"Why?" she asked in her perplexity.

"It would have meant the end of me, had I accepted it. It was offered me to make an end of me, to break up the opposition to Devenish's bill, to show me a traitor to my friends, and an enemy who could be silenced by a bribe. If I had taken it, not merely the government but the House, the whole House, would have despised me. I should have been done for. I should be an under-secretary for a year, two years, three

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years—after that nothing and never anything so long as I lived. I refused it, Cynthia"; and he bent over the table toward her.

"You mustn't blame me. I am not failing you. I was thinking of you, my dear, when I refused office. An under-secretaryship? You remember Challoner's question to Bradley? I should have failed you had I taken it."

Cynthia was almost conscious of disappointment. She liked definite things and here was a tangible sign of Harry Rames's advancement. But she received confirmation very soon that he had been right in refusing it.

It was at the reception at the Foreign Office in January which marked the beginning of the session. Mr. Devenish himself came up to her with a smile. For a moment Cynthia felt an awkwardness at meeting him, but he was quick to put her at her ease.

"Captain Rames did well to refuse office, he said. "I congratulate you, for I suppose that you had some share in the decision."

"No," she replied honestly. "To tell you the truth I was not sure that he was right. I am not sure that I was not a trifle disappointed."

Mr. Devenish shook his head.

"His whole reputation was at stake. It's character which counts in the House of Commons. If he had taken that under-secretaryship, he would have been pigeonholed. We should have had the measure of him. We should not have troubled our heads about him again. For once, Mrs. Rames, you were wrong; he was right."

Cynthia looked at him, her great eyes full of a gentle reproach.

"Wasn't it a little unkind of you to offer it then? You are a friend of mine, aren't you, Mr. Devenish?"

There was no anger in her voice, only a wondering melancholy, a kind of piteous despair that she was living in so graceless a world. Mr. Devenish stared, then he smiled, and he looked at Cynthia with enjoyment.

"It wants a woman to use that argument, Mrs. Rames. No man alive would have the nerve. You are out for a fight with me. Yes, but I am a friend of yours, so I mustn't defend myself." He shook his head. "The House of Commons isn't a nursery, Mrs. Rames. You have got to stand by yourself if you're going to stand, neither being kind nor expecting kindness. Captain Rames stands—and he stands to fight me. Very well—but you can't expect me to prop him up."

"I quite understand," said Cynthia in her iciest manner. "I am not at all hurt or offended. You mustn't think that, Mr. Devenish," she bowed to him distantly and sailed off with great dignity. But she had humor enough to appreciate her discomfiture, and, even as she turned her back, her lips were twitching into a smile which she did not mean him to see. But ten minutes later in another of the rooms she came face to face with him again. He looked at her whimsically and with a blush and a laugh she made friends with him again.

"Tell me," he said. "Your husband refused the post with decision after the merest pause for thought, though the offer surprised him. I know that. Was he troubled about his decision afterward?"

"Not at all," said Cynthia. "He slept perfectly; he ate his dinner with absolute contentment."

"Now I am afraid of him," said Mr. Devenish and he added a shrewd saying to explain his fear. "Here's the great difference which makes art and politics incompatible. The men who succeed in politics are the men who don't worry. The men who succeed in art are the men who do. By the the way, why isn't he here to-night?"

"He was here," Cynthia replied. "But he had to go home. Some one called at home and telephoned to him here. I don't know who it was."

Mr. Devenish saw Cynthia into her carriage and she drove home. The visitor was still with Harry Rames in his study when she reached home. As she went up to her room she heard his voice through the door, and once she waked up from her sleep and in the silent hours she again heard his voice. He was in the hall taking his leave of Harry Rames. Cynthia switched on the light and looked at her watch. It was three o'clock in the morning. Drowsily she asked herself who this visitor could be, but she was asleep again almost before the question was formulated in her mind.

XXVIII

WIRELESS

CYNTHIA told Harry Rames of her conversation with Mr. Devenish, the next morning as they sat at breakfast. He came down

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late and she looked at him with anxious eyes as she spoke.

"I quarrelled with Mr. Devenish, but I made friends with him again before I left. You were kept late in your study?"

"Yes."

Harry Rames laid down his Sunday newspaper.

"Walter Hemming came here to find me and telephoned."

"Hemming?"

To Cynthia the name was quite unfamiliar. There had been no Walter Hemming at Bramling. She put him down for a new recruit until Harry Rames gave to him his identity and importance.

"He was one of my officers on the *Perhaps*. He has got together some money, has bought the old ship and is off to the south."

"He takes up your work?"

"Yes. He kept me up half the night talking about his prospects. I never saw a man so enthusiastic. Suppose he reaches the Pole, what then?"

Harry Rames laughed contemptuously.

"Aren't there discoveries to be made, maps to be drawn of that continent and something to be learned from the soundings?" asked Cynthia, recollecting Harry Rames's own book upon his voyage. He shook his head.

"That's all trimmings, Cynthia. You have got to surround your expedition with a scientific halo. It gets you money, and gets you official support; it gets you the countenance of the learned societies. But the man who goes south into the Antarctic goes with just one reason—to get to the Pole. Why? You can't give a rational answer to that, Cynthia. No one can. Such men are just driven on by a torment of their souls."

No stranger watching Harry Rames as he speculated with an indulgent smile upon the aimlessness of Walter Hemming's long itinerary could have imagined that he had once himself led just such an expedition. Even Cynthia found the fact difficult of belief. By so complete a dissociation of spirit he was cut off from the race of the wanderers. "Let a man be touched with insanity in the East," he said, "and he's looked upon as a holy man, touched by the finger of God. The fellows who go South and north and are driven east of Turkestan are our holy men of the West."

He turned back again to his newspaper, and then uttered an exclamation:

"They have offered that under secretaryship to Edgington!"

"Of course he'll refuse it," said Cynthia.

"Not he. He has taken it. There's the first defection."

"A traitor. I never liked him. He was thinking of himself all the while," said Cynthia, with a heat which made Harry look toward her curiously. She had not been wont to side so heartily with him and his plans in the days of the contest at Ludsey. He wondered at the remarkable change which had come over her character since that date. She who had blamed him with all the enthusiasm of a romantic girl because he would not take the high road, now walked the low road herself with her eyes concentrated upon the pathway at her feet even more narrowly than were his. A momentary pang of remorse made him wince.

"I shouldn't wonder," he answered drily, "if Devenish says the same of me."

But his comment fell upon inattentive ears. Cynthia's eyes had been caught by the blank, cheerless look of the street outside. It was a morning of black frost. There was no fog, but there was no glint of sunlight, either. London lay unburnished, like an ill-kept yacht, and the emptiness of Sunday made it dreary beyond all words. The chill of that day and the fevers of the week to come caused Cynthia's heart to sink. A vision rose before her eyes with unexpected vividness of another place where life ran occupied with smoother matters. Not in Warwickshire, but over far seas. She thought with a sudden poignancy of longing of the Daventry estancia where to-day the golden leagues of corn would be rippling to the sun and the cattle searching for the rare blades of green in the burnt pastures. A pang of remorse came with the vision. So seldom had she thought of that spacious and wide place which had lain so close to her adopted father's heart. He had prayed her to go there from time to time. Greatly she wished that she were there now.

"You have a critical week before you, Harry," she said. "It's a pity Mr. Hemming stayed so late."

"Oh, that's all right," replied Harry. "My amendment can't come on before Wednesday. It may not be chosen at all.

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There are certain to be a number of amendments. And there's always the possibility that the Land Bill may not be mentioned in the King's speech. However, that's not likely. We shall know to-morrow."

The Land Bill was mentioned as one of the principal measures of the session, and Harry handed in at the clerk's table his humble prayer to His Majesty that no solution of the land question would be found lasting or real which did not provide opportunities for the acquisition of small farms as freehold properties. Thursday was set aside for the discussion of Rames's amendment, and the fact that it was deemed of sufficient importance to take precedence of a host of other amendments was in itself regarded as a triumph by his adherents.

"Go your own way over it," Robert Brook advised in an agitated voice. "Don't sink your personality in a conventional speech. You must strike a special note on Thursday. The third bench below the gangway and the corner seat. That will be the best place for you. You command the House from there. And we'll be all together around you. It's a great thing to have some voices to cheer you at your elbow. Howard Fall will speak in support of you. He always gets called." Robert Brook ceased from his stage-managements to whisper with a lengthened face, "By the way, have you heard?"

"What?" asked Harry.

"That Challoner's weakening. Yes, it's true. The whips have been getting at him, I expect. At all events he came to me pleading that the amendment need not be pressed to a division if we get anything like a friendly reply."

Harry Rames smiled.

"We shan't get that. I'll take care not to get it. So you can agree with Challoner. We can't afford to let anyone break away now. I'll speak to him myself."

The colonel strenuously disavowed any faintness of heart. "You must go to a division, Rames, unless you get a satisfactory reply. That's understood. We've got to stick to our guns. I think we all know that. Edgington's example isn't one any of us would care to follow. No. All my idea was that perhaps the government might be willing to take our view, but unable at this moment to say so publicly. However, don't you worry about us. Think of your speech, Rames. We look to you to do something unusual on Thursday."

Harry went away to his study and from his documents and blue books labored to hammer out some spark of his own which should set fire to the Thames or to that portion of it at all events which flows under Westminster Bridge. He woke at five o'clock on the Thursday morning, and lying in bed repeated his speech word by word to himself. Then he dismissed it into the chamber of his memory to wait until it was needed. But the knowledge that the day was to be one of supreme importance to his career hung over him all that forenoon. The labor was over and therefore the strain upon him was the heavier. His nerves had free play and he wandered restlessly from room to room, calm outwardly except for some spasmodic movements which people unacquainted with him would never have remarked, but inwardly a creature in torment. He had pitted himself against his own government. The enormity of his presumption grew with every lagging hour. Failure to-day would cover him with ridicule. He saw himself as one of those bubbles ripe for pricking with which the House of Commons is perpetually irridescent. Before twelve o'clock he was already looking at his watch lest he should be too late to fix before prayers the card in the slot at the back of his seat which would reserve his place for him during the day.

Cynthia, with a covert fear, watched his fever, but said never a word, either of comfort or inquiry. It was her part to notice nothing of his agitation. She had claimed, when he had asked her to marry him, her share in the troubles and the terrors which went before the public success. But married life had taught her that much of her share must come to her by guess-work, by intuition, by observation, by any means except those of question and answer. So she said little and left Harry Rames mostly to himself, only coming upon him now and again on some indifferent errand, when they would speak for a moment or two, he chiefly at random and upon any chance subject which came uppermost in his mind. Thus once he said abruptly:

"There was a stamp struck. Did you ever see it, Cynthia?"

"No," she answered; "you must show it to me."

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"I will; I have a specimen somewhere. I'll look it out."

"Do," said Cynthia in a voice which conveyed that it would be a particular joy to her to see that stamp.

But she was quite in the dark about it. She had no notion at all that he was speaking of that great territory which he had discovered far to the south, beyond the ice-floes, beyond the open blue water. It had no inhabitants, but the penguins, yet since Rames had spent a winter of darkness on its inhospitable shores and had annexed it for Great Britain, a penny stamp had been struck and postage duly established. The recollection passed in and out of Harry Rames's head, with a hundred trivial thoughts and memories. And it was the mark and consequence of his agitation that his mind acquired an extraordinary and unnatural lucidity so that his thoughts became swift visions of things with a small but surprisingly clear definition, as though he saw them through a diminishing glass.

In this supersensitive spirit he walked down Parliament Street at half-past one in the afternoon on the eastern side of the road; and when he had come opposite to the Horse-Guards he suddenly stopped. Behind the Horse-Guards Arch and a little to the north rose the great red building of the Admiralty where Cynthia and he had been made acquainted with one another. But it was not of that first meeting nor of the quarrel which ended it that Harry Rames was thinking. He was not looking at the main mass of the Admiralty Building, but only at the three grayish-blue domes which surmounted it. From these domes rose three tall spars at the points of a triangle, each of them rigged and dressed with wires to which were attached curious little hoops and contrivances of cane like Catherine wheels set for a night of fireworks. He was gazing at the mechanism of wireless telegraphy.

He had passed those poles either just here or on the other side of the Horse-Guards' Parade in St. James's Park on every day when Parliament was in session; and no doubt he had often enough lifted his head and seen them with the blind eyes of a man for the landmarks he habitually walks by. But this morning his imagination was made acute by a night of wakefulness and the tension of his nerves, and he was sensitive to all the suggestion of that aerial toyshop of contrivances. He stopped. He almost fancied that he heard—so keen was the lucidity of his senses—the messages of distant ships, here tumbling on seas of storm, there upright on seas of sunshine, whizzing homeward to the dim smoke-wreathed city, crowding the air. He almost fancied that he saw them, the myriad bright spokes of an illimitable wheel which hung poised roof-high over all the world. His thoughts were swept quite away from England, and the roar of Whitehall died from his ears. He saw the big roadsteads of the East and West Indies and anchored ships mirrored in waveless seas. He saw the meetings of ships in the narrows of the great trade-routes, barkentine and schooner, tramp and liner, and in and out amongst them like the gray shadows of sharks seen beneath the water, the long cruisers of the fleet.

He walked on like a man in a dream. He left the busy harbors and the great trade-routes behind him. The stately procession of vessels receded and now he saw only one—a little, full-rigged, black-hulled ship quite alone on a silent sea, the *Perhaps*, reeling down with all her canvas drawing from her sky-sail to her spanker, reeling from her jib topsail to her mizzen, reeling down with the water breaking from her broad stern bows into the mists of the south. The picture was so vivid in his mind that he could see the brightness of the binnacle and the wheel spinning in the helmsman's hands. He paused again to consider why with a curious sense of comfort. Once before, on the occasion of his maiden speech, the vision of a ship had risen before his eyes. But then it was fear which had evoked the picture. He had longed to be safely upon its bridge doing the thing he knew how to do. Now he had no such fear. He was nervous, strung to a high pitch, but he had no desire to run away, he had no terror that the necessary words would fail him, he had no longing to stand upon the deck of the *Perhaps*. He was strung up for the contest of the afternoon. He walked slowly on and turned in at the gate of Palace Yard, and still the *Perhaps* fled southward before his eyes.

(To be continued.)

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

IN these philanthropic days we hear a great deal about the dangerous trades—that is, the trades which threaten their workers with physical deterioration. But there are other dangers than physical dangers. There are professions which threaten a special deterioration of the mind, very marked and always insidious. Our youths and maidens enter such careers unwarned. No one tells the young school-teacher of the perceptive blight, the didactic manner, the desperate intention to speak the final word on every imaginable subject, which within a few short years may stamp him or her as unmistakably a pedagogue. No one explains to the law student that surely as the earth turns round, a day will come when in every detail of life it will become his habit to find his opinion first and his reasons afterward—reasons which become more subtle, more closely knit, and more convincing to himself as his opinions grow more and more at variance with common experience. And is the physician made aware that in the exercise of his priest-like task he is ever in danger of relying more and more on his manner—stern or soothing, honeyed or hypnotic—and less and less on his information?

The Dangerous Profession

These risks, although impalpable, are important and real, but graver still are those attending the profession of the house-keeper. Few there are who, in the pursuance of their daily duties, are exposed to a more poisonous atmosphere than she—the combined effect of a limited field, an arbitrary power, and the complete absence of competition. Good housekeeping, if it be a virtue, is one to which many others must be sacrificed; and yet how little this is understood. How seldom any one steps forward to warn our sheltered women against the many risks, moral and mental, which they are obliged to run. In the first place, there is the risk of becoming inhospitable; for, contrary to popular opinion, this is the danger, not of the *bad*, but of the *good* house-keeper. Eager to offer her guests perfection, she is rarely willing to offer them anything less. She is always getting ready to play and never playing; occupied with arranging her house rather than with enjoying it. Spring and autumn cleaning, with improving on the last cook, and repainting the kitchen keep the household in a continual state of abnormality, so that there is only occasionally a *dies non* on which a guest may creep in and be welcome.

And if she lacks hospitality upstairs, how much more is the area-gate closed against the unexpected visitor. How quickly can she trace the depletion in the tea-chest and the disappearance of an egg when the cook has had a friend to supper. Generosity, hospitality, and democracy are alike swallowed up in the higher duty of keeping the bills down.

Then come the risks and dangers of mean-spiritedness, and of the pernicious effects of suspicion and disappointment in small things, of laying traps for dust and deceit, and of the Eye—the well-known house-keeper's eye—which is always roving, roving in search of household crimes.

Worst danger of all is that of a slow atrophy overtaking all her human relationships, for in making the frame she only too often ruins the picture. Or, to vary the simile, she is apt to be as little a part of the drama of life as the scene-shifter is of the play. You drop in to tea. The silver is bright, the food delicious, yet your hostess sees not you, but the dent in the tea-kettle; hears not you, but the voice of a strange man in the kitchen. She looks habitually, not at her husband, but at the new laundress's touch on his shirts. She sees in her children, not their warm hearts, but their dirty hands.

The same blight is on her mental activities. Realizing that there is no hour in the twenty-four when the boiler may not burst, the little ones maim themselves, or tradesmen present hypothetical bills, she soon learns that she must either abandon the home in some greater or less particular or else give up all forms of concentrated thought. Actuated by a high conscientiousness, she usually chooses the latter alternative. This explains her strangely vague and intermittent attention. This is why she touches even the subjects of ordinary conversation as lightly as a humming-bird, which knows, if humming-birds do know such things, that at any moment it may have to go winging away to its cellar or its medicine-chest.

Last comes the danger of making a god of routine, and so losing the very object for which

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she has made her sacrifices—the comfort of those she loves. For comfort cannot be attained by rule. It is a subject for independent thought and individual attention. Many, indeed, of the time-honored rules and regulations of the house-keeper are directly inimical to true comfort. To cite one is to illustrate them all. Take, for example, the great Coffee-Cup-Rule. After dinner we have just settled down comfortably to coffee and cigars when a servant enters to take away the cups. The cups are doing no harm to any one, but rather good, for many of them are serving as ash-trays in a house in which no one would dare to drop ashes on the floor. But one of the hall-marks of a good house-keeper is not to allow coffee-cups to stand, and so willy-nilly they must be removed. The servant, breathing hard after the manner of his kind, stumbles over our feet, pushes apologetically between us, as he peers about for the cups where we have cannily stowed them. He turns helplessly to his mistress and receives a telegraphic signal which seems to mean: "Look behind the vase on the mantel-piece." That one he runs to earth, but is long baffled by another hidden in a flower-pot. Will he find it? We drop our best story, or wake from our revery, as the case may be. Yes, well-trained man that he is, he has found them all, like a second Bo-Peep. At last he departs, stumbling over feet again, and leaving us resentful or apprehensive for the rest of the evening.

Nowadays when a man asks me to stay with him in the country I feel inclined to ask: "Is your wife a good house-keeper?" For if she is I know how it will be. When I go up to dress on a hot summer evening all my shutters will be shut and the lights burning for me like furnaces. When I come down again, the book I was reading will be put away and I shall never be able to find it. I shall be waked at dawn by the sound of a brush on the stairs, and when I go away the simple articles of my toilet will be rolled so heavily in tissue paper that my bag won't close. No, the good house-keeper should make a study of a little wholesome neglect. And, to be honest, I find that most of them have.

The Teeming Country

IN the midst of the throes of "moving in," I sat down to read one of Aunt Augusta's wails of pity for me, exiled to the desolate isolation of life in the country. In those days I read with apprehensive attention Aunt Augusta's letters on this subject. Now I would laugh aloud, if it were not for the pity I feel for my poor old relative, still, like all her city-bred acquaintances, roaming the world, Ishmaelitish club in hand, in hostile solitude. I do not blame them. I myself have worn but a short time the mental garb of civilization. I, too, once sullenly trod the lonely city paths.

In fact the wrench which first loosened my clutch on my stone tomahawk befell me that first day, even as I was reading Aunt Augusta's foreboding words.

The man who had come to put in the telephone had finished his work and departed. Nowadays, when he comes to mend it, he is as welcome as if he brought the next instalment of an exciting serial story, so many continued narratives are in progress in his life. He is trying out a new variety of sweet-corn, which, if he reports favorably, may be in all our gardens next year; he has a baby which may have a new tooth; his oldest boy is beginning to wonder what he will learn to do for a living . . . there are a dozen questions to be asked and answered, for he must know about our corn and our baby too.

But the first time, I was encased in the chilled-steel armor of the city habit of impersonality. He was "the telephone man" and nothing more. I could not have told if he were four feet or six feet tall. I would as soon have thought whether he had a baby or not, as whether the chairs I was so wearily unpacking had preferences as to the color of their upholstery. So I noticed his departure only to be thankful that I could now communicate with the general store in the village. I looked up the number and took down the receiver.

"What number?" asked a girl's voice, as it does all over the country.

"Forty-two . . . ring seven," I answered, enunciating with the labored distinctness of one's brief colloquies with the Power which sits before the switchboard.

"That line's busy," said Central, as she does all over the world. But now she added this astounding code: "But Mr. Warner isn't there anyhow, Mrs. F——; I just see him go by to his dinner. There isn't anybody in the store but Eddie Elwood and he don't know a thing about stock. I'll just connect you with the house and Mr. Warner can take your order while his wife's putting the things on the table." I clung to the receiver from force of habit and gave my order to my grocer, who, oddly enough,

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appeared for the first time before my mental eye as a man with a house and a wife and a dinner waiting for him; but when I had finished, I sat down in a half-unpacked chair quite weakly, to recover from a tingling shock like an encounter with a prickling electric battery when one had thought to pick up a piece of dead metal.

I will not pretend that I am naturally so superior to other city-bred people that the shock was a pleasurable one. I had much of the typical, citified horror that any one should presume in that bold, forward, self-assured, prying manner to do me a service! Straight through my armor-plate, chilled steel though it might be, had penetrated some one's unasked-for interest in my affairs. I was so astounded as to be almost alarmed, I was vaguely resentful, and very much bewildered. How, pray, did the creature know my name already and the instrument that minute installed?

For a time, nothing more of the sort occurred. I breathed arithmetical combinations into the mouth-piece and was startled by no more emanations of humanity from the other end of the line. Then suddenly lightning flashed again.

"Twenty-two . . . ring eleven," I commanded monotonously, my mind all on my Sunday dinner.

"They've gone to Rutland on the morning train, to see the circus," came back over the line, "but if 'twas 'bout those broilers, they said to tell you that they were all ready and dressed, on the pantry shelf under a crock. The gall-bladder broke in one, so there's only one liver, but she's sure they'll be tender, because they were hatched in May. You can get the key at Mrs. Foster's, next door." I hung up the receiver silently. The whole countryside was in a conspiracy of promiscuity against my sacred privacy. The idea of my Sunday broilers being in every one's mouth, so to speak! It was horribly repugnant to the delicacy of personal dignity so admirably fostered by the isolation of city life.

After that, for a few days, I was fairly pelted with personalities. I was told when I remarked with my most *grande dame* manner, "Twenty-one . . . ring seven," that, "You'd better wait till ten, or a little after, to call her. She never gets her morning work done up till then and the kitchen's so far away she can't hear the bell."

A request for "Thirty-one . . . ring two" brought out the intimate information, "He's got such a tur'ble cold in his head he can't hear a thing to-day. But I'll call up the Phippses for you and when Johnny goes over for the milk he can take your message."

I asked with stern impersonality for "Fourteen . . . ring twelve," and was put off with, "She's gone to Elbury to visit her sister for the day. I see her go by real early, with the milk team. And he's out t'work. But he's ploughing that field next the Arrowsmiths', and I'll ask Mrs. Arrowsmith to holler out th' window for him to come to the 'phone."

My Unseen Interlocutors

IT was astonishing, how they lived and breathed—my unseen interlocutors—after the suggestive art of such introductions. It was not merely a bodiless voice which answered my questions about weaving rag rugs or putting up a fence. It was Mrs. Prentiss herself, fresh in a white apron, in the self-congratulatory peace of mind which comes from having "done up" the morning work; it was a great-shouldered, mighty-thewed ploughman, with the thrilling scent of newly upturned earth clinging about him.

Insensibly, under the constant tugging of the invincible humanness of these phenomena, the joints of my armor loosened. I began to breathe more freely than I had thought possible. One by one the steel plates slipped to the ground. I was light as air! When I called up "Twenty-two . . . ring eleven," I was astonished to hear myself asking with genuine interest how the children liked the circus. I looked over my shoulder guiltily, for a cynically amused city acquaintance, as I dropped into this plebeian and rustic partaking of others' lives, but I can say for myself that I laughed unreservedly over the account of Pete's harnessing the calf to his express wagon when he got home, and of the subsequent wild course of events.

At that time I had never seen Pete or his mother. When I did, I found out that she did not wear white aprons, but clean gingham ones. It was but a detail. I had divined her as a human being. The spirit at last was there. I had discovered my eyes, my ears, my tongue. I had emerged from the solitary imprisonment of life in a city of four million inhabitants into the densely populated world of a valley which, on Town-Meeting Day, can muster at least a hundred votes. I am a citizen of the world!

Now when I open the telephone to see if the line is busy, and catch this scrap of conversation, ". . . but they do get so black when

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they're old and Joel says it'll be three weeks before they're big enough to dig," I say with as spontaneous an impulse as though I had never lived in a lonely stone cañon of a street, "Oh Miss Maria, if you'll put a few drops of lemon juice in the water you boil them in, they'll be as white and mealy as new ones."

There is no pause of horrified resentment at my intrusion. A friendly voice says, "That you, Mrs. F——? Much obliged. I'll try it. Don't forget 'bout th' church supper to-night."

I take not only in good part but quite as a matter of course, Central's request to me: please when I see Mr. Prindle go by, will I call out to him that his wife forgot to put cotton thread, number sixty, three spools, on the list.

I call up Central to ask how the little Wharton boy is to-day. She will know, I am sure. Probably the doctor has stopped in to tell her, so that, without disturbing the poor mother, she can answer the anxious questions that come from far and near about the little child every one loves so well. I ask her if she has heard the train whistle for the Millbrook crossing, for if she hasn't, I have time to catch it. I call her wildly with a catch in my voice to say the baby's throat is worse and the doctor's wife says he is at the Wilsons'. Will she please "tell Mrs. Wilson to send him up here at once." I ask her how the sunset looks, for we'd like to plan a picnic to-morrow and the sunset sky in the Notch, which we can't see from our house because of Hemlock Mountain, is a sure indication of the next day's weather. I ring her up breathlessly, forgetting to use her proper title, and cry, "Oh Maggie, there's a fire started in our pine woods in Pitt Hollow. Do please phone the folks in North District where it is and ask 'em to send their men folks up there." I ask her what blackberries are worth in the village to-day, so that I may know what to pay the barefooted, tanned, sharp-eyed little Yankee who stands waiting, pail in hand. I ask her—but why multiply instances?

The essential fact is that I never ring the magic bell which set me down two miles away, without pitying my city friends. They are back in the limbo where "Line's busy" means an impenetrable wall which not Napoleon or Cæsar could break down; where "They don't answer" is a statement as grimly final as a death verdict. Why, I wonder, do they not all come out and join our community which invisibly fills the long, sweet, empty, green spaces of our valley with friends communing, offering and receiving service, advice, companionship, and comfort. Why do they not join the invisible choir which chants along the glistening wires strung through our silent forests? That is our real community—not the one of our heavy, stationary, aging bodies, but the impalpable, aërial one of our free, roaming voices, subject to one force, following one leader—but that one with well-merited devotion—the will of Central!

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THE FIELD OF ART

A NEW PORTRAIT OF CERVANTES

THAT Cervantes once sat for his portrait is made probable by the following passage from the prologue to his *Exemplary Novels:* "I should like if it were possible, most loving reader, to excuse myself from writing this prologue, because it was not so well for me with that which I prefixed to my *Don Quijote* that I should be anxious to repeat the experience with this. For this a friend is to blame, one of the many whom in the course of my life I have gained rather by my temper than by my genius. This friend would have been well able, as is use and wont, to engrave me and sculpture me on the first leaf of this book, since the famous Don Juan de Jáuregui would have given him my portrait, and with this my ambition would have been satisfied and the desire of some who would be glad to know what face and figure he has who ventures to come out with such imaginings into the marketplace of the world before the eyes of the people, placing below the portrait: He whom you here behold with aquiline visage, with chestnut hair, smooth and unruffled brow, with sparkling eyes, and a nose arched, although well-proportioned, a silver beard, although not twenty years ago it was golden, large mustache, small mouth, teeth not important, for he has but six of them, and those in ill condition and worse placed because they do not correspond the one with the other, the body between two extremes, neither large nor small, the complexion bright, rather white than brown, somewhat heavy-shouldered, and not very nimble on his feet; this, I say, is the portrait of the author of the *Galatea* and of the *Don Quijote de la Mancha*."

Evidently the author had been disappointed in a hope which he had entertained of seeing an engraved portrait of himself as frontispiece for the first edition of the *Exemplary Novels*. The friend whom he so good-naturedly blames may have been either some delinquent engraver or the too thrifty publisher, Juan de la Cuesta. Most critics infer from the above passage that the painter Juan de Jáuregui y Aguilar actually painted a portrait of his friend, that he did so prior to 1613 (the date of the writing of the prologue), and furthermore that at the said date the picture still remained in his possession. The only dissenting voice seems to be that of the English commentator Ormsby, who holds that the language is ambiguous, and that the words "would have given him my portrait" may be taken to mean nothing more than that Jáuregui stood ready to paint the portrait if desired. It must be admitted that the language is vague, but the simpler explanation, that held by most scholars, appears the more plausible. However this may be, the world is grateful to Cervantes for the detailed description which he has left of his personal appearance. For three centuries this whimsical verbal portrait has remained our only authentic source of information regarding Cervantes's physiognomy; for all the hitherto known paintings and statues of Cervantes are imaginary portraits made with this description in mind. Cervantes died three years after writing the passage quoted, and, as he nowhere else makes mention of other portraits, it is highly improbable that any other authentic likeness was ever made.

From that day to this, nothing has been heard of the Jáuregui portrait. It has long been considered irretrievably lost. Consequently, Cervantophiles, the world over, are greatly stirred by a report emanating from Madrid that a painting has been discovered which purports to be the long-lost portrait referred to by Cervantes himself. The discovery was first made public by the distinguished Cervantes scholar, Señor Rodríguez Marín, in the illustrated Madrid weekly, *A B C*, June 16, 1911. Subsequently, Señor Angel M. de Barcía, of the National Library, has announced the find to scholars in the *Revista de Archivos*. Owing to the recentness of the discovery, it cannot yet be positively affirmed that the portrait is genuine. Art critics and scholars have still to pass on many questions. Nevertheless, those who have seen the original feel that there is a strong presumption in its favor.

The picture represents a man well past the prime of life, with a high forehead, arched nose, chestnut hair, silvery beard, large mustache, small mouth, light complexion—in short, a man in every respect conforming to the description which Cervantes has left of himself. And yet the note of individuality is so strong that one feels that this portrait must have been painted from the living model. This man must have

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walked the streets of Toledo and Madrid. If we compare this portrait with any one of the imaginary likenesses drawn from the description, it becomes apparent that in the one case we have modelling, in the other an absence of the same; in the one case the treatment is realistic, in the other the subject is idealized and conventionalized. The Cervantes of the imaginary portraits is a Renaissance dandy. The heavy-mustached figure in the new likeness suggests far more convincingly the grizzled veteran of Lepanto. Clearly this is no vulgar forgery. We have to do with an old painting, and, if it be not authentic, the resemblance must be due to chance.

A familiar apocryphal portrait of Cervantes.

The portrait bears at the top the following inscription: "D. Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra"; and below: "D. Juan de Jaurigui Pinxit. Anno 1600." In the year 1600 Cervantes was fifty-three years of age, which appears to correspond to the age of the man in the portrait. The alleged painter would in the same year have been slightly under thirty. Señor Barcía detects in the drawing the inexperienced touch of a young man laboring under the influence of El Greco. It is unfortunate that there exists no work by Jáuregui of unquestioned authenticity with which comparison may be made. Jáuregui undoubtedly enjoyed some reputation as an artist, for his work is praised by Pacheco, Carducho, and Palomino; but he is now better known as a poet and the translator into Castilian of Tasso's *Aminta*. Doubtless it was their mutual love for letters which brought about the friendship between the great prose writer and the poet-painter.

Unfortunately the inscription does not afford conclusive evidence regarding the picture's authenticity. There is a slight philological difficulty which renders doubtful the assumption that the inscription was painted in 1600. Cervantes, in the original text, spells his friend's name, Xaurigui. This is the orthography to be expected at the date in question. Yet the lexicographer, Covarrubias, writing in 1611, states that the substitution of j for x before the vowels a, o, and u, was already beginning to be made. It is noteworthy, however, that the name is not spelled in its modern fashion, Jauregui. A modern forger would probably have either looked up the ancient spelling or else have used the current form in which the name appears. All students of art know that inscriptions of this sort are untrustworthy.

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A presumed authentic portrait of Cervantes by his friend, the painter, Don Juan de Jáuregui y Aguilar, recently discovered in Spain.

But the rejection of the inscription would not necessarily prove that the picture itself was not what it purported to be. The lettering does not appear to be modern, and Jáuregui, who is supposed to have still retained possession of the picture in 1613, and who did not die until 1640, may have added the inscription at a date subsequent to that when the portrait was painted. Or some later possessor who knew the facts respecting sitter and artist may have added it.

It is to be regretted that those who have announced the discovery have not yet taken the public fully into their confidence regarding the former possessors of the painting. The question of pedigree is all important. The only information as yet vouchsafed is that the portrait came into the possession of a certain Señor Albiol, who acquired it from a person whose name is withheld. Are we to suppose that Señor Albiol is respecting the pride of some ruined family reluctantly forced to part with a cherished heirloom? Or is Señor Marín withholding facts until further researches shall enable him to offer a completed study? The character of these gentlemen is such that nobody will suspect their motives;

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but art lovers and students of literature are naturally impatient to have all mystery dispelled. Señor Albiol has shown praiseworthy disinterestedness in refusing to derive financial profit from his discovery. Like a true hidalgo, he has presented the canvas to the Royal Spanish Academy, its most fitting repository.

Of the various pseudo-portraits of Cervantes, the earliest is George Vertue's copper engraving of a drawing by William Kent. This appeared in an edition of the *Don Quijote* published in London in 1738. It is admittedly drawn from the novelist's description of himself. A very similar portrait is one attributed to Alonso del Arco, presented to the Spanish Academy in 1773. The resemblance to the Kent portrait is so strong that it has been supposed that the one derived from the other. If such a relationship exists, the Kent drawing must be the earlier, for there is no reason for doubting that this likeness was drawn from the description. At the time of the presentation, the Academy, desirous of settling the matter, appointed a commission of artists to pass judgment. They decided that the del Arco painting must have been done in the seventeenth century, and therefore could not derive from the English engraving. This opinion has frequently been challenged, but the matter has never been authoritatively determined. From these two portraits derive nearly all the later engravings, medals, statues, and busts which pretend to represent the lineaments of Spain's greatest author. Equally fanciful is the portrait preserved in the Arland museum of Lausanne, Switzerland. This has been attributed in turn to Velázquez, Pacheco, and Jáuregui; but it has been conclusively shown that the costume worn is that of the late seventeenth century. The unfortunate monarch, Charles IV, was negotiating for its purchase at the moment when he was driven from his throne by Napoleon. In 1864 Señor José Ascensio thought he had discovered a Cervantes portrait in one of the figures of a fresco painted by Francisco Pacheco upon the walls of the Mercenarian convent, in Seville. The fresco represents the ransoming from Algiers of certain Christian captives. But aside from the fact that Cervantes owed his freedom to the Trinitarian brotherhood, not to the Mercenarians, the face in question did not correspond closely to the verbal portrait. After a heated controversy, Señor Ascensio's claim failed to win acceptance. In 1879 Señor Luis Carreras thought he had found a Jáuregui painting, and identified one tiny figure of a group as a portrait of Cervantes. Señor Carreras never succeeded in convincing anybody but himself. A palpable forgery was perpetrated in 1887 when there was offered for sale in Madrid an alleged portrait of Cervantes, signed: "Paulo Wever, 1604." This was speedily identified by the artist, Luis de Madrazo, as a poor copy of an imaginary likeness which he himself had painted some years previously.

The foregoing brief account of Cervantes portraiture shows that there have been many reported discoveries similar to the one recently announced. The wish is father to the thought, and Spaniards, in their patriotic eagerness to possess an adequate likeness of their great compatriot, are prone to self-deception. This fact should be carefully weighed in forming a judgment as to the authenticity of the present portrait. All that can now be said is that a stronger case has been presented this time than in any of the preceding instances. A final opinion must be reserved until the facts relating to the pedigree are revealed, and until other competent art critics are given the opportunity of inspecting the original. The genuineness of the inscription is doubtful. The strongest evidence in favor of accepting the picture as authentic is the fact that we have an old painting, manifestly drawn from a living model, and which nevertheless agrees perfectly with Cervantes's description of himself.

Does the portrait satisfy our ideal of Cervantes's personal appearance? It represents the grave, dignified, serious face of the typical Spanish gentleman of the epoch. The expression is sad rather than cheerful. The countenance is not so much that of the humorist and the poet as of one who has said of himself that he was "more experienced in reverses than in verses." It is the intellectual face of a gentleman who, had we no other reason for thinking the portrait to represent the lineaments of Cervantes, might have been supposed to be some eminent author, some distinguished jurist, or merely a private individual of no distinction whatsoever. At least, that is Señor Barcía's cautious judgment. Genius is not always manifest on the exterior. The man of the portrait may have been a genius or a mediocrity. Those enthusiastic critics who see in the painted features the unmistakable stamp of genius are imagining more than they see. But when all is said, this new likeness, though the work of a mediocre artist, comes nearer than any previous one to realizing our ideal of what Cervantes must have been.

GEORGE TYLER NORTHUP.

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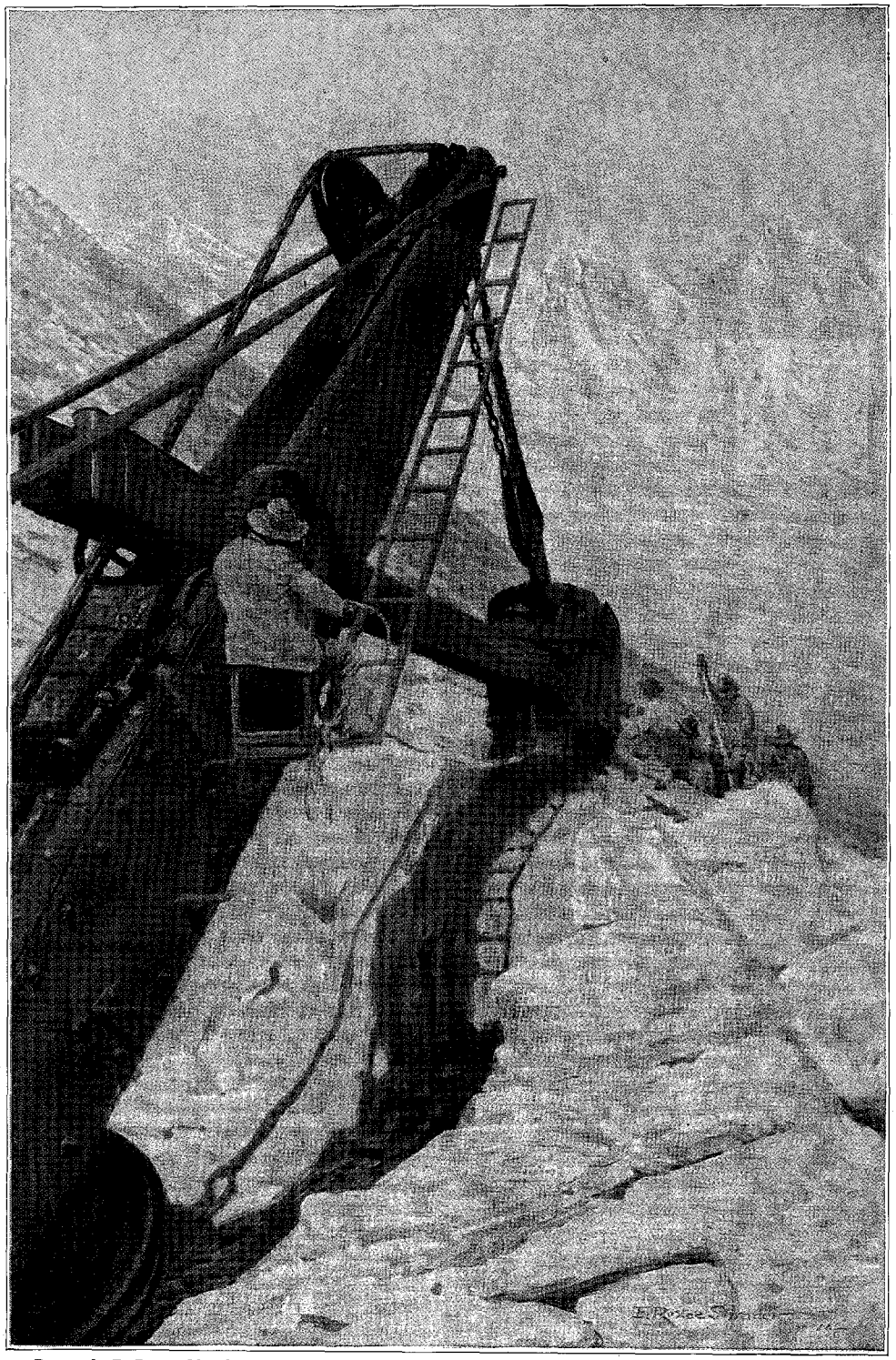

Drawn by E. Roscoe Shrader.

THAT BLACK THING UP THERE, WITH HOARSE SNORTS AND DIPPING, SWAYING BEAK, WAS ONE OF THE PREHISTORIC ANIMALS, MAKING A GRITTY MEAL.

—"A Ditch in the Desert," page 544.

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